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NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

By IDA M. TARBELL.

With pictures from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes.

SECOND PAPER.

THIRTEENTH VENDÉMIAIRE.

PAUL BARRAS, revolutionist, conventionalist, member of the Directory, was one of the most influential members of the French government in 1795. When he saw the good work Napoleon was doing in the topographical bureau of the Committee of Public Safety, he resolved to be his friend. It was not long before he had an opportunity to put his *protégé's* talent to test.

In October, 1795, the government was threatened by the revolting sections. Barras, the nominal head of the defence, asked Napoleon to command the forces which protected the Tuileries, where the Convention had gone into permanent session. He hesitated for a moment. He had much sympathy for the sections. His sagacity conquered. The Convention stood for the republic; an overthrow now meant another proscription, more of the Terror, perhaps a royalist succession, an English invasion.

"I accept," he said to Barras; "but I warn you that once my sword is out of the scabbard I shall not replace it till I have established order."

It was on the night of 12th Vendémiaire that Napoleon was appointed. With incredible rapidity he massed the men and cannon he could secure at the openings into the palace and at the points of approach. He armed even the members of the Convention as a reserve. When the sections marched their men into the streets and upon the bridges leading to the Tuileries, they were met by a fire which scattered them at once.

That night Paris was quiet. The next day Napoleon was made general of division. On October 26th he was appointed general-in-chief of the Army of the Interior.

GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF THE INTERIOR.

At last the opportunity he had sought so long and so eagerly had come.

The first use he made of his power was for his family and friends. Fifty or sixty thousand francs, assignats, and dresses go to his mother and sisters; Joseph is to have a consulship; "a roof, a table, and carriage" are at his disposal in Paris; Louis is made a lieutenant and his aide-de-camp; Lucien, commissioner of war; Junot and Marmont are put on his staff. He forgets nobody. The very day after the 13th Vendémiaire, when his cares and excite-

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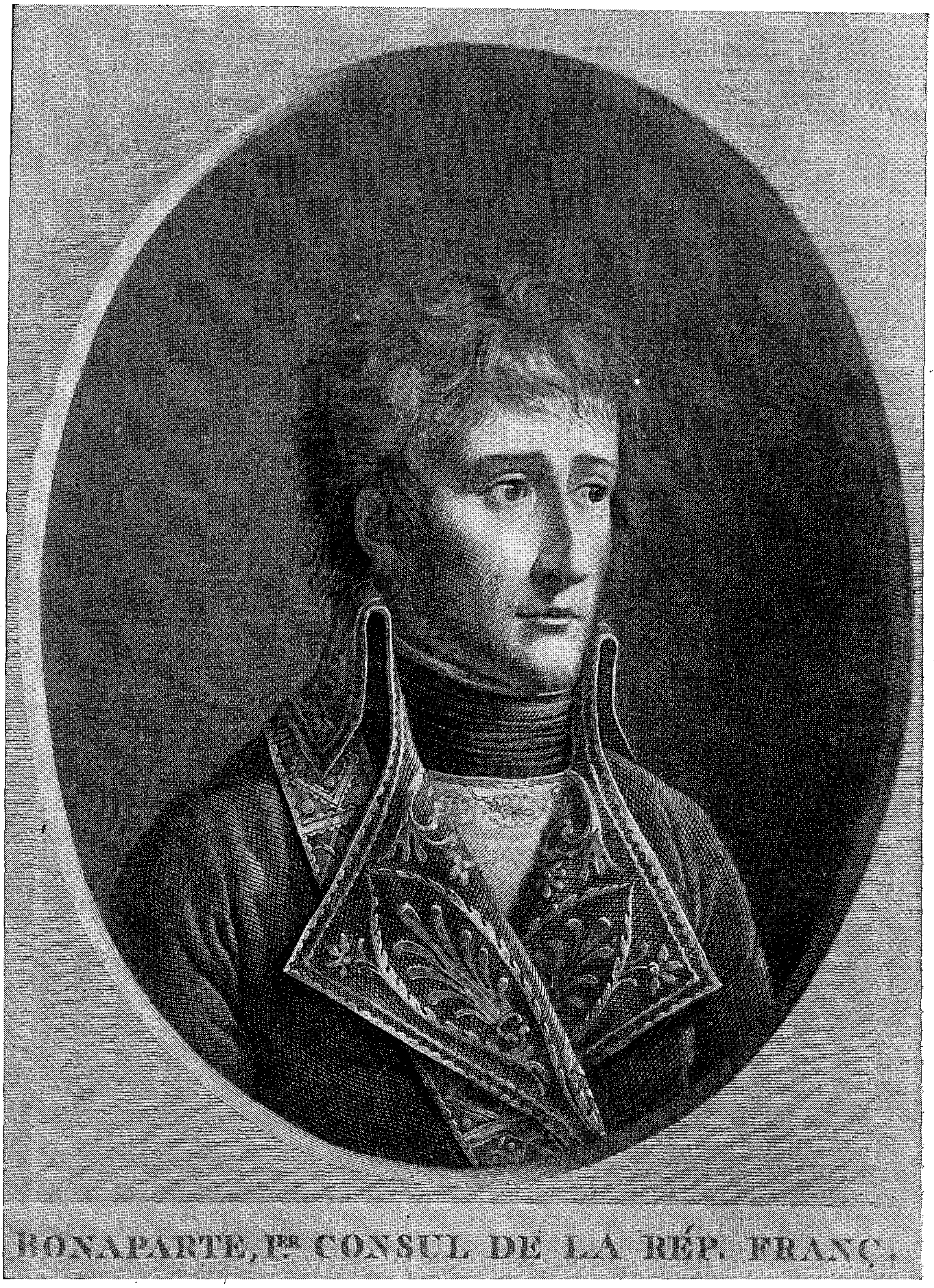
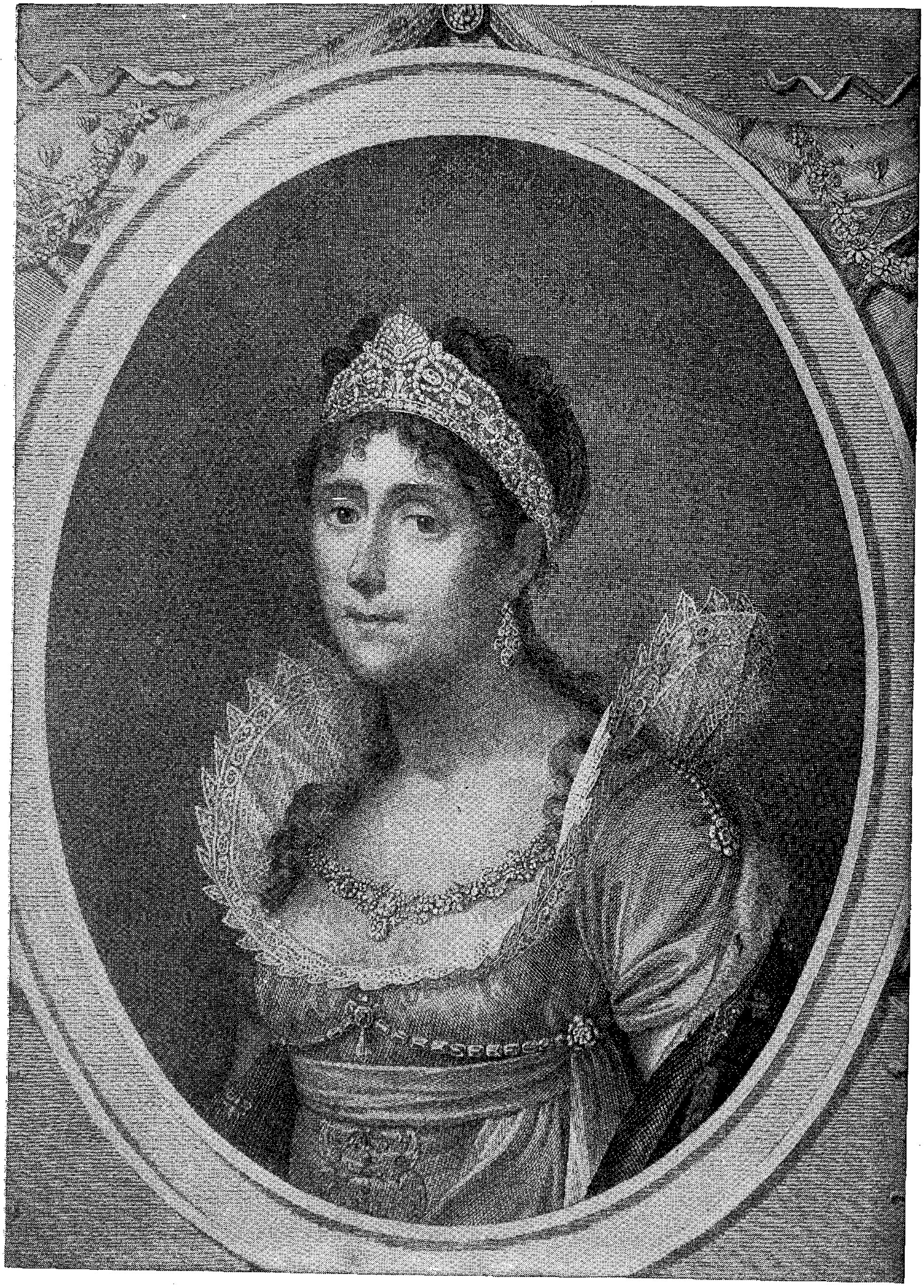

BONAPARTE, I^{er} CONSUL DE LA RÉP. FRANÇ.

NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

"Bonaparte, I^{er} Consul de la Rep. Franc." Engraved in 1801 by Audouin, after a design by Bouillon.

ments were numerous and intense, he was at the Permons', where Monsieur Permon had just died. "He was like a son, a brother." This relation he tried soon to change, seeking to marry the beautiful widow Permon. When she laughed merrily at the idea, for she was many years his senior, he replied that the age of his wife was a matter of indifference to him so long as she did not *look over thirty*.

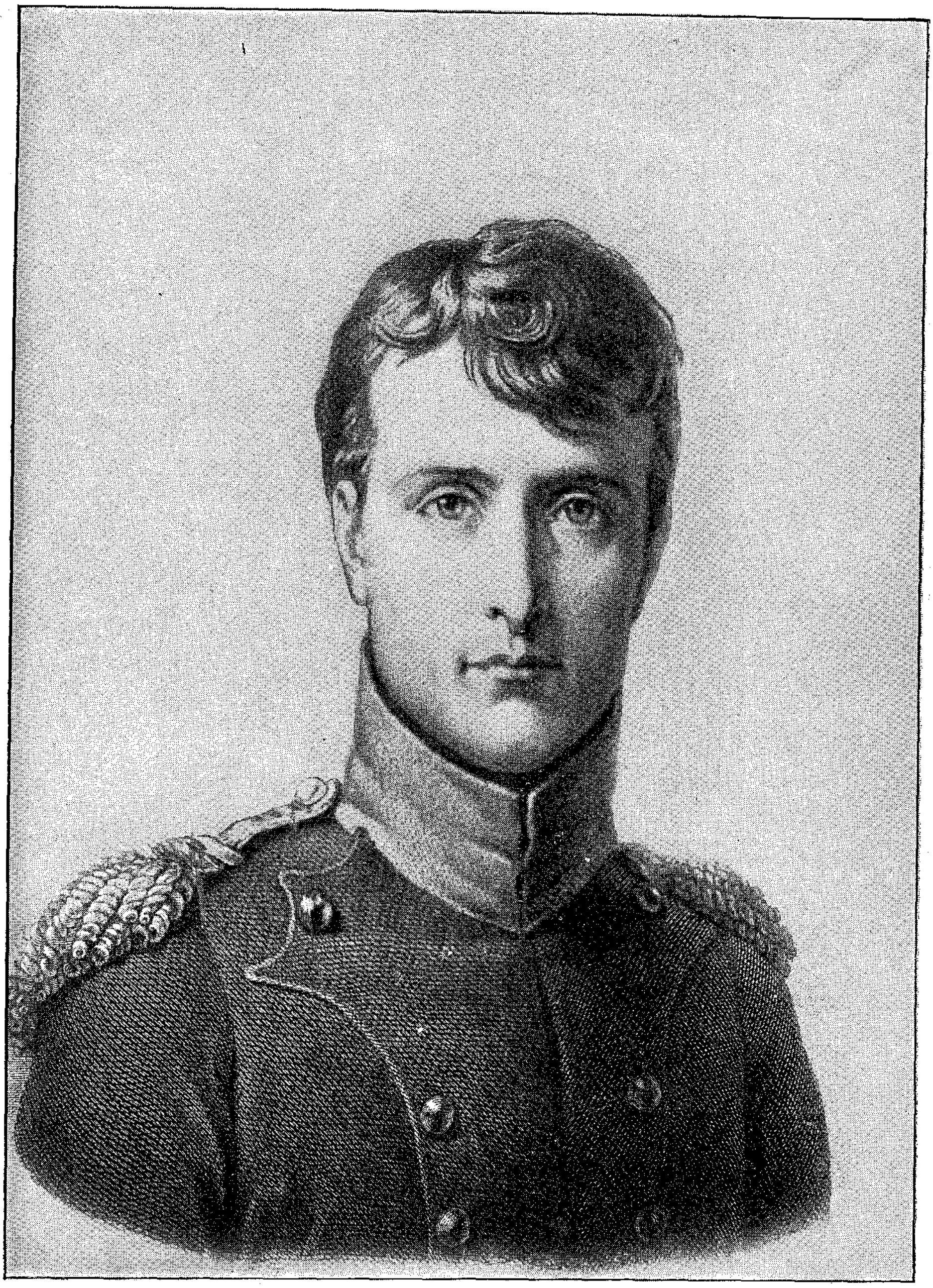
The change in Bonaparte himself was great. Up to this time he had gone about Paris "in an awkward and ungainly manner, with a shabby round hat thrust down over his eyes, and with curls (known at that time as *oreilles des chiens*) badly pow-



JOSEPHINE, THE FIRST WIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Engraved by Audouin, after Laurent. This portrait, "Joséphine impératrice des Français, reine d'Italie," is surrounded by an elaborate frame of imperial emblems. After the divorce, Josephine's portrait was erased from the plate, and that of Marie Louise inserted.

dered and badly combed, and falling over the collar of the iron-gray coat which has since become so celebrated; his hands, long, thin, and black, without gloves, because, he said, they were an unnecessary expense; wearing ill-made and ill-cleaned boots." The majority of people saw in him only what Monsieur de Pontécoulant, who took him into the War Office, had seen at their first interview: "A young man



NAPOLEON IN 1803.

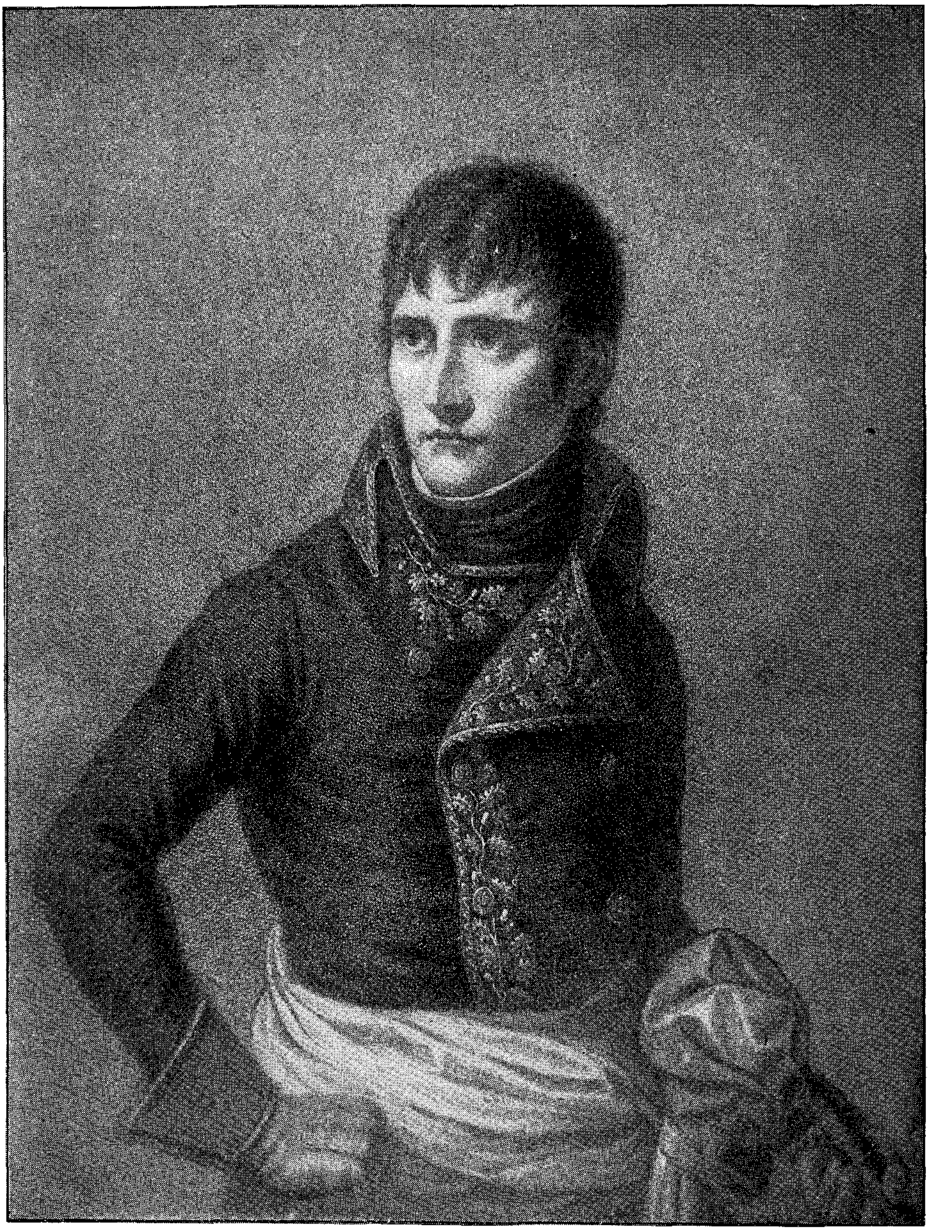
Painted by A. Gérard in 1803; engraved by Richomme in 1835. This is considered by many the best portrait of Napoleon painted during the consulship.

with a wan and livid complexion, bowed shoulders, and a weak and sickly appearance."

But now, installed in an elegant *hôtel*, driving his own carriage, careful of his person, received in every *salon* where he cared to go, the young general-in-chief is a changed man. Success has had much to do with this; love has perhaps had more.

JOSEPHINE DE BEAUHARNAIS.

Barras had used his influence for Napoleon in society as well as in public life,

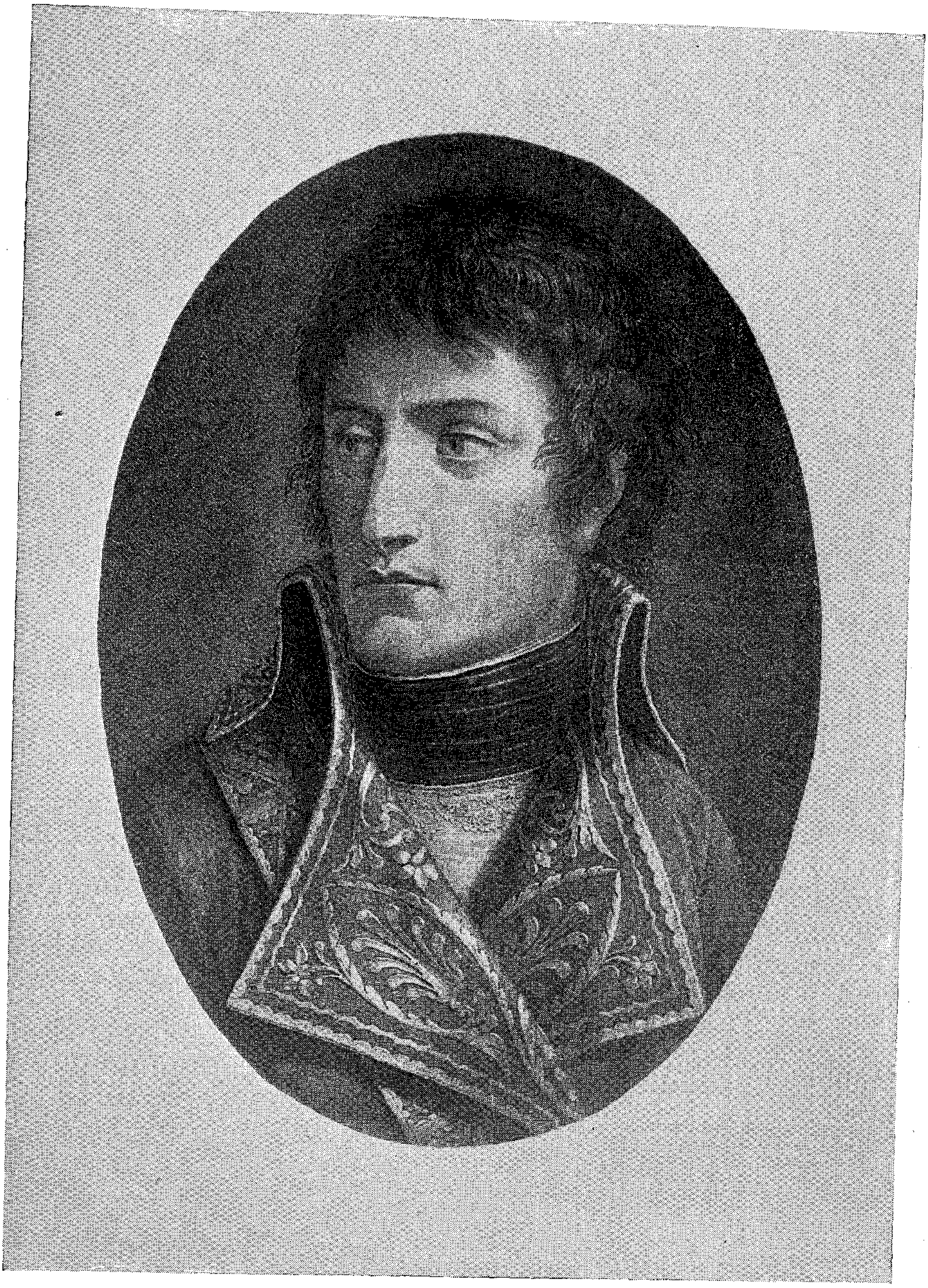


BONAPARTE.

Engraved by Bartolozzi, R.A., an Italian engraver, resident of England, after the portrait by Appiani.

and before the 13th Vendémiaire he had been admitted to the most brilliant and influential political *salon* of the day, that of Madame Tallien. Among the women whom he met there and at Barras' own house was the Viscountess de Beauharnais (*née* Tascher de la Pagerie), widow of the Marquis de Beauharnais, guillotined on the 5th Thermidor, 1794. At the time of his death his wife was a prisoner. She owed her release to Madame Tallien, with whom she since had been on intimate terms. All Madame Tallien's circle had, indeed, become attached to Josephine de Beauharnais, especially Barras, whom she regarded as her real protector.

There was much about her that was pleasing. A creole past the freshness of youth—Josephine was thirty-two years old in 1795—she had a grace, a sweetness, a charm, that made one forget that she was



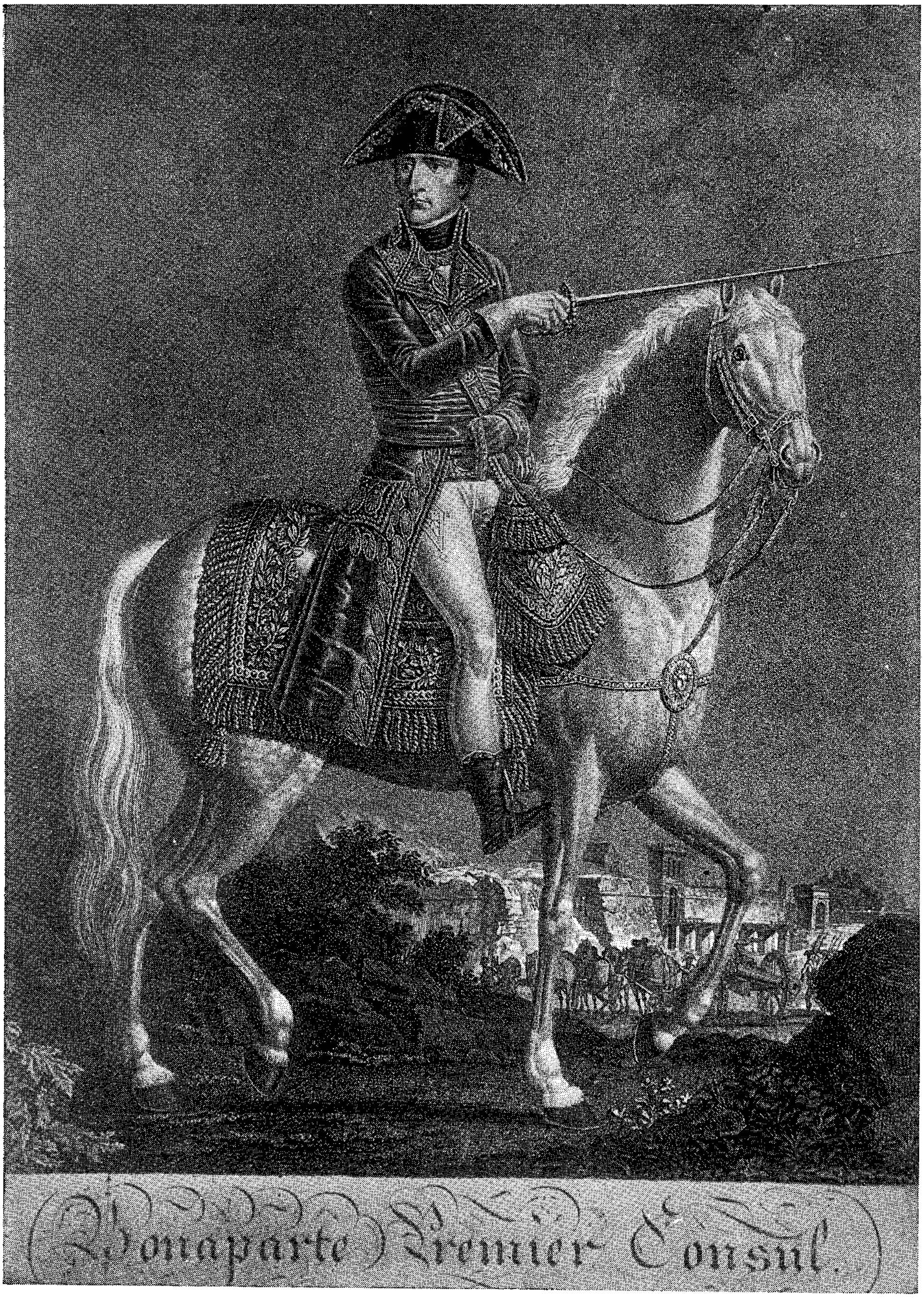
NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

"N. Bonaparte, Ier Consul de la République Française"—engraved by Mercoli *fils*, after Dalbe.

not beautiful, even when she was beside such brilliant women as Madame Tallien and Madame Récamier. It was never possible to surprise her in an attitude that was not graceful. She was never ruffled nor irritable. By nature she was the perfection of ease and repose.

Artist enough to dress in clinging stuffs made simply, which harmonized perfectly with her style, and skilful enough to use the arts of the toilet to conceal defects which care and age had brought, the Viscountess de Beauharnais was altogether one of the most fascinating women in Madame Tallien's circle.

Napoleon was attracted to her from the first; but by her station, her elegance, her influence, she seemed inaccessible to him.


Bonaparte Premier Consul.

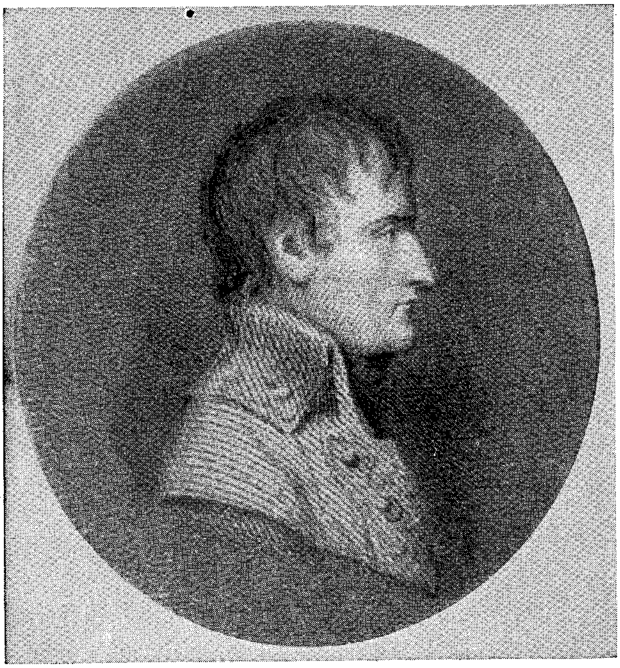
NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

"Bonaparte, premier Consul"—designed and engraved by Chataignier.

Indeed, it was after he had known Josephine some time that he sought the hand of the widow Permon.

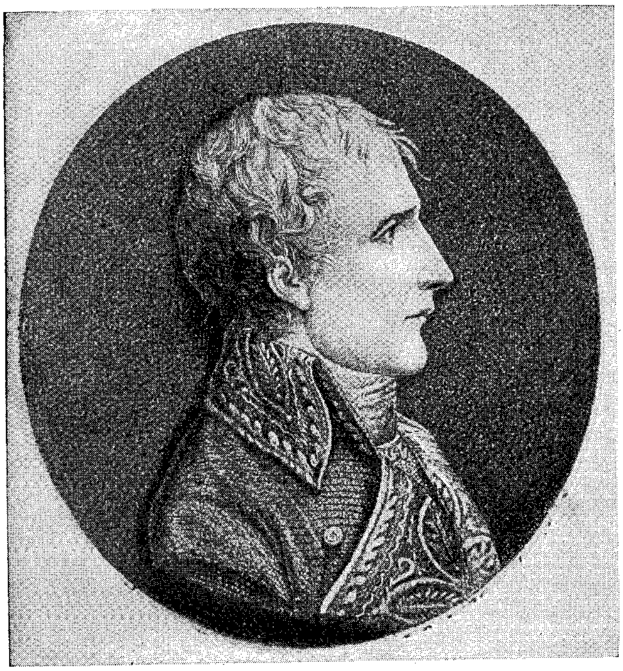
Though he dared not tell her his love, all his circle knew of it, and Barras at last said to him, "You should marry Madame de Beauharnais. You have a position and talents which will secure advancement; but you are isolated, without fortune and without relations. You ought to marry; it gives weight," and he asked permission to negotiate the affair.

Josephine was distressed. Barras was her protector. She felt the wisdom of



NAPOLEON IN 1802.

"Bounaparte"—drawn from the life by T. Phillips, Esq., R.A., in 1802. Engraved by Edwards.



NAPOLEON.

Engraved by J. B. Massard, after J. H. Point. Below the portrait is printed in French and English the following legend:

"His name will be renowned through all Europe and Egypt for his valor in combat, and yet more so for his wisdom in counsel."

his advice, but Napoleon frightened and wearied her by the violence of his love. A letter of hers, written at this stage of the affair, shows admirably her feelings:

"'Do you like him?' you ask. No; I do not. 'You dislike him, then?' you say. Not at all; but I am in a lukewarm state that troubles me, and which in religion is considered more difficult to manage than unbelief itself, and that is why I need your advice, which will give strength to my feeble nature. To take any positive step has always seemed most fatiguing to my creole nonchalance. I have always found it far easier to yield to the wishes of others.

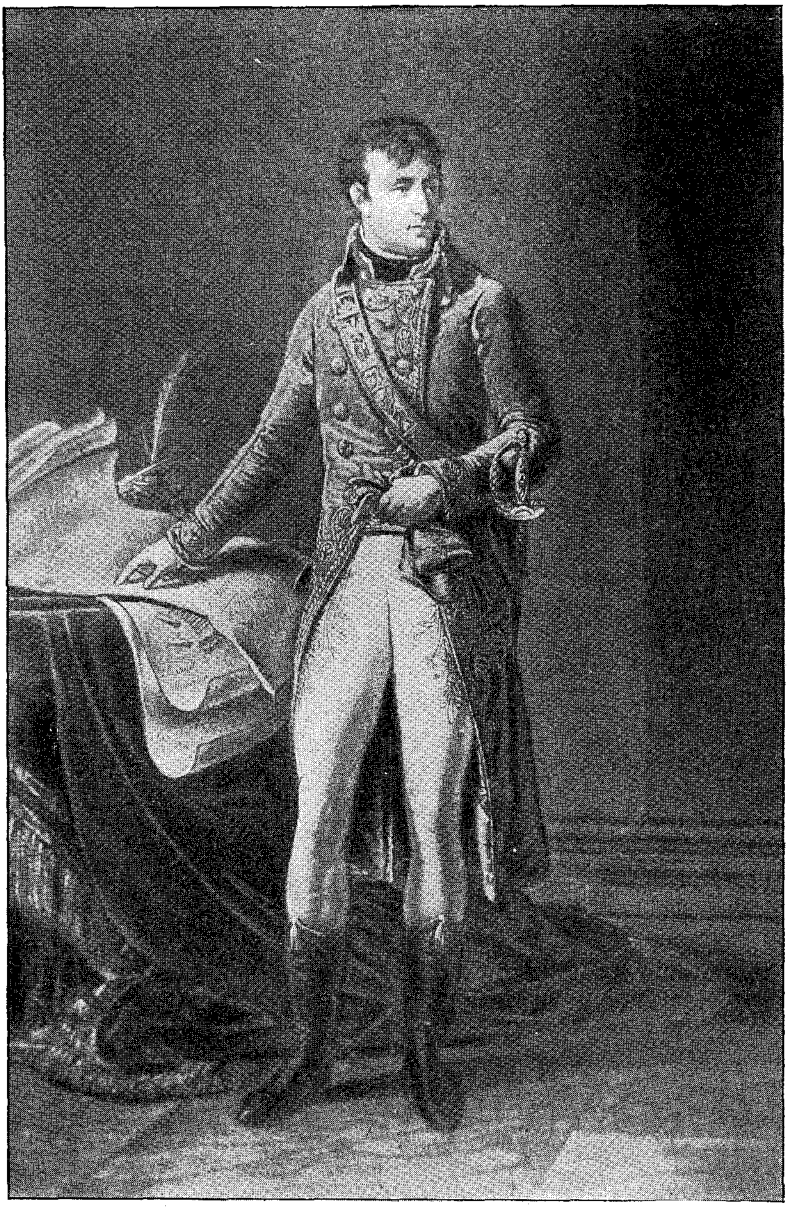
"I admire the courage of the General, the extent of his information (for he speaks equally well on all subjects), the vivacity of his wit, and the quick intelligence which enables him to grasp the thoughts of others almost before they are expressed; but I am terrified, I admit, at the empire he seems to exercise over all about him. His keen gaze has an inexplicable something which impresses even our Directors; judge, then, if he is not likely to intimidate a woman. In short, just that which ought to please me—the strength of a passion of which he speaks with an energy that permits no doubt of his sincerity—is precisely that which arrests the consent that often hovers on my lips.

"Having passed my *première jeunesse*, can I hope to preserve for any length of time this violent tenderness, which in the General amounts almost to delirium? If when we are married he should cease to love me, would he not reproach me for what I had allowed him to do? Would he not regret a more brilliant marriage that he might have made? What, then, could I say? What could I do? Nothing but weep.

. . . .

"Barras declares that if I will marry the General he will certainly secure for him the command of the Army of Italy. Yesterday Bonaparte, in speaking of this favor, which has excited a murmur of discontent in his brother officers, even though not yet granted, said to me: 'Do they think that I need protection to rise? They will be glad enough some day if I grant them mine. My sword is at my side, and with it I can go far.'

"What do you say of this certainty of success? Is it not a proof of self-confidence that is almost ridiculous? A general of brigade protecting the heads of government! I feel that it is; and yet this preposterous assurance affects me to such a degree that I can believe everything may be possible



NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, Premier Consul de la République Française"—engraved by an English engraver, Dickinson, after a portrait by Gros. The original picture was given to the Second Consul, Cambacérès, by the First Consul, Bonaparte.

to this man, and with his imagination, who can tell what he may be tempted to undertake?

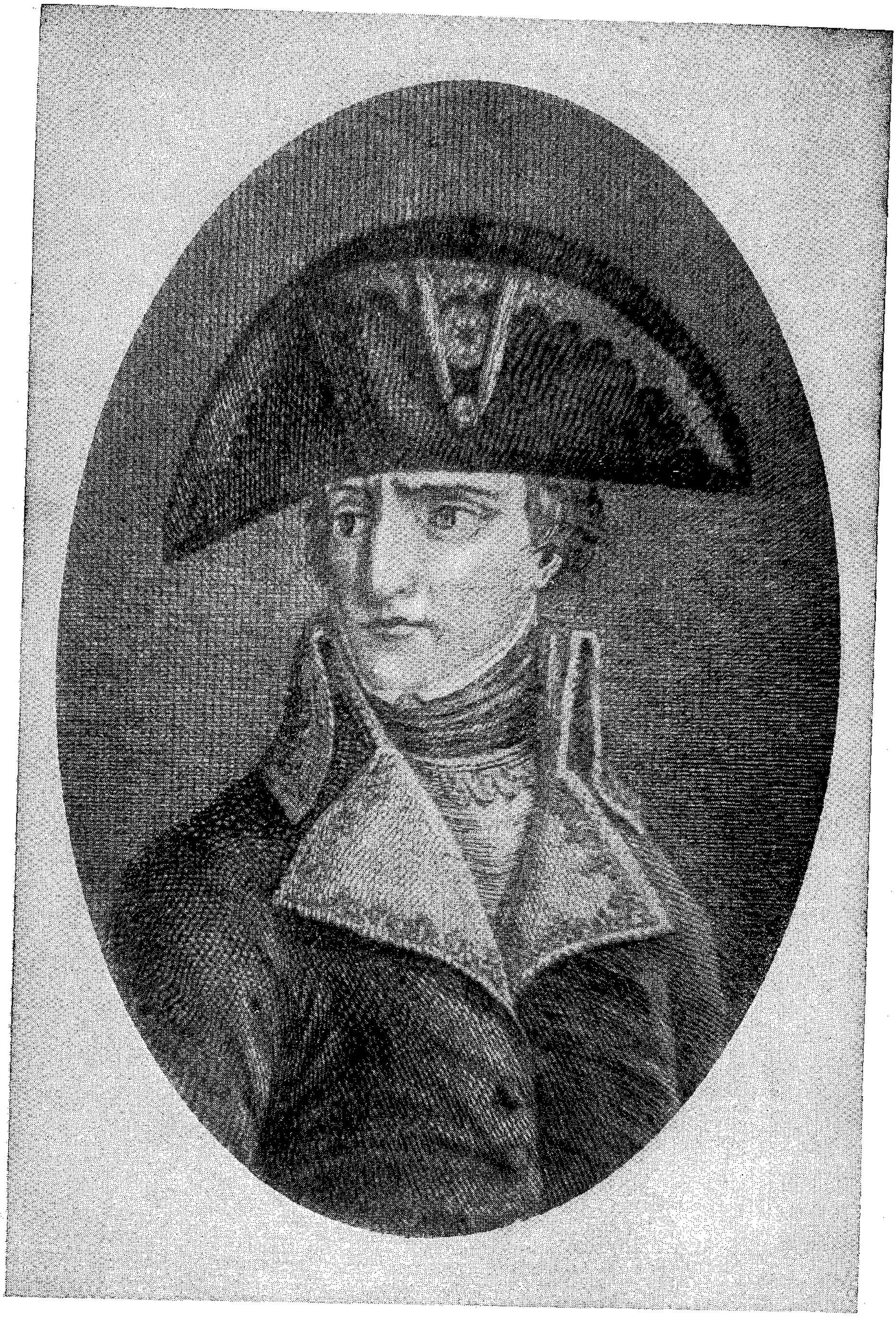
"But for this marriage, which worries me, I should be very gay in spite of many other things; but until this is settled one way or another, I shall torment myself."

In spite of her doubts she yielded at last, and on the 9th of March, 1796, they were married. Shortly before, Napoleon had been appointed commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy, and two days later he left his wife for his post.

NAPOLEON'S LOVE FOR HIS WIFE.

From every station on his route he wrote her passionate letters:

"Every moment takes me farther from you, and every moment I feel less able to be away from you. You are ever in my thoughts; my fancy tires itself in trying to imagine what you are doing. If I picture you sad, my heart is wrung and my grief is increased. If you are happy and merry with your friends, I blame you for so soon forgetting the painful three days' separation; in that case you are frivolous and destitute of deep feeling. As you see, I



NAPOLEON WHILE FIRST CONSUL OF FRANCE.

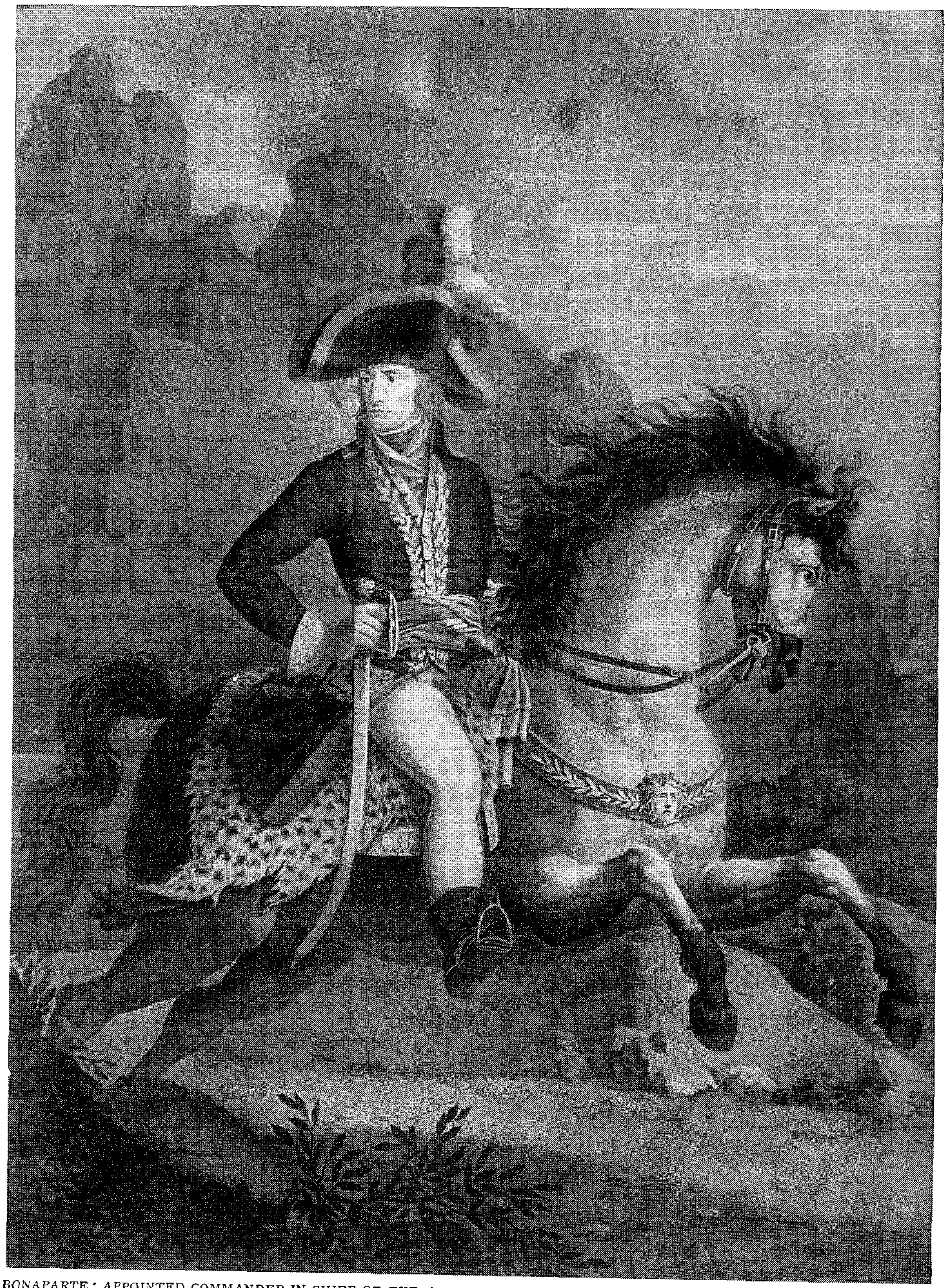
"Napoleon Bonaparte, 1er Consul de France"—below the portrait is the following legend:

Philosophe profond, invincible Guerrier,
L'Olive sur son front embellit le Laurier.

am hard to please. . . . When any one asks me if I have slept well, I feel that I cannot answer until a messenger brings me word that you have rested well. The illnesses and anger of men affect me only so far as I think they may affect you."

From Italy he writes:

"My only Josephine, away from you there is no happiness; away from you, the world is a desert in which I stand alone, with no chance of tasting the



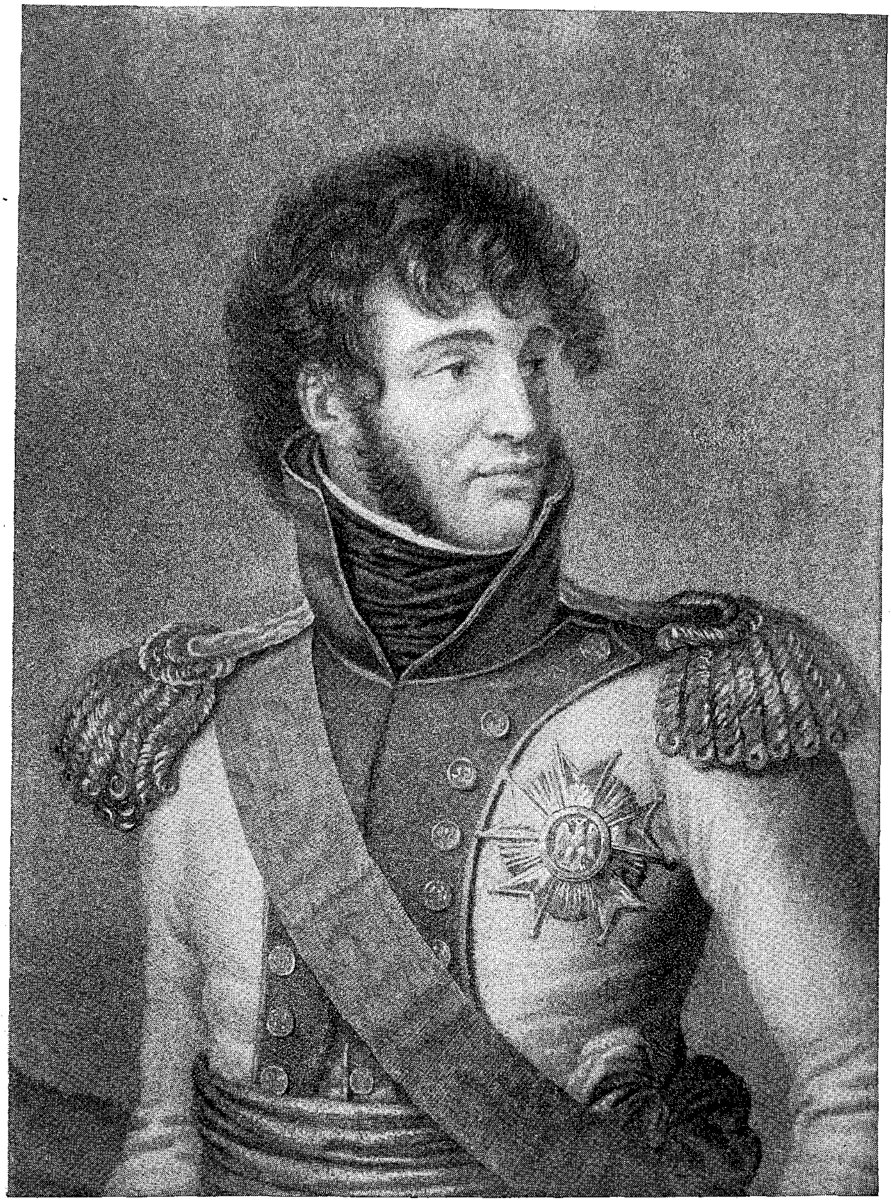
BONAPARTE: APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY IN FEBRUARY, 1796, AND OF THE ARMY OF ENGLAND IN DECEMBER, 1797.

"Buonaparte, nommé général en chef de l'armée d'Italie en ventose An IV., puis général en chef de l'armée d'Angleterre, en frimaire An VI."—Engraved by Tassaert in 1798, after the portrait of Appiani.

delicious joy of pouring out my heart. You have robbed me of more than my soul; you are the sole thought of my life. If I am worn out by all the torments of events, and fear the issue, if men disgust me, if I am ready to curse life, I place my hand on my heart; your image is beating there. I look at it, and love is for me perfect happiness; and everything is smiling, except the time that I see myself absent from my love."

THE CONDITION OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

But Napoleon had much to occupy him besides his separation from Josephine. Extraordinary difficulties surrounded his new post. Neither the generals nor the men knew anything of their new commander



JOACHIM MURAT (1771–1815).

Engraved by Ruotte, after Gros. Murat was born in 1771, in the department of Lot. He was destined for the church, but abandoned the seminary for the army. Exalted revolutionist, he sought to change his name from Murat to *Marat* after the death of the *ami du peuple*. In 1795 he was in Paris, idle, when he made the acquaintance of Napoleon. When Barras called Napoleon to the defence of the convention, the 13th Vendémiaire, Murat was asked to aid, and for his services he was given a command in the army, and made an aide-de-camp of Napoleon in Italy. His valor in the first battles of the campaign, Montenotte, Ceva, Dego, and Mondovi, was rewarded by sending him to Paris with the first flags captured. Throughout the rest of the Italian campaign he continued to distinguish himself. In 1798 he went to Egypt. He made a brilliant cavalry charge at the battle of the Pyramids, was the first in the assault on St. Jean d'Acre, and himself took Mustapha-Pacha prisoner at the battle of Aboukir. He aided in the 18th Brumaire, and was rewarded with the command of the consular guard and the hand of Caroline Bonaparte. At Marengo he led the French cavalry, and was afterwards made governor of the Cisalpine Republic. In 1804 he was made a marshal of France, and in 1805 grand admiral, with the title of prince. He commanded the cavalry of the Grand Army in the campaign of 1805, and after Austerlitz was made grand-duke of Berg and Cleves. Murat led the cavalry at Jena, Eylau, and Friedland, and in 1808 was made general-in-chief of the French armies in Spain. Soon after he became king of Naples under the title of King Joachim Napoleon. Murat was greatly loved as a king, and effected many reforms in his kingdom. He was present in the

"Who is this general Bonaparte? Where has he served? No one knows anything about him," wrote Junot's father when the latter at Toulon decided to follow his artillery commander.

In the Army of Italy they were asking the same questions, and the Directory could only answer as Junot had done: "As far as I can judge, he is one of those men of whom nature is avaricious, and that she permits upon the earth only from age to age."

He was to replace a commander-in-chief who had sneered at his plans for an Italian campaign and might be expected to put obstacles in his way. He was to take an army which was in the last stages of poverty and discouragement. Their garments were in rags. Even the officers were so nearly shoeless that when they reached Milan and one of them was invited to dine at the palace of a marquise, he was obliged to go in shoes without soles and tied on by cords carefully blacked. They had provisions for only a month, and half rations at that. The Piedmontese called them the "rag heroes."

Worse than their poverty was their inactivity. "For three years they had fired off their guns in Italy only because war was going on, and not for any especial object—only to satisfy their consciences." Discontent was such that counter-revolution gained ground daily. One company had even taken the name of *Dauphin*, and royalist songs were heard in camp.

Napoleon saw at a glance all these difficulties, and set himself to conquer them. With his generals he was reserved and severe. "It was necessary," he explained afterward, "in order to command men so much older than myself." His look and bearing quelled insubordination, restrained familiarity, even inspired fear. "From his arrival," says Marmont, "his attitude was that of a man born for power. It was plain to the least clairvoyant eyes that he knew how to compel obedience, and scarcely was he in authority before the line of a celebrated poet might have been applied to him:

"'Des egaux? dès longtemps Mahomet n'en a plus.'"

General Decrès, who had known Napoleon well at Paris, hearing that he was going to pass through Toulon, where he was stationed, offered to present his comrades. "I run," he says, "full of eagerness and joy; the *salon* opens; I am about to spring forward, when the attitude, the look, the sound of his voice are sufficient to stop me. There was nothing rude about him, but it was enough. From that time I was never tempted to pass the line which had been drawn for me."

Lavalette says of his first interview with him: "He looked weak, but his regard was so firm and so fixed that I felt myself turning pale when he spoke to me." Augereau goes to see him at Albenga, full of contempt for this favorite of Barras who has never known an action, determined on insubordination. Bonaparte comes out, little, thin, round-shouldered, and gives Augereau, a giant among the generals, his orders. The big man backs out in a kind of terror. "He frightens me," he tells Masséna. "His first glance crushed me."

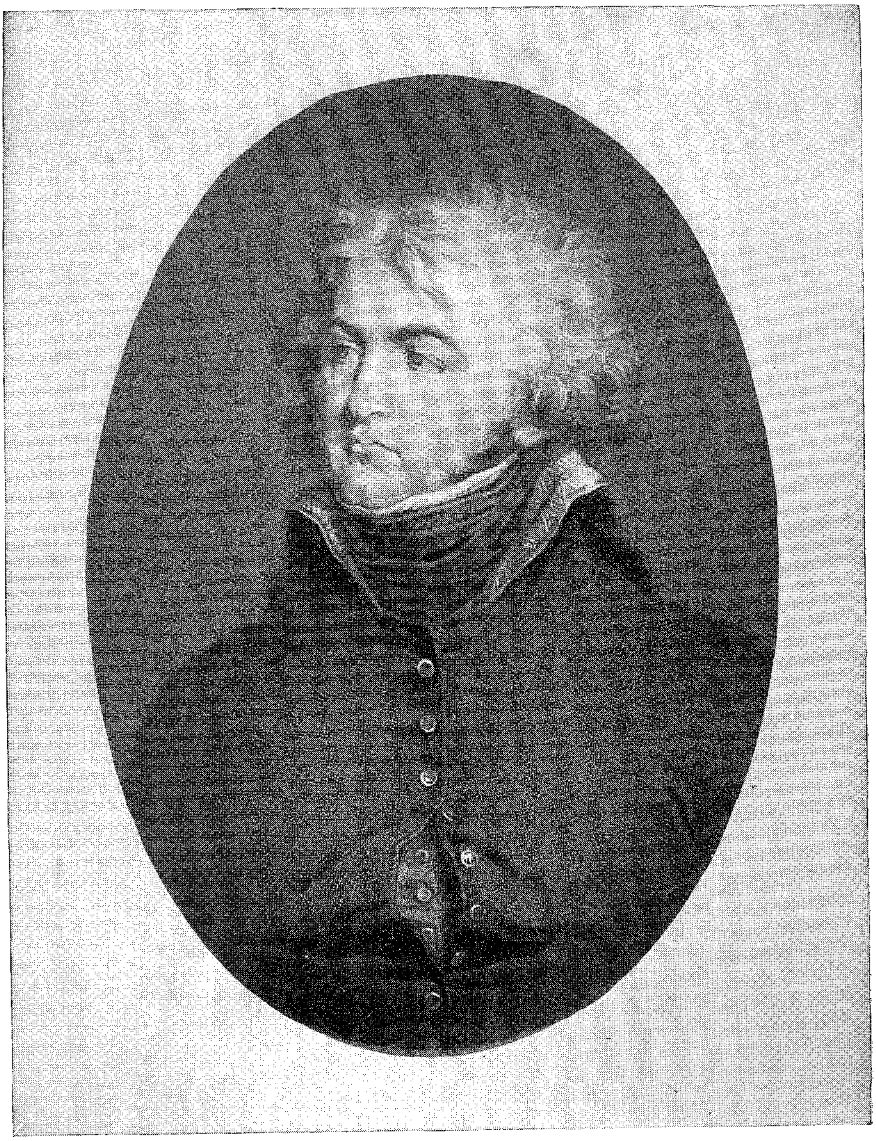
He quelled insubordination in the ranks by quick, severe punishment, but it was not long that he had insubordination. The army asked nothing but to act, and immediately they saw that they were to move. He had reached his post on March 22d; nineteen days later operations began. The movement from that day is so rapid and so brilliant that a true notion of it is gained only in a summary.

SUMMARY OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

On the 10th of April, 1796, he moved his army; on the 12th he gained the battle of Montenotte; the 13th, Millesimo; the 15th, Dego; the 22d, Mondovi. The Piedmontese, dazzled and terrified by his victories, put at his disposal the fortresses which commanded Piedmont, and on the 15th of May Napoleon entered Milan.

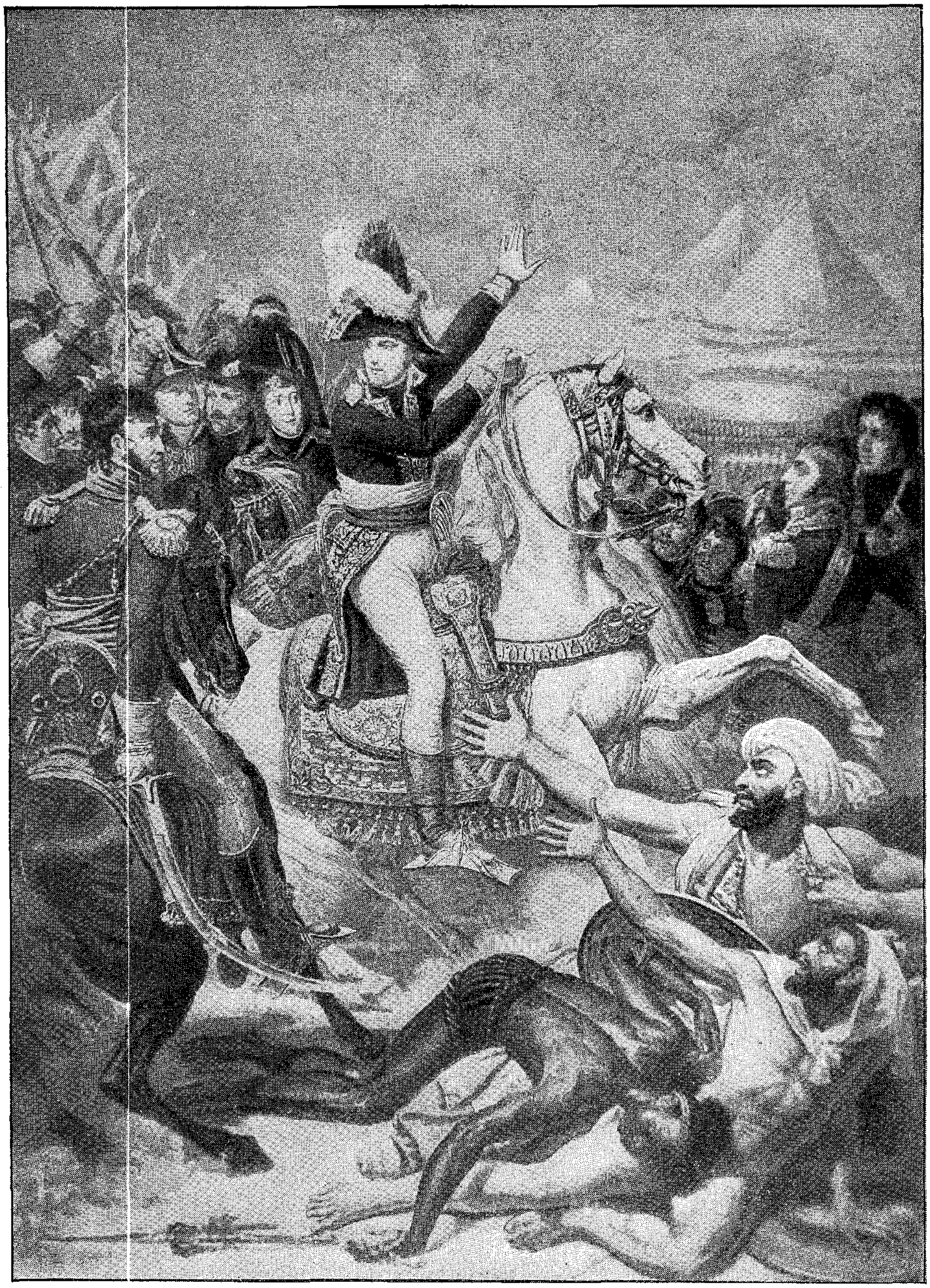
Austria, amazed and indignant, sent a new general, Würmser, to Italy. While waiting his arrival, Napoleon turned toward the south and quelled the plots against him which the Pope and the English were fomenting. By the end of July he was at Mantua, to meet Würmser. The Austrian general had divided his forces into three parts, so marching as to surround the French. Napoleon saw the tactics at once, and, leaving his position before

retreat from Moscow. During the retreat Napoleon offended him, and he resigned his command and began to intrigue with Austria. In January, 1814, the alliance with Austria was declared by Murat's seizing Benevento, while Austria promised him Ancona for thirty thousand men. The alliance was broken by Murat's declaration that he intended to restore the unity and independence of Italy, and he was defeated by the Austrians, May 2, 1815, at Tolentino. He escaped to France and offered his sword to Napoleon, who refused it. After Waterloo he was refused an asylum in England, and, with a few followers, he attempted to retake Naples, but was deserted, taken prisoner, and shot October 13, 1815.



KLÉBER, 1753 OR 1754–1800.

Engraved by G. Fiesinger, after portrait by Guérin. Jean-Baptist Kléber was born at Strasburg in 1754 (?). The son of a mason, he studied architecture for a time, but abandoned it to enter the military school of Munich, from which he went into the Austrian army. In 1783 he left the army to return to architecture. In 1792 he joined the revolutionary army, and served first on the Rhine, later in the Vendée, where he distinguished himself. Made general of division in the army of the North, Kléber won laurels at Fleurus, Mons, Louvain, and Maëstricht, and in the campaign of 1796. He was appointed commander-in-chief temporarily, but was recalled when about to enter Frankfort in 1797, the command being given to Hoche. Disappointed, he resigned from the army. When Napoleon went to Egypt, he asked for Kléber. In all the battles of the campaign he showed his bravery and skill; and when Napoleon left for France he transferred his command to him. The situation of the French army in Egypt soon became desperate, and Kléber was trying to negotiate with the English and Turks an honorable retirement, when Admiral Keith ordered him to give up his army as prisoners of war. Kléber published the letter in the army, with the words, "Soldiers, such insolence can be answered but by victories; prepare for combat." At Heliopolis, with eight thousand men, he met the Grand Vizir with eighty thousand, and completely conquered him. Soon after he put down a revolt in Cairo, and was beginning to reconquer and reorganize the country when he was assassinated, June 14, 1800.



NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS, JULY 21, 1798.

Engraved by Vallot in 1838, after painting by Gros (1810). The moment chosen by the artist is that when Napoleon addressed to his soldiers that short and famous harangue, "Soldiers, from the summit of these pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." In the General's escort are Murat, his head bare and his sword clasped tightly; and after him, in order, Duroc, Sulkowski, Berthier, Junot, and Eugène de Beauharnais, then sub-lieutenant, all on horseback. On the right are Rampon, Desaix, Bertrand, and Lassalle. This picture was ordered for the Tuileries, and was exhibited first in 1810. Napoleon gave it to one of his generals, and it did not reappear in Paris until 1832. It is now in the gallery at Versailles. Gros regarded this picture as his best work, and chose Vallot himself to engrave it.

Mantua, fell on one division at Lonato and defeated it on July 31st. Then, before the other two could unite, he engaged them; the first at Lonato on August 3d, the second at Castiglione on August 5th. Both battles he won.

On September 8th, at Bassano, Würmser was again defeated, escaping with but a remnant of his army, which he led into Mantua.

A new Austrian army, fifty thousand strong, under Alvinzi, was sent into Italy. With forty thousand men Napoleon met them on the Adige, and in the three-days' battle of Arcola—November 15, 16, 17—he disabled this, the second force sent against him by the Austrians since he had defeated the one he found in Italy the preceding April.

Obstinate in spite of her losses, Austria sent Alvinzi to renew the attack. He had an army of sixty-five thousand men—full twenty-five thousand more than Napoleon. Most of them were fresh troops; all of the French army was worn. On the 14th of January, 1797, the two armies met on the table-land of Rivoli. Again Alvinzi was completely routed, and this time driven into the Tyrol.

One branch of his army had been sent to relieve Würmser and was marching rapidly to Mantua. Napoleon hurried from Rivoli, overtook and defeated this relief force, and on the 2d of February, 1797, Würmser surrendered.

The Papal States and the various aristocratic parties of southern Italy were threatening to rise against the French. The spirit of independence and revolt they were bringing into the country could not but weaken clerical and monarchical institutions. An active enemy to the south would have been a serious hindrance to Napoleon, and he marched into the Papal States. A fortnight was sufficient to silence the threats of his enemies, and on February 19, 1797, he signed with the Pope the treaty of Tolentino.

In March he was again in pursuit of the Austrians. Steadily he drove them from point to point until Vienna itself was in sight, and at Leoben, in April, an armistice was signed.

On May 16th the French took possession of Venice. On October 17th, one year seven months and seven days after he left Paris, Napoleon signed the treaty of Campo Formio. By this treaty France gained the frontier of the Rhine and the Low Countries to the mouth of the Scheldt. Austria was given Venice, and a republic called the Cisalpine was formed from Reggio, Modena, Lombardy, and part of the States of the Pope.

NAPOLEON'S RULES OF WAR.

The military genius that this twenty-eight-year-old commander had shown in the campaign in Italy bewildered his enemies and thrilled his friends.

"Things go on very badly," said an Austrian veteran taken at Lodi. "No one seems to know what he is about. The French general is a young blockhead who knows nothing of the regular rules of war. Sometimes he is on our right, at others on our left; now in front, and presently in our rear. This mode of warfare is contrary to all system, and utterly insufferable."

It is certain that if Napoleon's opponents never knew what he was going to do, if his generals themselves were frequently uncertain, it being his practice to hold his peace about his plans, he himself had definite rules of warfare. The most important of these were:

"Attacks should not be scattered, but should be concentrated."

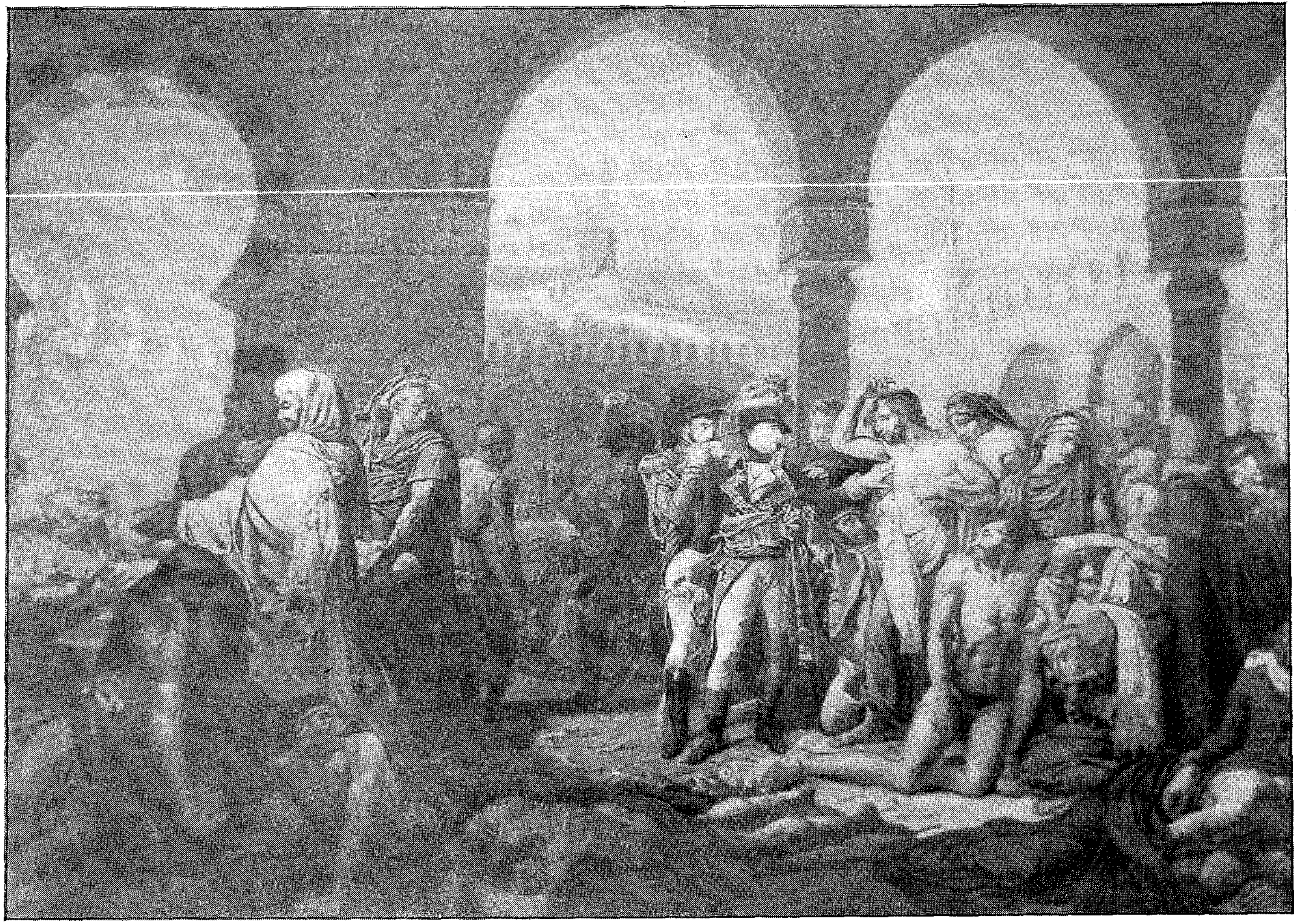
"Always be superior to the enemy at the point of attack."

"Time is everything."

To these formulated rules he joined marvellous fertility in stratagem. Thus in the begining of the campaign of 1796 Napoleon made a feint of marching toward Genoa. Beaulieu, his opponent, directed a large body of troops there. Napoleon instantly countermarched, and routed the Austrians left behind at Montenotte. This done, and before Beaulieu, moving slowly and ponderously, could join his colleague, the French had literally sprung between the two bodies, engaging and defeating first one at Millesimo, and then the other at Dego.

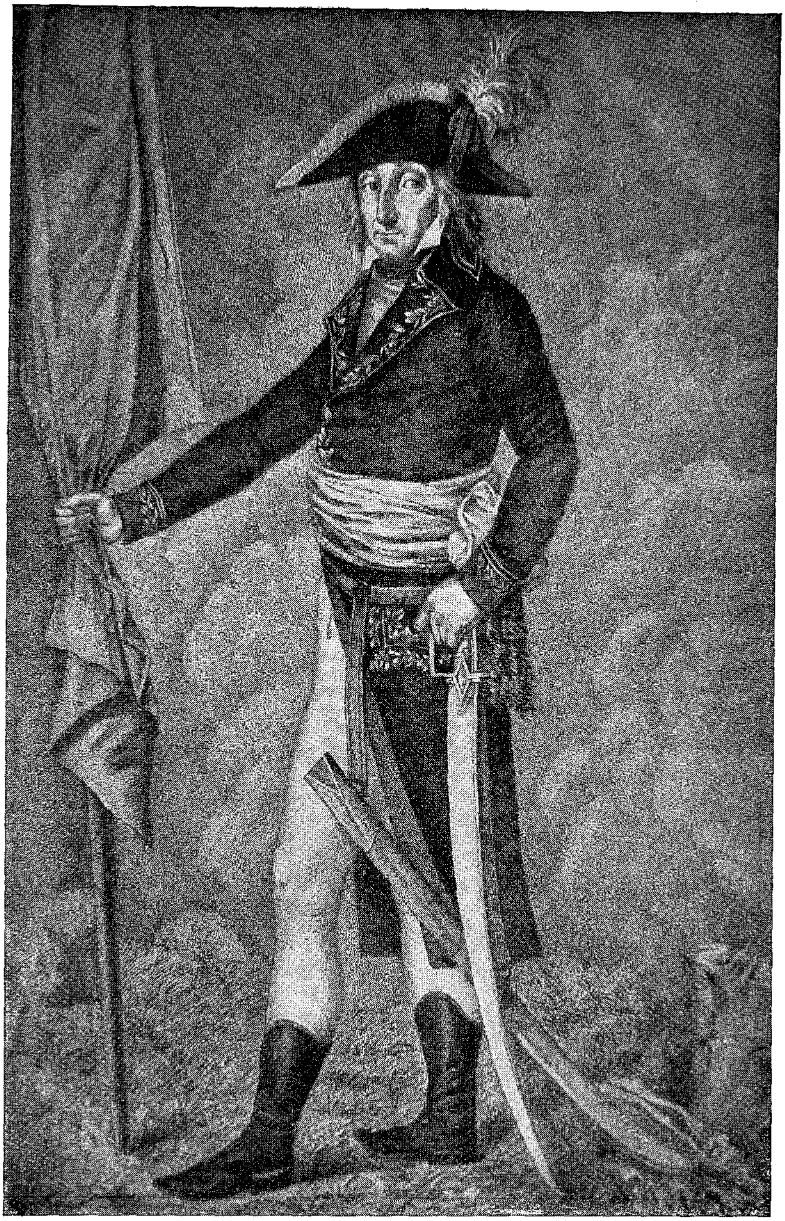
It was his skill in stratagem which a few days later made Beaulieu believe that Napoleon was going to cross the Po at Valenza, and induced him to place a large part of his army there. Convinced that this had been done, Napoleon sped to Piacenza, and was across the river without disturbance and on his enemy's flank, before the latter had discovered that he had changed route.

In November, when engaging Alvinzi's first army, Napoleon was in camp at Verona. The Austrians were across the Adige. Their superior position, greater numbers, and excellent artillery made a direct attack impracticable. On the night of the 12th



NAPOLEON IN THE MOSQUE AT JAFFA IN USE AS A PEST-HOUSE, MAY, 1799.

Engraved by Vallot, after painting by Gros. At Jaffa the plague broke out in the army. To persuade the soldiers that it was only a fever and not to be feared, Napoleon went to the hospital himself, and even touched the afflicted. In 1801 Gros had undertaken to paint the Battle of Nazareth and the brilliant action of Junot when he broke a column of ten thousand Turks with a body of three hundred horse. Napoleon stopped the artist, and bade him take as a subject the Pest at Jaffa. The canvas was exhibited in the *Salon* of 1804, and had an immense success. The state bought the picture for sixteen thousand francs.



AUGEREAU (1757-1816).

Engraved by Lefevre, after a design by Le Dru. Augereau, son of a Paris fruit-dealer, was born in 1757. Began his military career as a carbineer in the Neapolitan army. In 1792 joined the republican army. From the army of the Pyrenees he passed to that of Italy, where his intrepidity and military talents soon won him a first place. At Lodi and Castiglione he distinguished himself, and he shared with Bonaparte the glory of Arcola. After the treaty of Campo Formio he was chosen by Napoleon to carry the flags taken from the enemy to Paris. He aided the government in the *coup d'etat* of the 18th Fructidor, and it was he who arrested Pichegru. After the death of Hoche he was sent to take his place in the army of the Rhine-and-Moselle. Afterwards he was elected a member of the Council of Five Hundred. He returned to Paris about the time that Bonaparte came from Egypt, and at first he opposed him; but after the 18th Brumaire the two became friendly again, and Augereau received the command of the army of Holland. When Napoleon became emperor, Augereau was made marshal, was given the eagle of the Legion of Honor, and the title of Duke of Castiglione. He distinguished himself at Jena and Eylau, served for a time in Spain, and performed prodigies of valor at Leipsic. On the Restoration, Augereau joined Louis XVIII.; but when Napoleon returned from Elba he tried to regain his good will. The Bourbons refused him after the Hundred Days. He died in 1816.

of November he went quietly into camp. Early in the evening he gave orders to leave Verona, and took the road westward. It looked like a retreat. The French army believed so, and began to say sorrowfully among themselves that Italy was lost. When far enough from Verona to escape the attention of the enemy, he wheeled to the southeast, crossed the Adige, and in the morning was on Alvinzi's rear, where, for three days, the battle of Arcola was fought.

This fertility in stratagem, this rapidity of action, this audacity in attack, bewildered and demoralized the enemy, but it raised the enthusiasm of his imaginative Southern troops to the highest pitch.

He insisted in this campaign on one other rule: "Unity of command is necessary to assure success." After his defeat of the Piedmontese, the Directory ordered him, May 7, 1796, to divide his command with Kellermann. Napoleon answered:

> "I believe it most impolitic to divide the army of Italy in two parts. It is quite as much against the interests of the republic to place two different generals over it. . . .
>
> "A single general is not only necessary, but also it is essential that nothing trouble him in his march and operations. I have conducted this campaign without consulting any one. I should have done nothing of value if I had been obliged to reconcile my plans with those of another. I have gained advantage over superior forces and when stripped of everything myself, because persuaded that your confidence was in me. My action has been as prompt as my thought.
>
> "If you impose hindrances of all sorts upon me, if I must refer every step to government commissioners, if they have the right to change my movements, of taking from me or of sending me troops, expect no more of any value. If you enfeeble your means by dividing your forces, if you break the unity of military thought in Italy, I tell you sorrowfully you will lose the happiest opportunity of imposing laws on Italy.
>
> "In the condition of the affairs of the republic in Italy, it is indispensable that you have a general that has your entire confidence. If it is not I, I am sorry for it, but I shall redouble my zeal to merit your esteem in the post you confide to me. Each one has his own way of carrying on war. General Kellermann has more experience and will do it better than I, but both together will do it very badly.
>
> "I can only render the services essential to the country when invested entirely and absolutely with your confidence."

He remained in charge, and throughout the rest of the campaign continued to act more and more independently of the Directory, even dictating terms of peace to please himself.

INFLUENCE OVER SOLDIERS AND GENERALS.

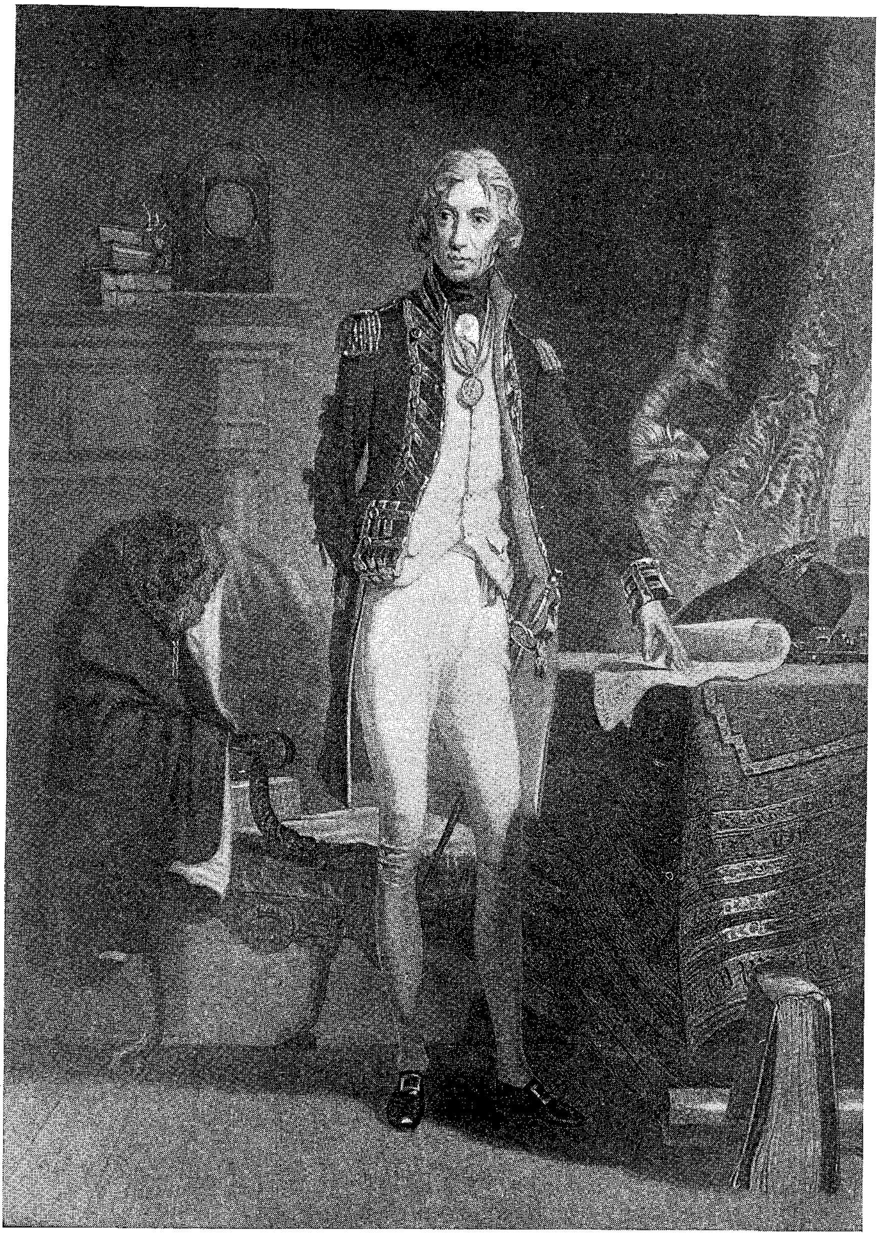
It was in this Italian campaign that the almost superstitious adoration which Napoleon's soldiers and most of his generals felt for him began. Brilliant generalship was not the only reason for this. It was due largely to his personal courage, which they had discovered at Lodi. A charge had been ordered across a wooden bridge swept by thirty pieces of cannon, and beyond was the Austrian army. The men hesitated. Napoleon sprang to their head and led them into the thickest of the fire. From that day he was known among them as the "Little Corporal." He had won them by the quality which appeals most deeply to a soldier in the ranks—contempt of death.

His addresses never failed to stir them to action and enthusiasm. They were oratorical, prophetic, and abounded in phrases which the soldiers never forgot. Such was his address at Cherasco, after the armistice with Piedmont:

> "Soldiers!" he said, "in fifteen days you have gained six victories, taken twenty-one stands of colors, fifty-five pieces of cannon, and several fortresses, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont. You have made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded ten thousand men.
>
> "Hitherto, however, you have been fighting for barren rocks, made memorable by your valor but useless to the nation. Your exploits now equal those of the conquering armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute, and have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannons, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without brandy and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes—soldiers of liberty—could have borne what you have endured. For this you have the thanks of your country.
>
> "The two armies which lately attacked you in full confidence, now fly before you in consternation. . . . But, soldiers, it must not be concealed that you have done nothing, since there remains aught to do. Neither Turin nor Milan are ours. . . . The greatest difficulties are no doubt surmounted; but you have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to cross. . . ."

Such was his address in March, before the final campaign against the Austrians:

> "You have been victorious in fourteen pitched battles and sixty-six combats; you have taken one hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred pieces of large cannon and two thousand pieces of smaller; four equipages for bridge pontoons. The country has nourished you, paid you during your campaign, and you have beside that sent thirty millions from the public treasury to Paris. You have enriched the Museum of Paris with three hundred *chefs d'œuvre* of ancient and modern Italy, which it has taken thirty ages to produce. You have conquered the most beautiful country of Europe. The French colors float for the first time upon the borders of the Adriatic. The kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, the Duke of Parma have become allies. You have chased the English from Leghorn, Genoa, and Corsica. You have yet to march against the Emperor of Austria."



VISCOUNT NELSON, DUKE OF BRONTÉ (1758-1805).

Engraved by Dick, after portrait by Knight. Nelson was born at Barnham, England. He entered the navy at twelve years of age. Was made a post-captain when twenty-one years old, and during the next few years was engaged actively in the American war. After the peace of Versailles, in 1783, he served in the West Indies. When war was declared between France and England in 1793, Nelson was given command of the "Agamemnon," and sent to the Mediterranean, where he took part in the sieges of Bastia and Cadiz. At the latter place he lost an eye. For his services in the winter of 1795-96 he was made commodore, and for his daring and skill in the engagement with the Spanish off Cape St. Vincent, February 13, 1797, he received the Order of the Bath and was made admiral. It was here that Nelson led his crew with the cry, "Westminster Abbey or victory!" When Napoleon started for Egypt, Nelson was ordered to intercept him, but his squadron was crippled in a gale and Napoleon escaped. On August 1, 1798, he attacked the French fleet in the harbor of Aboukir, and destroyed all but two of the thirteen French ships. The Battle of the Nile, as this engagement is called, is considered Nelson's masterpiece, and for it he received a peerage. This victory gave encouragement to Europe to attack revolutionary France afresh. Nelson now went against Naples, where, after the French had been driven from Italy and an amnesty declared, he allowed the trial and sentence of Caraccioli, the admiral of the Neapolitan fleet—a judicial murder similar to that of the Duc d'Enghien. In the spring of 1801 Nelson went to the Baltic against

His approval was their greatest joy. Let him speak a word of praise to a regiment, and they embroidered it on their banners. "I was at ease, the Thirty-second was there," was on the flag of that regiment. Over the Fifty-seventh floated a name Napoleon had called them by, "The terrible Fifty-seventh."

His displeasure was a greater spur than his approval. He said to a corps which had retreated in disorder : "Soldiers, you have displeased me. You have shown neither courage nor constancy, but have yielded positions where a handful of men might have defied an army. You are no longer French soldiers. Let it be written on their colors, 'They no longer form part of the Army of Italy.'" A veteran pleaded that they be placed in the van, and during the rest of the campaign no regiment was more distinguished.

The effect of his genius was as great on his generals as on his troops. They were dazzled by his stratagems and manœuvres, inspired by his imagination. "*There was so much of the future in him*," is Marmont's expressive explanation. They could believe anything of him. A remarkable set of men they were to have as followers and friends—Augereau, Masséna, Berthier, Marmont, Junot.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN IN PARIS.

The people and the government in Paris had begun to believe in him, as did the Army of Italy. He not only sent flags and reports of victory; he sent money and works of art. Impoverished as the Directory was, the sums which came from Italy were a reason for not interfering with the high hand the young general carried in his campaign and treaties.

Never before had France received such letters from a general. Now he announces that he has sent "twenty first masters, from Correggio to Michael Angelo;" now, "a dozen millions of money;" now, two or three millions in jewels and diamonds to be sold in Paris. In return he asks only for men and officers "who have fire and a firm resolution not to make *learned retreats.*"

The entry into Paris of the first art acquisitions made a profound impression on the people :

> "The procession of enormous cars, drawn by richly caparisoned horses, was divided into four sections. First came trunks filled with books, manuscripts, . . . including the antiques of Josephus, on papyrus, with works in the handwriting of Galileo. . . . Then followed collections of mineral products. . . . For the occasion were added wagons laden with iron cages containing lions, tigers, panthers, over which waved enormous palm branches and all kinds of exotic shrubs. Afterwards rolled along chariots bearing pictures carefully packed, but with the names of the most important inscribed in large letters on the outside, as, The Transfiguration, by Raphael; The Christ, by Titian. The number was great, the value greater. When these trophies had passed, amid the applause of an excited crowd, a heavy rumbling announced the approach of massive carts bearing statues and marble groups: the Apollo Belvidere; the Nine Muses; the Laocoön; . . . The Venus de Medici was eventually added, decked with bouquets, crowns of flowers, flags taken from the enemy, and French, Italian, and Greek inscriptions. Detachments of cavalry and infantry, colors flying, drums beating, music playing, marched at intervals; the members of the newly established Institute fell into line; artists and savants; and the singers of the theatres made the air ring with national hymns. This procession marched through all Paris, and at the Champ de Mars defiled before the five members of the Directory, surrounded by their subordinate officers."

The practice of sending home works of art, begun in the Italian campaign, Napoleon continued throughout his military career, and the art of France owes much to the education thus given the artists of the first part of this century.

His agents ransacked Italy, Spain, Germany, and Flanders for *chefs-d'œuvre*. When entering a country one of the first things he did was to collect information about its chief art objects, in order to demand them in case of victory, for it was by treaty that they were usually obtained. Among the works of art which Napoleon sent to Paris were twenty-five Raphaels, twenty-three Titians, fifty-three Rubenses, thirty-three Van Dykes, thirty-one Rembrandts.

NAPOLEON'S STAR.

In Italy rose Napoleon's "star," that mysterious guide which he followed from

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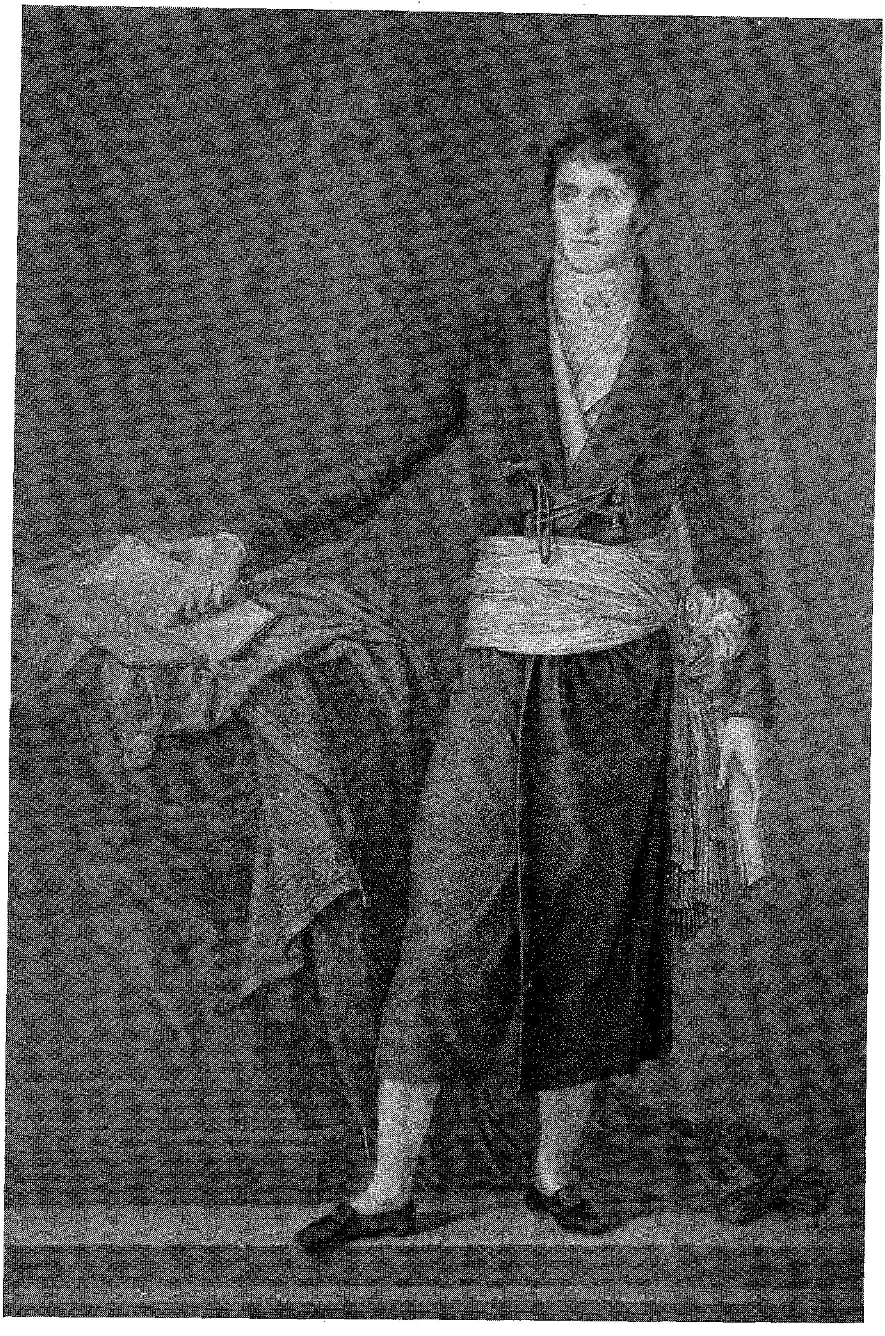
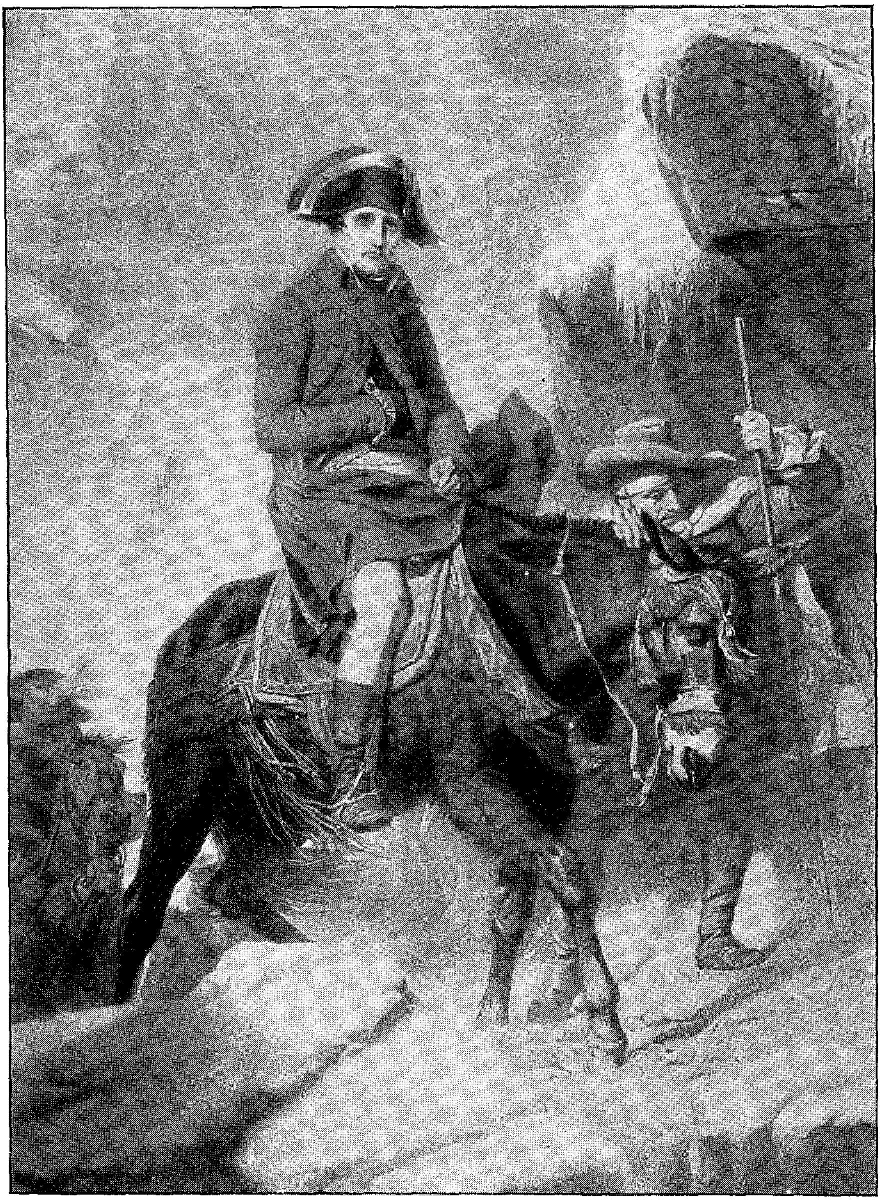
the Northern Courts, which had renewed the armed neutrality of 1780. At Copenhagen he engaged the Danish. His victory was not complete, but it broke up the league and won him the title of viscount. On the renewal of war between France and England in 1803, Nelson went to the Mediterranean, where for two years he kept the French shut in port at Toulon, while Napoleon was preparing for the invasion of England at Boulogne. In March, 1805, the French Admiral Villeneuve escaped. Nelson sought him in the Mediterranean, chased him across the Atlantic and back again, and finally, in September, 1805, found him at Cadiz. In October the French were forced to battle off Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson won a glorious victory, though at the cost of his life. His remains were conveyed to England, and interred in St. Paul's Cathedral on January 9, 1806.



"LUCIEN BONAPARTE, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE FIVE HUNDRED, 18TH BRUMAIRE, 1799."

Lucien Bonaparte, born at Ajaccio, March 21, 1775, was educated in France, and returned to Corsica in 1792. Ardent revolutionist, he abandoned Paoli, and left Corsica for France. Obtaining a place at Saint Maximin, he became prominent as an agitator. Here he married Christine Boyer, his landlord's daughter. In 1795 Lucien left St. Maximin and soon after was made commissary to the army of the North, but resigned the next year. The two years following he passed in Corsica, but went to Paris in 1798, on being elected deputy to the Council of Five Hundred. He soon became prominent as a speaker, and his house was a centre for the best literary society of the capital. He was made president of the Council of Five Hundred after Napoleon's return from Egypt, and aided in the *coup d'etat* of the 18th Brumaire. In the reorganization of the government Lucien was named Minister of the Interior, but he and Napoleon did not get on well, and he was sent as ambassador to Spain. Returning, he took an active part in the delicate work of the Concordat and Legion of Honor. Lucien was made senator after the consulate for life was arranged, but he made a second marriage which displeased Napoleon. He left France, settling in Rome,



NAPOLEON CROSSING THE GREAT ST. BERNARD, 1800.

Engraved by François, after a picture by Delaroche, painted in 1848, published in 1852 by P. & D. Colnaghisco, London. "The Queen of England possesses at Osborne a reduction of this portrait made by Delaroche himself."

rather than give up his wife. Napoleon made overtures to him later, but they were refused, and he was ordered to quit the continent. He wished to go to the United States, but was captured in 1810 by an English cruiser, and taken to England, where for a time he was a prisoner. In 1814 he returned to Rome. While Napoleon was at Elba, Lucien offered him his support, and during the Hundred Days he sat in the French Chamber of Peers. After Waterloo he advised Napoleon to dissolve the Assembly and proclaim himself dictator, and it was he who suggested that the second abdication be made in favor of Napoleon's son. He parted with his brother June 29, and left France. At Turin he was arrested and kept prisoner for three months. When liberated he settled in Rome with his family, where he passed the rest of his life in literary and antiquarian labors. He died June 29, 1840. Lucien Bonaparte did some creditable literary work, including an epic poem on *Charlemagne*, studies in Etruscan vases, and most valuable, his historical *Memoires*.

Lodi to Waterloo. Here was born that faith in himself and his future, that belief that he "marched under the protection of the goddess of fortune and of war," that confidence that he was endowed with a "good genius."

He called Lodi the birthplace of this faith.

"Vendémiaire and even Montenotte did not make me believe myself a superior man. It was only after Lodi that it came into my head that I could become a decisive actor on our political field. Then was born the first spark of high ambition."

Trained in a religion full of mysticism, taught to believe in signs, guided by a "star," there is a tinge of superstition throughout his active, practical, hard-working life. Marmont tells that one day while in Italy the glass over the portrait of his wife, which he always wore, was broken. "He turned frightfully pale, and the impression upon him was most sorrowful. 'Marmont,' he said, 'my wife is very ill or she is unfaithful.'" There are many similar anecdotes to show his dependence upon and confidence in omens.

LOVE IN WAR.

In a campaign of such achievements as that in Italy there seems to be no time for love, and yet love was never more imperative, more absorbing, in Napoleon's life than during this period.

"Oh, my adorable wife," he wrote Josephine in April, "I do not know what fate awaits me, but if it keeps me longer from you, I shall not be able to endure it; my courage will not hold out to that point. There was a time when I was proud of my courage; and when I thought of the harm that men might do me, of the lot that my destiny might reserve for me, I looked at the most terrible misfortunes without a quiver, with no surprise. But now, the thought that my Josephine may be in trouble, that she may be ill, and, above all, the cruel, fatal thought that she may love me less, inflicts torture in my soul, stops the beating of my heart, makes me sad and dejected, robs me of even the courage of fury and despair. I often used to say, Man can do no harm to one who is willing to die; but now, to die without being loved by you, to die without this certainty, is the torture of hell; it is the vivid and crushing image of total annihilation. It seems to me as if I were choking. My only companion, you who have been chosen by fate to make with me the painful journey of life, the day when I shall no longer possess your heart will be that when for me the world shall have lost all warmth and all its vegetation. . . . I will stop, my sweet pet, my soul is sad. I am very tired, my mind is worn out, I am sick of men. I have good reason for hating them. They separate me from my love."

Josephine was indifferent to this strong passion. "How queer Bonaparte is!" she said coldly at the evidences of his affection which he poured upon her; and when, after a few weeks' separation, he began to implore her to join him, she hesitated, made excuses, tried in every possible way to evade his wish. It was not strange that a woman of her indolent nature, loving flattery, having no passion but for amusement, reckless expenditure, and her own ease, should prefer life in Paris. There she shared with Madame Tallien the adoration which the Parisian world is always bestowing on some fair woman. At opera and ball she was the centre of attraction; even in the street the people knew her. *Notre Dame des Victoires* was the name they gave her.

In desperation at her indifference, Napoleon finally wrote her, in June, from Tortona:

"My life is a perpetual nightmare. A black presentiment makes breathing difficult. I am no longer alive; I have lost more than life, more than happiness, more than peace; I am almost without hope. I am sending you a courier. He will stay only four hours in Paris, and then will bring me your answer. Write to me ten pages; that is the only thing that can console me in the least. You are ill; you love me; I have distressed you; you are with child; and I do not see you. . . . I have treated you so ill that I do not know how to set myself right in your eyes. I have been blaming you for staying in Paris, and you have been ill there. Forgive me, my dear; the love with which you have filled me has robbed me of my reason, and I shall never recover it. It is a malady from which there is no recovery. My forebodings are so gloomy that all I ask is to see you, to hold you in my arms for two hours, and that we may die together. Who is taking care of you? I suppose that you have sent for Hortense; I love the dear child a thousand times better since I think that she may console you a little. As for me, I am without consolation, rest, and hope until I see again the messenger whom I am sending to you, and until you explain to me in a long letter just what is the matter with you, and how serious it is. If there were any danger I warn you that I should start at once for Paris. . . . You! you!—and the rest of the world will not exist for me any more than if it had been annihilated. I care for honor because you care for it; for victory, because it brings you pleasure; otherwise, I should abandon everything to throw myself at your feet."

After this letter Josephine consented to go to Italy, but she left Paris weeping as if going to her execution. Once at Milan, where she held almost a court, she recovered her gayety, and the two were very happy for a time. But it did not last. Napoleon, obliged to be on the march, would implore Josephine to come to him here and there, and once she narrowly escaped with her life when trying to get away from the army.

Wherever she was installed she had a circle of adorers about her, and as a result she neglected writing to her husband. Reproaches and entreaties filled his letters. He begs her for only a line, and he implores her that she be less cold.

> "Your letters are as cold as fifty years of age; one would think they had been written after we had been married fifteen years. They are full of the friendliness and feelings of life's winter. . . . What more can you do to distress me? Stop loving me? That you have already done. Hate me? Well, I wish you would; everything degrades me except hatred; but indifference, with a calm pulse, fixed eyes, monotonous walk! . . . A thousand kisses, tender, like my heart."

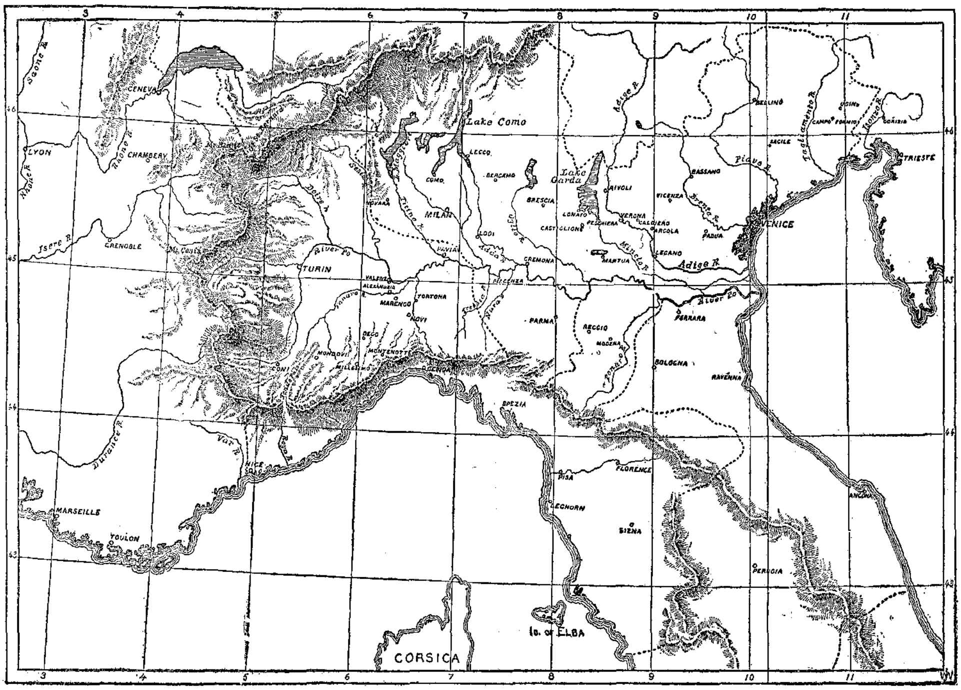
It was not merely indolence and indifference that caused Josephine's neglect. It was coquetry frequently, and Napoleon, informed by his couriers as to whom she received at Milan or Genoa, and of the pleasures she enjoyed, was jealous with all the force of his nature. More than one young officer who dared pay homage to Josephine in this campaign was banished "by order of the commander-in-chief." Reaching Milan once, unexpectedly, he found her gone. His disappointment was bitter.

> "I reached Milan, rushed to your rooms, having thrown up everything to see you, to press you to my heart—you were not there; you are travelling about from one town to another, amusing yourself with balls. . . . My unhappiness is inconceivable. . . . Don't put yourself out; pursue your pleasure; happiness is made for you."

It was between such extremes of triumphant love and black despair that Napoleon lived throughout the Italian campaign.

RETURN TO PARIS.

In December, 1797, he returned to Paris. His whole family were collected there, forming a "Bonaparte colony," as the Parisians called it. There were Joseph and his wife; Lucien, now married to Christine Boyer, his old landlord's daughter, a marriage Napoleon never forgave; Eliza, now Madame Bacciochi; Pauline, now Madame Leclerc. Madame Letitia was in the city, with Caroline; Louis and Jerome were still in school. Josephine had her daughter Hortense, a girl of thirteen, with her. Her son Eugene, though but fifteen years old, was away on a mission for Napoleon, who, in spite of the boy's youth, had already taken him into his confidence. According to Napoleon's express desire, all the family lived in great simplicity.


Saone R.
Geneva
Lyon
Chambery
Rhone R.
Isere R.
Grenoble
Turin
River Po
Lake Como
Lecco
Como
Bergamo
Milan
Ticino R.
Lodi
Pavia
Brescia
Lake Garda
Lonato
Castiglione
Peschiera
Rivoli
Verona
Caldiero
Arcola
Vicenza
Padua
Bassano
Venice
Piave R.
Belluno
Tagliamento R.
Campo Formio
Gorizia
Sacile
Trieste
Legnano
Mantua
Mincio R.
Adige R.
Cremona
Piacenza
Alessandria
Marengo
Tortona
Novi
Parma
Reggio
Modena
Ferrara
Bologna
Ravenna
Montenotte
Millesimo
Mondovi
Ceva
Coni
Genoa
Spezia
Durance R.
Var R.
Nice
Marseilles
Toulon
Pisa
Florence
Leghorn
Siena
Perugia
Ancona
Is. of Elba
Corsica

MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY, ILLUSTRATING THE NAPOLEON CAMPAIGNS OF 1796–1802—REPRODUCED, BY PERMISSION OF G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, FROM MORRIS'S LIFE OF NAPOLEON, IN THE "HEROES OF THE NATIONS" SERIES.

The return to Paris of the commander-in-chief of the Army of Italy was the signal for a popular ovation. The Directory gave him every honor, changing the name of the street in which he lived to *rue de la Victoire*, and making him a member of the Institute; but, conscious of its feebleness, and inspired by that suspicion which since the revolution began had caused the ruin of so many men, planned to get rid of him.

Of the coalition against France, formed in 1793, one member alone remained in arms—England. Napoleon was to be sent against her. An invasion of the island was first discussed, and he made an examination of the north coast. His report was adverse, and he substituted a plan for the invasion of Egypt—an old idea in the French Government.

The Directory gladly accepted the change, and Napoleon was made commander-in-chief of the Army of Egypt. On the 4th of May he left Paris for Toulon.

To Napoleon this expedition was a merciful escape. He once said to Madame Rémusat:

> "In Paris, and Paris is France, they never can take the smallest interest in things, if they do not take it in persons. . . . The great difficulty of the Directory was that no one cared about them, and that people began to care too much about me. This was why I conceived the happy idea of going to Egypt."

He was under the influence, too, of his imagination; the Orient had always tempted him. It is certain that he went away with gigantic projects—nothing less than to conquer the whole of the East, and to become its ruler and lawgiver.

> "I dreamed of all sorts of things, and I saw a way of carrying all my projects into practical execution. I would create a new religion. I saw myself in Asia, upon an elephant, wearing a turban, and holding in my hand a new Koran which I had myself composed. I would have united in my enterprise the experiences of two hemispheres, exploring for my benefit and instruction all history, attacking the power of England in the Indies, and renewing, by their conquest, my relations with old Europe. The time I passed in Egypt was the most delightful period of my life, for it was the most ideal."

His friends, watching his irritation during the days before the campaign had been decided upon, said: "A free flight in space is what such wings demand. He will die here. He must go." He himself said: "Paris weighs on me like a leaden mantle."

EXPEDITION IN EGYPT, 1798–1799.

Napoleon sailed from France on May 19, 1798; on June 9th he reached Malta, and won for France "the strongest place in Europe." July 2d he entered Alexandria. On July 24th he was in Cairo, after the famous Battle of the Pyramids.

The French fleet had remained in Aboukir Bay after landing the army, and on August 1st was attacked by Nelson. Napoleon had not realized, before this battle, the power of the English on the sea. He knew nothing of Nelson's genius. The destruction of his fleet, and the consciousness that he and his army were prisoners in the Orient, opened his eyes to the greatest weakness of France.

The winter was spent in reorganizing the government of Egypt and in scientific work. Over one hundred scientists had been added to the Army of Egypt, including some of the most eminent men of the day: Monge, Geoffroy-St.-Hilaire, Berthollet, Fourier and Denon. From their arrival every opportunity was given them to carry on their work. To stimulate them, Napoleon founded the Institute of Egypt, in which membership was granted as a reward for services.

These scientists went out in every direction, pushing their investigations up the Nile as far as Philoe, tracing the bed of the old canal from Suez to the Nile, unearthing ancient monuments, making collections of the flora and fauna, examining in detail the arts and industries of the people. Everything, from the inscription on the Rosetta Stone to the incubation of chickens, received their attention.

On the return of the expedition, their researches were published in a magnificent work called "Description de l'Egypte."

The information gathered by the French at this time gave a great impetus to the study of Egyptology, and their investigations on the old Suez canal led directly to the modern work.

The peaceful work of science and lawgiving which Napoleon was conducting in Egypt was interrupted by the news that the Porte had declared war against France, and that two Turkish armies were on their way to Egypt. In February he set off to Syria to meet the first.

This Syrian expedition was a failure, ending in a retreat made horrible not only by the enemy in the rear but by pestilence and heat.

The disaster was a terrible disillusion for Napoleon. It ended his dream of an Oriental realm for himself, of a kingdom embracing the whole Mediterranean for France. "I missed my fortune at St. Jean d'Acre," he told his brother Lucien afterward; and again, "I think my imagination died at St. Jean d'Acre." The words are those of the man whose discouragement at a failure was as profound as his hope at success was high.

As Napoleon entered Egypt from Syria, he learned that the second Turkish army was near the Bay of Aboukir. He turned against it and defeated it completely. In the exchange of prisoners made after the battle, a bundle of French papers fell into his hands. It was the first news he had had for ten months from France, and sad news it was: Italy lost, an invasion of Austrians and Russians threatening, the Directory discredited and tottering.

If the Oriental empire of his imagination had fallen, might it not be that in Europe a kingdom awaited him? He decided to leave Egypt at once, and with the greatest secrecy prepared for his departure. The army was turned over to Kléber, and with four small vessels he sailed for France on the night of August 22, 1799. On October 16th he was in Paris.

THE 18TH BRUMAIRE.

For a long time nothing had been heard of Napoleon in France. The people said he had been exiled by the jealous Directory. His disappearance into the Orient had all the mystery and fascination of an Eastern tale. His sudden reappearance had something of the heroic in it. He came like a god from Olympus, unheralded, but at the critical instant.

The joy of the people, who at that day certainly preferred a hero to suffrage, was spontaneous and sincere. His journey from the coast to Paris was a triumphal march. *Le retour du héros* was the word in everybody's mouth. On every side the people cried: "You alone can save the country. It is perishing without you. Take the reins of government."

At Paris he found the government waiting to be overthrown. "A brain and a sword" was all that was needed to carry out a *coup d'état* organized while he was still in Africa. Everybody recognized him as the man for the hour. A large part of the military force in Paris was devoted to him. His two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, were in positions of influence, the former president of the *cinq-cents*, as one of the two chambers was called. All that was most distinguished in the political, military, legal, and artistic circles of Paris rallied to him. Among the men who supported him were Talleyrand, Sieyès, Chénier, Roederer, Monge, Cambacérès, Moreau, Berthier, Murat.

On the 18th Brumaire, the 9th of November, 1799, the plot culminated, and Napoleon was recognized as the temporary dictator of France.

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE.

The private sorrow to which Napoleon returned was as great as the public glory. During the campaign in Egypt he had learned beyond a doubt that Josephine's coquetry had become open folly, and that a young officer, Hippolyte Charles, whom he had dismissed from the Army of Italy two years before, was installed at Malmaison. The *liaison* was so scandalous that Gohier, the president of the Directory, advised Josephine to get a divorce from Napoleon and marry Charles.

These rumors reached Egypt, and Napoleon, in despair, even talked them over with Eugène de Beauharnais. The boy defended his mother, and for a time succeeded in quieting Napoleon's resentment. At last, however, he learned in a talk with Junot that the gossip was true. He lost all control of himself, and declared he would have a divorce. The idea was abandoned, but the love and reverence he had given Josephine were dead. From that time she had no empire over his heart, no power to inspire him to action or to enthusiasm.

When he landed in France from Egypt, Josephine, foreseeing a storm, started out to meet him at Lyons. Unfortunately she took one road and Napoleon another, and when he reached Paris at six o'clock in the morning he found no one at home. When Josephine arrived Napoleon refused to see her, and it was three days before he relented. Then his forgiveness was due to the intercession of Hortense and Eugène, to both of whom he was warmly attached.

But if he consented to pardon he could never give again the passionate affection which he once had felt for her. He ceased to be a lover, and became a commonplace, tolerant, indulgent, bourgeois husband, upon whom his wife, in matters of importance, had no influence. Josephine was hereafter the suppliant, but she never regained the noble kingdom she had despised.

RETURN OF PEACE.

Napoleon's domestic sorrow weakened in no way his activity and vigor in public affairs.

He realized that, if he would keep his place in the hearts and confidence of the people, he must do something to show his strength, and peace was the gift he proposed to make to the nation.

When he returned he found a civil war raging in La Vendée. Before February he had ended it. All over France brigandage had made life and property uncertain. His new régime ended it.

Two foreign enemies only remained at war with France—Austria and England. He offered them peace. It was refused. Nothing remained but to compel it. The Austrians were first engaged. They had two armies in the field, one on the Rhine, against which Moreau was sent, the other in Italy—now lost to France—besieging the French shut up in Genoa.

Moreau conducted the campaign in the Rhine countries with skill, fighting two successful battles, and driving his opponent from Ulm.

Napoleon decided that he would himself carry on the Italian campaign, but of that he said nothing in Paris. His army was quietly brought together as a reserve force; then suddenly, on May 6, 1800, he left Paris for Geneva. Immediately his plan became evident. It was nothing else than to cross the Alps and fall upon the rear of the Austrians, then besieging Genoa. Such an undertaking was a veritable *coup de théâtre*. Its accomplishment was not less brilliant than its conception. Three principal passes lead from Switzerland into Italy: Mont Cenis, the Great Saint Bernard, and the Mount Saint Gothard. The last was already held by the Austrians. The first is the westernmost, and here Napoleon directed the attention of General Melas, the Austrian commander. The central, or Mount Saint Bernard, Pass was left almost defenceless, and here the army was led across a passage surrounded by enormous difficulties, particularly for the artillery, which had to be taken to pieces and carried or dragged by the men.

Save the delay which the enemy caused the French at Fort Bard, where five hundred men stopped the entire army, Napoleon met with no serious resistance in entering Italy. Indeed, the Austrians treated the force with contempt, declaring that it was not the First Consul who led them, but an adventurer, and that the army was not made up of French, but of refugee Italians.

This rumor was soon known to be false. On June 2d Napoleon entered Milan. The Austrians soon after advanced into the plains of Marengo, where, on June 14th, the battle was fought. The story of the battle is described in a picturesque narrative by a member of the army, which will appear in the next number of this magazine.

The Parisians were dazzled by the campaign. Of the passage of the Alps they said, "It is an achievement greater than Hannibal's;" and they repeated how "the First Consul pointed his finger at the frozen summits, and they bowed their heads."

At the news of Marengo the streets were lit with "joy fires," and from wall to wall rang the cries of *Vive la république, Vive le premier consul, Vive l'armée.*

The campaign against the Austrians was finished December 3, 1800, by the battle of Hohenlinden, and in February the treaty of Lunéville established peace. England was slower in coming to terms, it not being until March, 1802, that she signed the treaty of Amiens.

At last France was at peace with all the world. She hailed Napoleon as her savior, and ordered that the 18th Brumaire be celebrated throughout the republic as a solemn fête in his honor.

The country saw in him something greater than a peacemaker. She was discovering that he was to be her lawgiver, for, while ending the wars, he had begun to bring order into the interior chaos which had so long tormented the French people, to reëstablish the finances, the laws, the industries, even to harmonize the interests of rich and poor, of church and state. To Napoleon's work as a statesman and lawgiver, the next article in this series will be devoted.

NOTE.—This Life of Napoleon began in the November number, and will continue through four numbers more. There will be seventy-five portraits of Napoleon in the series and one hundred other pictures. Chosen as these pictures are from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, one of the richest Napoleon collections in existence, too much can scarcely be said in their praise.

DIKKON'S DOG.*

BY DOROTHY LUNDT.

THE distinguishing trait of Grubbins was his unexpectedness. Grubbins was Dikkon's dog.

All the cats in the old regiment could have told you that the time it was least safe to try to slip by Grubbins was when he sat gazing across the plains, apparently oblivious of everything on earth but the progress of a mule-train just fading off the distant horizon. The young and untaught kitten who attempted, at such times, to glide, with shadow-like swiftness and silence, behind Grubbins's meditative back, had a never-to-be-forgotten vision of lanky yellow legs lengthening themselves in a leap, bristling yellow hair, and glaring yellow eyes; and if that kitten got off with the loss of his ear or two-thirds of his tail, he was congratulated by his more experienced fellows.

Private McAllison was new to the old regiment, which explains his premature assumption that Grubbins was too soundly asleep to resent his tail being stepped on by a friend hastily crossing the barrack-room, or to identify that friend for purposes of reprisal. McAllison was in his stocking-feet; so that his howls, when Grubbins's teeth met through the end of his heel, were louder than they otherwise might have been. Private Mooney, his neighbor of the right-hand cot, gave up in disgust his latest attempt to get sufficiently sound asleep to forget the dismal downpour that was making out-door life impossible, and casting an untimely chill over the twilight of Christmas Eve.

"Hould up yer yellin', can't ye, ye Scotch omadahn?" said Private Mooney. "Shure it's only Grubbins's way!"

"Ma certie! It's a way wull lead Maister Grubbins to the grave that's too lang been awaitin' him; if not by meelitary execution by the Colonel's orders, then by preevate assassination!" Thus McAllison, with the polysyllabic solemnity of his nation, nursing his wounded heel, and glaring at Grubbins, who had tranquilly returned to his interrupted slumbers.

"I reckon Grubbins's grave ain't dug yet, nor the man ain't born that 'll send him to it; not while my name's Dikkon! Grubbins, ain't that so, honey?"

The gaunt yellow dog was alert and on his feet at the first syllable of his name spoken in his master's voice. He shambled heavy-footedly across to the bench where Dikkon sat, just in from a bit of fatigue duty at the stables, toasting his soaked and odorous cowhide boots at the low fire in the barrack-room stove. Grubbins laid his rough, grizzled muzzle on his master's knee, and Dikkon's brown and knotted hand fell affectionately on the dog's head. The two sat looking at each other with a look of perfect understanding and full companionship. As they sat thus, there was a curious likeness between man and dog. Dikkon's close-cropped hair was of the same dusty yellow as Grubbins's scraggy coat; chronic malaria and long exposure to every weather had brought Dikkon's complexion to much the same hue that was Grubbins's by birthright; the faded eyes of the man had an expression oddly akin to that which from the dog's eyes looked up at him—a latent gleam through a mist as of habitual drowsy apathy.

"Thet's so: ain't it, honey?" drawled Dikkon again; and Grubbins rapped his stumpy tail in fervent affirmation. "'Pears to me yo' haven't took 's much exercise as common to-day, Grubbins," went on his master. "Don't yo' feel like racin' down a cat or s'uthin', so 's to get up a moughty good appetite fer yer Christmas grub?"

The men chuckled. The idea of Grubbins's appetite requiring a tonic was a deeply humorous one. Dikkon opened the door, and Grubbins, with a short, approving sniff of the freshening air, trotted loose-leggedly across the soaked parade.

"Shure it's an appetite we'll ahl be needin' for our Christmas grub," said Private Mooney, stretching his brawny arms with a cavernous yawn. "The mule-thrain's over due, and divil a thing for Christmas Day but bull-beef an' hard-tack, wid likely a redshkin bullet for sauce wid it!"

"Redskin bullet! Bosh! In midwinter!" Thus Corporal Perkins, newly from the Northwest.

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* This story, in the McCLURE prize story contest, closed some months ago, was awarded the prize of one hundred and fifty dollars, the third of the five prizes offered. The author lives in Boston, Massachusetts.

"Corporal, me joy, it's forgettin' ye are that down in this suburb av Tophet there's niver a winter at ahl, and the redshkins dishport thimsilves as loively at Christmas as on the sacrid Fourth o' July! Shure I niver pass that clump o' brush beyant the ould shtables on a black night—an' it's black nights a-plinty we have, as see the wan that's a-shuttin' down like a box-lid this blissid minnit—widout falin' me schalp-lock a-wigglin' wid spirituous terrors!"

"But the sentries?"

"Faith, it's happined before that the divil led his own by ways onseen o' the righteous—manin' Uncle Sam's senthries, that last—an' he'll do ut agin! I say agin, a redshkin bullet's the Christmas prisint likeliest to come the way av us poor sinners."

"Dikkon, ma lad!" Thus McAllison, stopping by Dikkon's bench to put on his rough overcoat, his injured heel well greased, and his Scotch equanimity apparently restored. "I've nae ill-will tae the bit beastie, an' forbye he but defendit the richts o' his ain tail. But I'll gie ye a hint for a Christmas gift; it was the Colonel himself was sayin' but the nicht's nicht, that the next complaint of Dikkon's dog that came tae his ears, the beastie wad hae a bullet an' a ditch, an' nae mair said!"

Dikkon sprang to his feet. A dull flush kindled under his yellow skin; the gleam in his faded eyes shone keen through their dulled indifference.

"He will, will he?" There was a savage snarl in the man's voice. "An' what mought *he* be, that's been with the old regiment only six months, an' not half the use to it then or now that my old dog——"

"Hold hard, Dikkon!" "Whisht, me boy! It's the short cut to the guard-house you're takin'!" There were grunts and exclamations of remonstrance on every side. Dikkon looked about him with a sort of bewilderment. The momentary flush and gleam were gone. He sat down again, quietly enough, and put out his feet to the fire.

"Bedad, the Colonel's bark is a dale worse nor his bite, we ahl know!" Thus Mooney, pacifically. "It's only whin his pepper-pot av a timper gits a rough shake, that he's onsafe to play wid. An' Grubbins *is* tryin' at times, his bist frinds know. Take ut lasht shpring, whin the Colonel paid the saints know what ahl for thim seeds from the North, an' whin they was comin' up umbrageous, in sails Grubbins, scoutin' afther a last year's bone he'd rimimbered where he'd buried, an' in tin minnits the Colonel's vigitible garden was ploughed up more complate than the field before wan av our batteries at Chattanooga, four years back."

"But that didn't rile him for coppers with Grubbins's gobblin' up little Miss Marion's taffy." Thus Corporal Perkins, picking up his cap, in the general exodus toward the parade. The rain had stopped for a moment. A wild wind was angrily driving the clouds in frightened masses before it; the freshness of the outside world was good to feel, after the stuffy and smoky atmosphere of the barrack-room. "Miss Marion she's the apple o' the Colonel's eye an' the light of it; an' I pity dog or man that sets her cryin' many times as she cried the other day when Grubbins caught on to her taffy the cook had set out to cool, an'——"

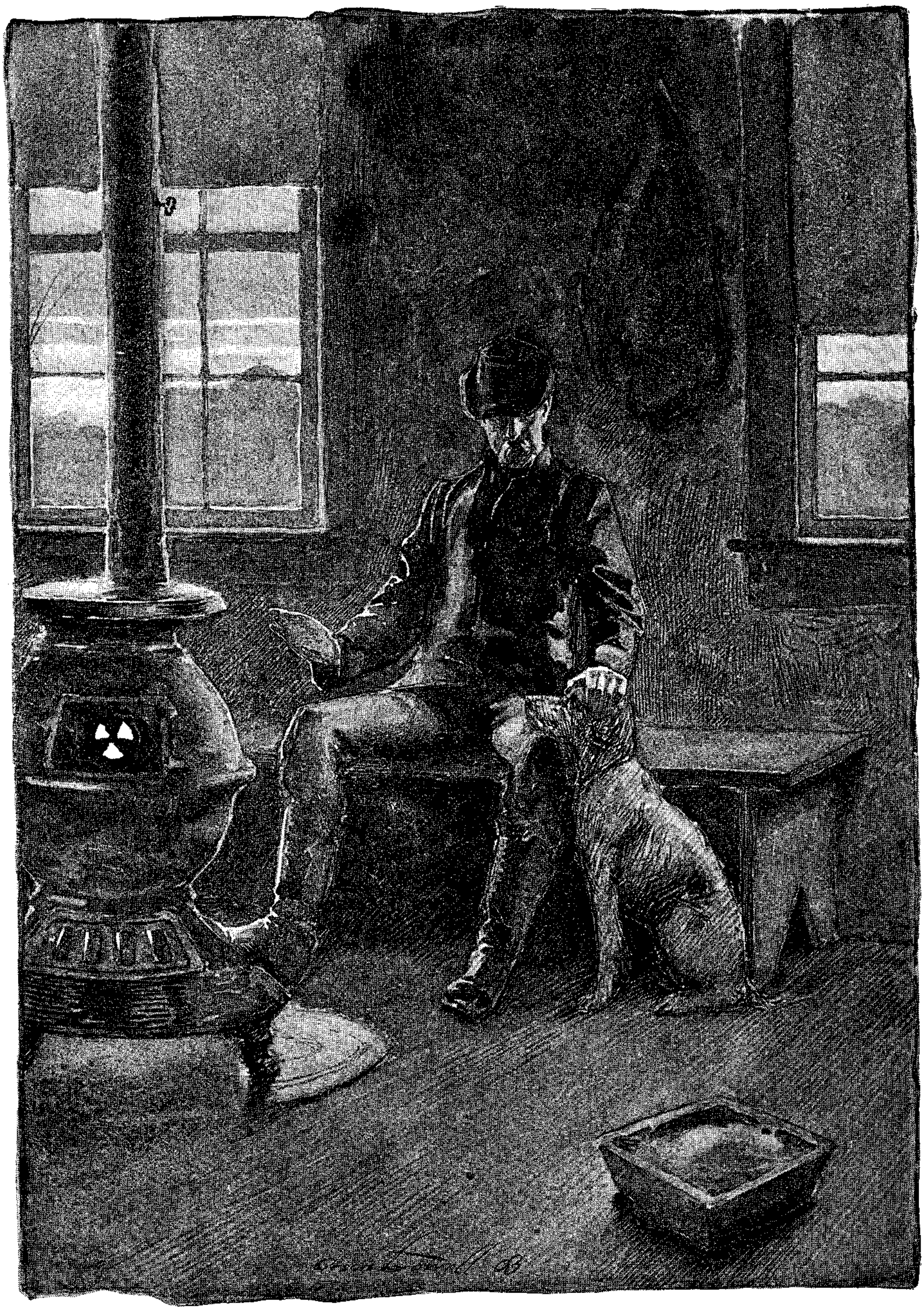
"There they go now! See 'em?" Thus one of the men at the window. There was a general turning of heads.

"Faith, it's shmall blame to the Colonel," —from Mooney—"for it's a sunbame little Miss Marion carries in the eyes of her an' the heart of her; an' she kindled it from the wan that wint away wid her mother whin they laid her, an' the ould Colonel's heart wid her, in her grave a year gone!"

And indeed three-year-old Miss Marion was a winsome sight to see, as in her wee blue-hooded rain-cloak, a golden-haired kobold, she danced across the parade by her soldierly grandfather's side, smiling up confidingly in the face that never was stern for her, and leading tenderly, by a ribbon as blue as her rain-cloak or her eyes, a tiny terrier, also blue-blanketed, and mincingly remonstrant at the wet grass that brushed his dainty paws. The men approved of Miss Marion, but the terrier was not regarded with favor in barracks. "For whin I want a dog, I want a *dog*," said Private Mooney, voicing the general sentiment. "An' whin I want a ladylike rat, I don't want him pritindin' to *be* a dog, an' ixpictin' to be rispicted accordin'!"

The men were making their way out for a whiff of fresh air before retreat should sound. Dikkon alone had not left his place by the fire. As Mooney, last of the men, was opening the rough door, he was arrested by Dikkon's voice, sounding musingly, and as if unconscious that he spoke aloud.

"It's a moughty queer world," Dikkon said, "where an old yaller dog will stand to one man for what a pretty little baby does to another!"



DIKKON'S BROWN AND KNOTTED HAND FELL AFFECTIONATELY ON THE DOG'S HEAD.

With an Irishman's involuntary sympathy for a guessed sorrow, and an Irishman's quick appreciation of a chance to gratify a long-baffled curiosity, Mooney soundlessly closed the door, threw down his cap, and crossed toward an empty chair. After a pause:

"Manin' yersilf an' the Colonel?" said he.

"Meanin' just that. Ol' Grubbins is about as much to me, I reckon, as little Miss Marion yon is to the ol' Colonel. Fer th' same reason. All that's left to me o' somethin' I loved."

Mooney stuffed the tobacco deep into his pipe, and diplomatically waited. There was a momentary break in the heavy clouds, and a late, pale yellow light shone tremulously through.

"I reckon I never told ye how I met up with Grubbins? I was in the Tennessee mountings, when we wor down there with Grant. That was in '64, years back, when I wor a volunteer. Nigh where we wor camped there wor a cabin. A girl lived thar, all alone. Her dad an' five brothers had gone into the Union army, and they never come back. Her name wor Marcella. She had right pretty blue eyes, an' a cough. I punched a man oncet for tryin' to make free with her, an' Grubbins chawed him up afterwards. Grubbins wor her dog; a five-year-old, then, an' 's ornery 's he is now. We got to be right good friends, she 'n I; afterwards, more. I hadn't nary a red but my pay; no more she. But I promised ter kem back an' marry her oncet the fightin' wor over."

Both men smoked for a time in silence. "'Twas in May, '65, I got back there. It was a moughty purty day, with clouds like gold. The cabin do' was tight shet. An' the windows. Ez I kem up I heerd Grubbins howl. Reckon ye never heerd a yaller dog howl?

"The neighbors hed jest took care o' her an' left her, an' gone back ter get the coffin. She had changed considerable—thin as a shadder. She hed wound grass round my ring to keep it on her finger—it wor a hoss-hair ring. I braided it from my hoss's tail.

"I stayed for the fun'ral. Grubbins an' I sot by her all day an' all night. When the grave wor filled in, Grubbins he turned an' reached up his big yaller paw ter me, an' his eyes said, 'Reckon it's we two now, ol' man?' An' I shuk his paw, an' I says, 'Yes, Grubbins, 's long as we both live.' An' when I 'listed ez a reg'lar, Grubbins 'listed 'long o' me."

"An' wid ahl his ecsyncrasities, Grubbins is a cridit to the ould rigimint!"—there was a sympathetic choke in Mooney's voice. "An'—saints be good! Phwat's that?"

It was a wild commotion on the parade ground. There were growls and snarls and doleful squeals; rushing footsteps, thwacking blows, a child's sobs, a stern and angry voice. "Take that dog away, and—" a short, enraged howl in Grubbins's unmistakable accents.

Dikkon and Mooney were in the middle of the parade. In little Maid Marion's arms, pressed close to her tear-stained face, was a squealing huddle of very muddy blue blanket, with a pathetic pink stain oozing out here and there. Grubbins, his yellow eyes afire, a stout cord round his neck, was in the grasp of a soldier who was vainly trying to combine holding the dog with a respectful salute to his colonel. The Colonel's face was gray with rage; his eyes blazed under their shaggy brows. Through the sudden silence, Marion's sobs came piteously clear.

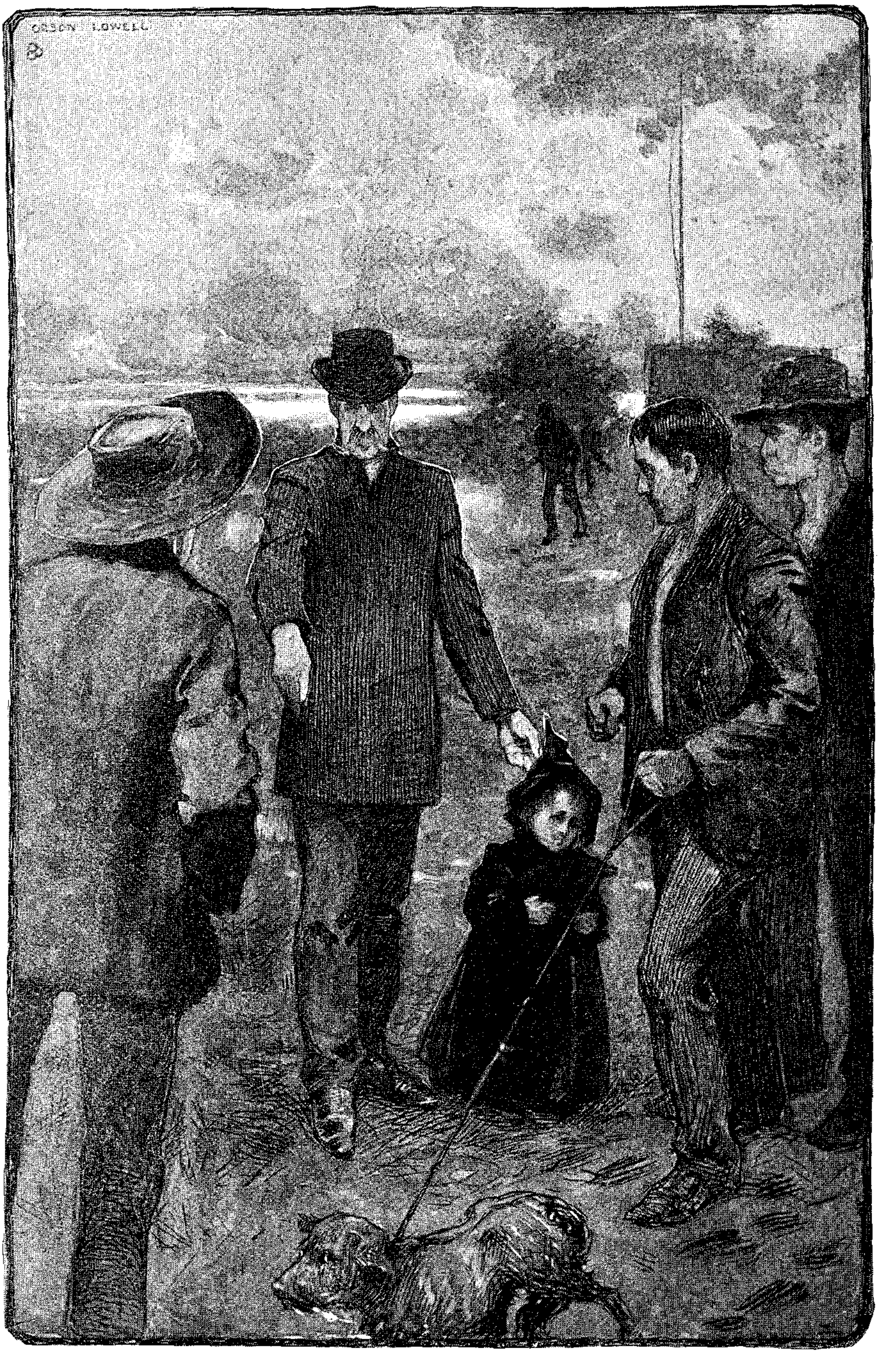
"Take away that nasty beast—do you hear?" Thus the Colonel, tensely, between his teeth. "I've overlooked his tricks hitherto, because his master is an old soldier and a good one. But when it comes to killing my granddaughter's pet on the open parade——"

"Shure the little baste isn't dead at ahl, sorr!" Mooney had gently taken the small blue bundle, separated chewed-up blanket from chewed-up dog, and held the squealing terrier out with one hand, the other at salute; his eyes clouded and anxious. "He's just dis—disfracshured a bit, in shpots, sorr, but a shtrip or two o' plashter 'll make him as good as iver he was, sorr,—an' that's no good at ahl!" jerked Mooney, confidentially, back from his teeth to his throat. "An' Grubbins mint no harm, sorr. He'd niver sane the loike before, an' was just investigatin', an' when he found it wad bite——"

"Hold your tongue, Mooney!" thundered the Colonel, recovering the breath that the Irishman's unparalleled audacity had taken away. "Take charge of that dog!" Mooney mechanically took from the soldier the leash at whose other end Grubbins was wildly straining to reach his master. "He has done his last mischief. You will have him hanged within an hour. Not a word, I tell you!" as Mooney's lips opened in a gasp. "Come, sweetheart." The stern and angry voice fell to a caressing whisper; the Colonel lifted Marion, dog and all, and set her on his stalwart arm. "Hush, hush, dear! The bad dog shan't hurt little Fido any more. Come home, baby; come and find Christmas." As he turned, he stopped abruptly. Dikkon stood squarely facing him. The man's sallow face was dully purple with passion; his eyes gleamed tigerishly. "Take back that order, Colonel," he raved. "Give me back my old dog! Give him back, I tell you! or I'll——"

"Arrest that man!" Dikkon was in the grasp of a dozen ready hands. There was that in his eyes, as they turned on the Colonel, that had sent the men's hearts to their throats. "Clap him in the guard-house. He's probably drunk or mad. The court-martial can decide which."

The Colonel turned on his heel and strode



"TAKE AWAY THAT NASTY BEAST—DO YOU HEAR?"

off through the blackening twilight with the frightened child on his breast. As he went, there followed him the howls of a half-choked dog, as Grubbins was dragged in one direction, powerless to reach the master who was being marched off in the other.

The Colonel was in what his sister and housekeeper called a most un-Christmas-like temper throughout his dinner. "Confound the fellow!" he muttered, pacing restlessly to and fro, when dinner was done. "Why need he have given me that madman's talk? Mooney would have found a way to keep the beast safe till the men could send in a petition, and—then—of course—it being Christmas, and all—" He looked abstractedly out into the inky darkness. "Dear, dear! I believe I'm half a madman myself when Marion comes into a question. More than ever, since there have been those Apache rumors. I can't leave to carry the child North; and if, while she was here, the Indians—" he put up his hand to his forehead, suddenly damp with the starting sweat.

There rang out through the windy darkness the long-drawn howl of a dog, followed by a sharp, sudden shot, and another and another; shouts, wandering lights.

"What is that? Martha, bar the doors and windows," shouted the Colonel, hoarsely. He caught up his sword and buckled it as he ran.

Mooney had come to kindle the smoky lamp in the guard-house cell. The figure lying face downward in the bunk had stirred at sound of his heavy footsteps, and turned toward him a bloodless face, and eyes of dumb, agonized entreaty. "Shure I wud if I cud, ye poor sowl!" said Mooney; yet Dikkon had spoken no word.

"It isn't to let him live. I heard the Colonel's orders. God send him such torment as he's sent me! But, Mooney, Grubbins is a soldier's dog. Yo' won't *hang* him? Oh, for the love o' God, for the sake of Christmas, *say* yo' won't *hang* him! Yo'll give him a bullet?"

Mooney gripped his hand with a firm, quick nod.

"I'm in fo' a term in the military prison, sho'. Grubbins is gittin' older every day, an' he'd be onery, missin' me, an' likely to git kicked 'round, 'mong the men. He mought as well go befo' I do. But—yo're a good shot, Mooney, but yo'll stand close, an' not let him need but one bullet?"

Another nod. Mooney shut the door softly, and went out into the dark. Left alone, Dikkon threw himself down again in his bunk, his face hidden in his arms.

"I'd like to say good-by to yo', Grubbins." The man was sobbing, thickly, dryly, without tears. "I'd have liked to ask yo' to a' told Marcella——"

The long-drawn howl that the Colonel had heard at his window, came to Dikkon's ears as he lay in the guard-house bunk. At the shot that sharply followed, the man sat upright, his face gray. "He's gone! The old dog's gone!"

Another shot.

Dikkon leaped up as they say men leap who take a bullet in the heart.

"Mooney! Yo' crazy blunderer! Yo' had to shoot *again!* Oh, my God! O Grubbins! *Grubbins!*"

He flung himself face downward on the floor. He ran his fingers hard into his ears. So he lay, half-unconscious, agonized, hearing nothing more.

The Colonel stood just without the door of the stables, all the men of the little garrison around and before him. At his feet, across the threshold, lay the body of an Indian, the face taking ghastly cleansing of its war-paint from the thin stream of blood that trickled from its temple. Three other Indians, bound hand and foot, crouched sullenly in the midst of their guard. A trooper was, with many half-choked grunts of discomfort, examining his shattered knee. The faint, far echo of galloping ponies was dying away, through the wind, over the plain.

"Let me understand this," said the Colonel. He spoke somewhat unsteadily. He was looking down at the dead Indian, at whose belt there dangled a child's scalp. It could not have been taken many months ago. The child had had golden hair.

Corporal Perkins stepped forward, saluting. "It was like this, sir. The half-breeds had probably told them Christmas was a good time to attack, the men being jolly, and careless-like. They must have crept up through the brush behind the stables. There was a board loose at the back o' the stables; this fellow"—he indicated the dead Indian—"crept through it. Their scheme was to stampede the horses first, so there'd be no way of escape. It'd ha' worked well if——"

"Well?"

"If Grubbins——"

"*Grubbins?*"

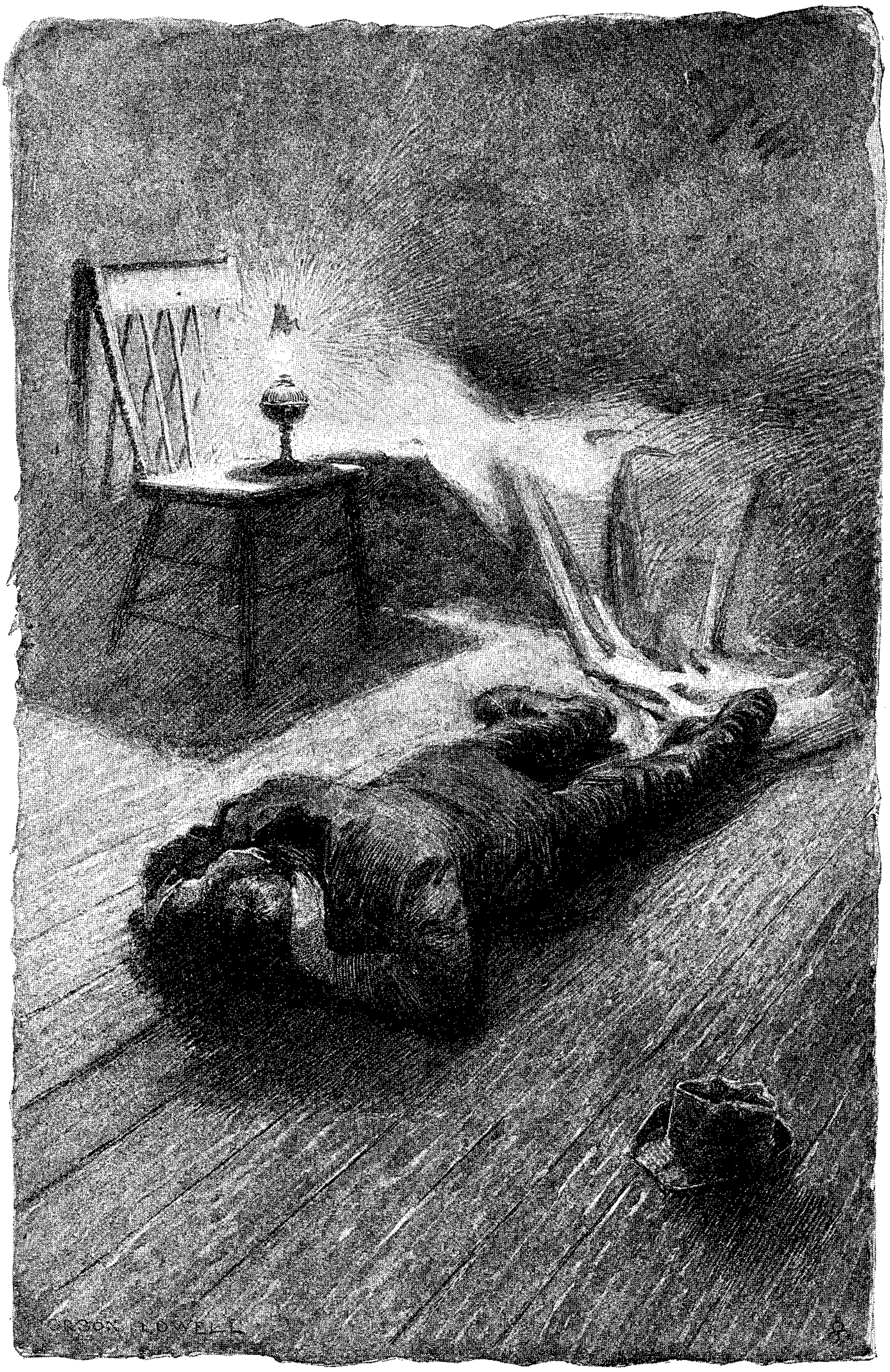
"Yis, sorr!"—it was Mooney, now, standing sheepish, at the salute. "Yer orders was to hang the dog in an hour, sorr; but when the min was a-thrimmin' the barrick-room clock wid Christmas grane, sorr, they shtopped it intoirely, sorr, an'——"

"Grubbins was in the stables? The dog gave the alarm?"

"Yis, sorr. An' he hild this divil past mischief, sorr, till the senthry——"

"Where is the dog?"

"Shure he's waitin' his doom, sorr, like his mashter in the guard-house beyant. It's quare they're both in throuble togither"—Mooney was apparently addressing the universe in general, since he never would have ventured such discourse to his



HE FLUNG HIMSELF FACE DOWNWARD ON THE FLOOR.

colonel—"for says Dikkon to me, this afthernoon, says he, 'Grubbins is to me,' says he, 'what the shwate little lady up yonder is to the Colonel,' says he—an' little did he think that but for Grubbins, this night, them divils that's gallopin' away yon might ha' been—this blissid minnit——"

Apparently by accident, Mooney's foot touched the golden hair that fluttered from the dead Indian's belt.

"Release Dikkon!" said the Colonel, briefly. There was a queer look in the Colonel's eyes. He was very white. "Send him up to me to report. We shall want all our available men before we can round these rascals up."

"Yis, sorr. An' Grubbins, sorr?"

The Colonel looked hard in silence at Private Mooney. Then, "Don't you know how to treat the dog that saved the garrison?" said he.

"Yis, sorr. I think so, sorr," said Private Mooney.

The smoky lamp had almost burned itself out.

When a man has his fingers run hard into his ears, how is it any sound can come through? When his eyes are pressed hard against the floor, how can he see great mountains? Great mountains, with clouds drifting, majestic, above them. And a homely garden across which the cloud-shadows play. And a girl standing in the garden, with pretty, timid blue eyes upturned. And an old yellow dog, whining for notice, and importunately licking a man's clenched hands and tear-drenched, hidden face—licking and whining, and shambling eagerly all about a man who lies prone in the dust, on the guard-house floor.

"Now I'm loony, for sho'!" Dikkon whispers to himself through closed teeth. "Or p'raps it's his ha'nt. I didn't know dogs had ha'nts. They say ha'nts go away if you speak. I won't speak. I won't open my eyes. It's most as good as 'f they hadn't shot him. His tongue's *warm.* His paw's *rough.* His nails kin *scratch.* O Lord A'mighty! Take him away! Take him away! I can't bear anythin' to be so *like* Grubbins, when it's only a ha'nt!"

But the wet tongue caresses. The rough paws plead.

There are footsteps in the room, and lanterns. A dozen comrades are catching at his hand. He has no choice but to sit up and open his eyes.

"Wuz it becos the angels didn't have no wings to fit yo', Grubbins, that they fixed yo' up that-a-way?" said Dikkon.

There, in the full lantern-light, stood an old yellow dog. His neck was hung with Christmas greens. A small American flag was wired to his tail, and was wiggling joysomely. His eyes met his master's. With one mighty leap he was in his master's arms, against his master's breast.

"Come away, b'ys," said Private Mooney. "Grubbins 'll be wantin' to exhplain matthers to Dikkon, and, begorra! we'll be in the way."

A MORNING WITH BRET HARTE.

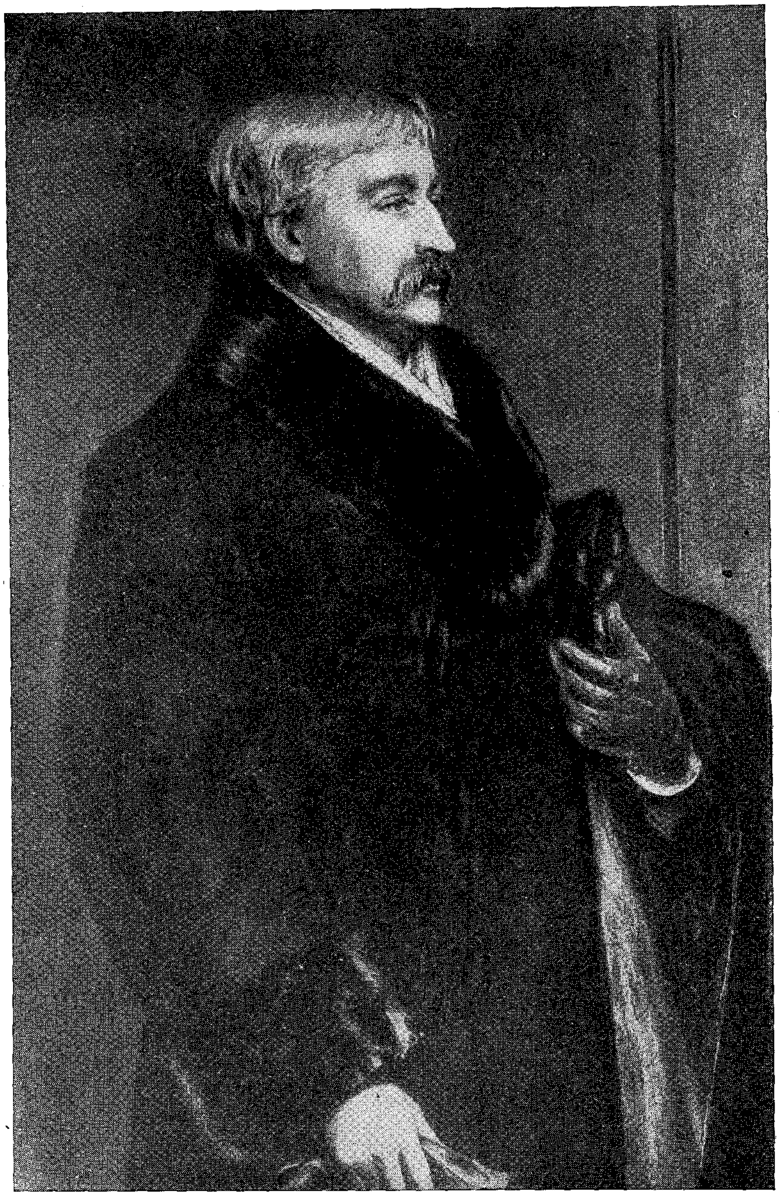
By Henry J. W. Dam.

"IF I had been an artist I should have painted them," he says, referring to John Oakhurst and M'liss and Tennessee's Partner and all the other denizens of that strange literary land which he was the first to discover and describe to all the world. "If I had been an artist" is his phrase, and it sounds strange from his lips, for a more artistic personality, in thought, speech, sympathies, and methods, was never numbered among the creators of character or the observers of nature than that of the historian of the Golden Age of California, Mr. Bret Harte.

It is one of those winter mornings in London when upon parks and lawns and all the architectural distances the cold gray mist lies heavily. The sun, a preposterous ruby set in fog, looms red and high. Through the study window its radiance comes balefully, as if fleeing the dreariness of streets that stretch silent and deserted under London's Sabbath spell. Within the room, however, all is cheerfulness and warmth. The heaped-up coals make flickering traceries of shadow over walls covered with the originals of pictures and engravings which all the world has seen in certain famous books. Some of these originals will be found among the illustrations of this article, and are interesting exhibitions of the manner in which the English imagination endeavors to conceive the unfamiliar California types. The sides of the room are given up to high book-shelves. Bric-a-brac meets the eye in all directions, the mantel being covered with pretty souvenirs of continental watering-places, those guide-posts on the highway of memory by which charming acquaintances are recalled and favorite spots revisited.

BRET HARTE IN PERSON.

At the desk, surrounded by an incalculable visitation of Christmas cards, sits Bret Harte, the Bret Harte of actuality, a



BRET HARTE, FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN PETTIE, R.A. REPRODUCED BY THE KIND PERMISSION OF THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY, LONDON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, LONDON.

gentleman as far removed from the Bret Harte of popular fancy as is the St. James Club from Mount Shasta, or a Savoy Hotel supper from the cinder cuisine of a mining camp in the glorious days of '49. Instead of being, as the reader usually conceives, one of the long-bearded, loose-jointed heroes of his Western Walhalla, he is a polished gentleman of medium height, with a curling gray mustache. In lieu of the recklessness of Western methods in dress, his attire exhibits a nicety of detail which, in a man whose dignity and sincerity were less impressive, would seem foppish. This quality, like his handwriting and other characteristic trifles, perceptibly assists one in grasping the main elements of a personality which is as harmonious as it is peculiar, and as unconventional as it is sensitive to fine shades, of whatever kind they be. Over his cigar, with a gentle play of humor and a variety of unconscious gestures which are always graceful and never twice the same, he touches upon this very subject—the impressions made upon him by his first sight of gold-hunting in

BRET HARTE IN 1869, WHILE EDITOR OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LOANED BY THE PRESENT PUBLISHERS OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

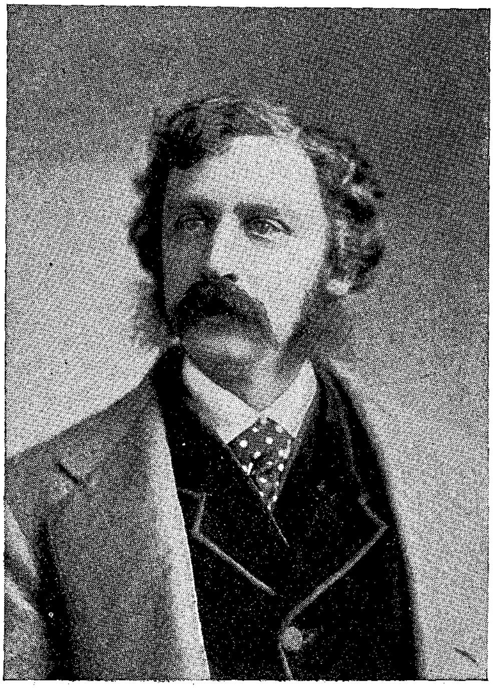
California, and the eye and mind which he brought to bear upon the novel scene.

BRET HARTE'S STORY OF HIS LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.

"I left New York for California," says Mr. Harte, "when I was scarcely more than a boy, with no better equipment, I fear, than an imagination which had been expanded by reading Froissart's 'Chronicles of the Middle Ages,' 'Don Quixote,' the story of the Argonauts, and other books from the shelves of my father, who was a tutor of Greek. I went by way of Panama, and was at work for a few months in San Francisco in the spring of 1853, but felt no satisfaction with my surroundings until I reached the gold country, my particular choice being Sonora, in Calaveras County.

"Here I was thrown among the strangest social conditions that the latter-day world has perhaps seen. The setting was itself heroic. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada lifted majestic snow-capped peaks against a sky of purest blue. Magnificent pine forests of trees which were themselves enormous, gave to the landscape a sense of largeness and greatness. It was a land of rugged cañons, sharp declivities, and magnificent distances. Amid rushing waters and wild-wood freedom, an army of strong men in red shirts and top boots were feverishly in search of the buried gold of earth. Nobody shaved, and hair, mustaches, and beards were untouched by shears or razor. Weaklings and old men were unknown. It took a stout heart and a strong frame to dare the venture, to brave the journey of three thousand miles, and battle for life in the wilds. It was a civilization composed entirely of young men, for on one occasion, I remember, an elderly man—he was fifty, perhaps, but he had a gray beard—was pointed out as a curiosity in the city, and men turned in the street to look at him as they would have looked at any other unfamiliar object.

"These men, generally speaking, were highly civilized, many of them being cultured and professionally trained. They were in strange and strong contrast with their surroundings, for all the trammels and conventionalities of settled civilization had been left thousands of miles behind. It was a land of perfect freedom, limited only by the instinct and the habit of law which prevailed in the mass. All its forms were original, rude, and picturesque. Woman was almost unknown, and enjoyed the high estimation of a rarity. The chiv-

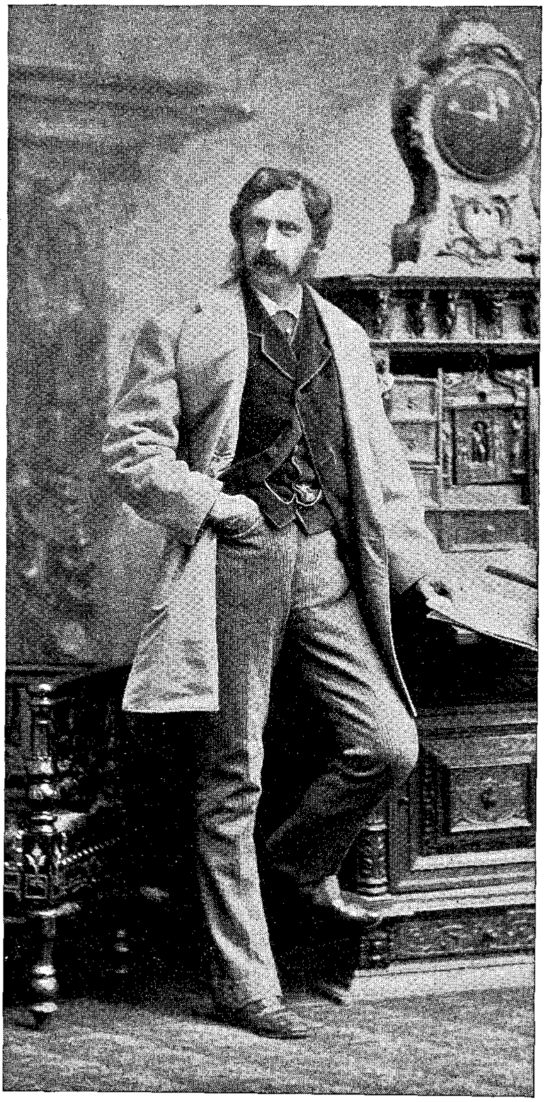


BRET HARTE IN 1871. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY SARONY, NEW YORK, SHORTLY AFTER THE PUBLICATION OF "THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

alry natural to manhood invested her with ideal value when respect could supplement it, and with exceptional value even when it could not. Strong passions brought quick climaxes, all the better and worse forces of manhood being in unbridled play. To me it was like a strange, ever-varying panorama, so novel that it was difficult to grasp comprehensively. In fact, it was not till years afterwards that the great mass of primary impressions on my mind became sufficiently clarified for literary use.

"The changes of scene were constant and unexpected. Here is one that I remember very well. Clothing was hard to get in the early days, and everything that could serve was made use of. Our valley, in its ordinary aspect, had as many 'spring styles for gentlemen' as there were men to be seen. One hot summer morning, however, the old order changed. A large consignment of condemned navy outfits, purchased by a local storekeeper, had found ready sale, and the result was that the valley was filled with men, hard at work over their claims, and all dressed in white 'jumpers,' white duck trousers, and top boots. On their heads were yellow straw hats, and around their shoulders gaudy bandanna handkerchiefs of yellow, blue, red, and green patterns. Perspiration was so profuse in the hot weather that a handkerchief was as necessary to a miner as a whiskey flask or a revolver. They wore them clung loosely around their necks and falling over their chests, like the collar of some extraordinary order, and each man as he worked would now and then dab his forehead with the handkerchief and push it a little farther round. The white clothes and bright handkerchiefs against the wild background made a very novel picture, and I said something to this effect to a miner by my side. He took a look down the valley, the standpoint being one that had not occurred to him, and said: 'It does look kinder nice. Didn't know we gave ourselves away like that,' and shambled down the trail with a chuckle. Every day brought new scenes and new experiences, though I did not commit them to paper till many years afterward."

MINER, EXPRESS MESSENGER, SCHOOLMASTER, EDITOR.


BRET HARTE IN 1871. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

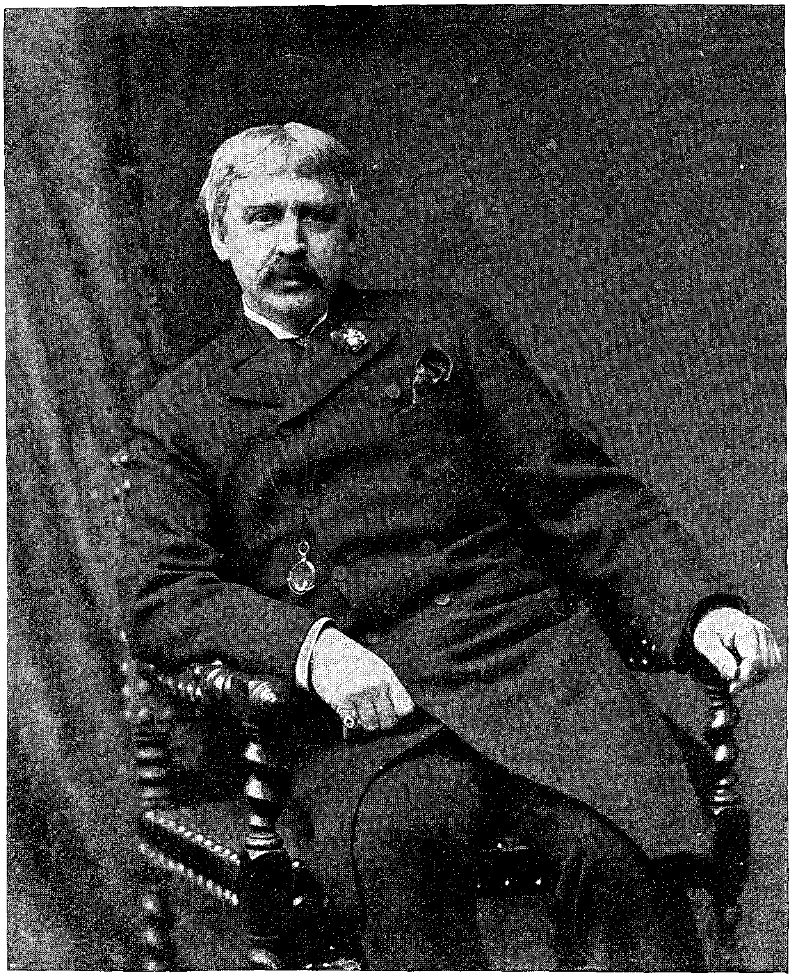
"And were you taking notes for future literary work at this period?"

"Not at all. I had not the least idea at this time that any portion of literary fame awaited me. I lived their life, unthinking. I took my pick and shovel, and asked where I might dig. They said 'Anywhere,' and it was true that you could get 'color,' that is, a few grains of gold, from any of the surface earth with which you chose to fill your pan. In an ordinary day's work you got enough to live on, or, as it was called, 'grub wages.' I was not a success as a gold-digger, and it was conceived that I would answer for a Wells Fargo messenger. A Wells Fargo messenger was a person who sat beside the driver on the box-seat of a stage-coach, in charge of the letters and 'treasure' which the Wells Fargo Express Company took from a mining camp to the nearest town or city. Stage robbers were plentiful. My predecessor in the position had been shot through the arm, and my successor was killed. I held the post for some months, and then gave it up to become the schoolmaster near Sonora—Sonora having by immigration attained the size and population which called for a school. For several years after this I wandered about California from city to camp, and camp to city, without any special purpose. I became an editor, and learned to set type, the ability to earn my own living as a printer being a source of great satisfaction to me, for, strange to say, I had no confidence, until long after that period, in literature as a means of livelihood. I have never in my life had an article refused publication, and yet I never had any of that confidence which, in the case of many others, does not seem to have been impaired by repeated refusals. Nearly all my life I have held some political or editorial post, upon which I relied for an income. This has, no doubt, affected my work, since it gave me more liberty to write as pleased myself, instead of endeavoring to write for a purpose, or in accordance with the views of somebody else.

"A great part of this distrust of literature as a profession arose, I think," continues Mr. Harte, and he smiles at the reminiscence, "from my first literary effort. It was a poem called 'Autumn Musings.' It was written at the mature age of eleven. It was satirical in character, and cast upon the fading year the cynical light of my repressed dissatisfaction with things in general. I addressed the envelope to the New York 'Sunday Atlas,' at that time a journal of some literary repute in New York, where I was then living. I was not quite certain how the family would regard this venture on my part, and I posted the missive with the utmost secresy. After that I waited for over a week in a state of suspense that entirely absorbed me. Sunday came, and with it the newspapers. These were displayed on a stand in the street near our house, and held in their places—I shall never forget them—with stones. With an unmoved face, but a beating heart, I scanned the topmost copy of the 'Atlas.' To my dying day I shall remember the thrill that came from seeing 'Autumn Musings,' a poem, on the first page. I don't know that the headline type was any longer than usual, but to me it was colossal. It had something of the tremendousness of a three-sheet poster. I bought the paper and took it home. I exhibited it to the family by slow and cautious stages. My hopes sank lower and lower. At last I realized the enormity of my offence. The lamentation was general. It was unanimously conceded that I was lost, and I fully believed it. My idea of a poet—it was the family's idea also—was the Hogarthian one, born of a book of Hogarth's drawings belonging to my father. In the lean and miserable and helpless guise of 'The Distressed Poet,' as therein pictured, I saw, aided by the family, my probable future. It was a terrible experience. I sometimes wonder that I ever wrote another line of verse."

His natural tendency in that direction was too strong to be crushed, however. He has always, he says, had a weakness for humorous verse, and in that particular direction his pen is as playful as ever. All of which digression leads naturally to the "Heathen Chinee," concerning which he has several new facts to make public.

BRET HARTE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS FALL, LONDON.



BRET HARTE AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.

SOME NEW FACTS ABOUT THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

"I was always fond of satiric verse, and the instinct of parody has always possessed me. The 'Heathen Chinee' is an instance of this, though I don't think I have told anybody, except a well-known English poet, who observed and taxed me with the fact, the story of its metrical origin. The 'Heathen Chinee' was for a time the best known of any of my writings. It was written for the 'Overland Monthly,' of which I was editor, with a satirical political purpose, but with no thought of aught else than its local effect. It was born of a somewhat absurd state of things which appealed to the humorous eye. The thrifty Oriental, who was invading California in large numbers, was as imitative as a monkey. He did as the Caucasian did in all respects, and, being more patient and frugal, did it a little better. From placer mining to card playing he industriously followed the example set him by his superiors, and took cheating at cards quite seriously, as a valuable addition to the interesting game. He cheated admirably, but, instead of winning praises for it, found himself, when caught at it, abused, contemned, and occasionally mobbed by his teachers in a way that had not been dreamt of in his philosophy. This point I put into verse. I heard nothing of it for some time, until a friend told me it was making the rounds of the Eastern press. He himself had heard a New York brakeman repeating:

> 'Yet he played it that day upon William and me in
>   a way I despise.'

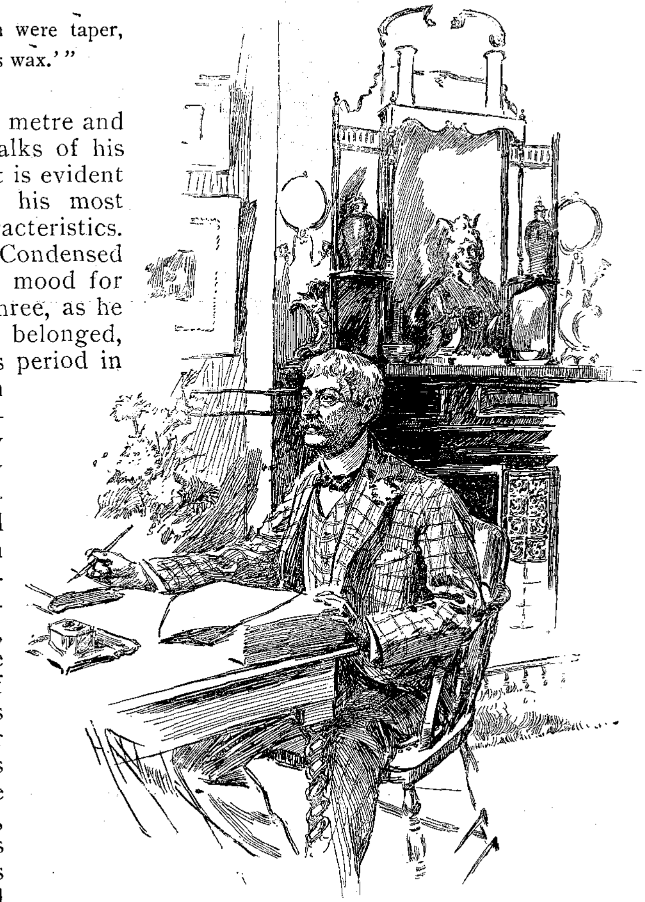
Soon afterwards I began to hear from it frequently in a similar way. The lines were popular. The points seemed to catch the ear and hold the memory. I never intended it as a contribution to contemporary poetry, but I doubt, from the evidence I received, if I ever wrote anything more catching. The verses had, however, the dignity of a high example. I have told you of the English poet who was first to question me regarding the metre, and appreciate its Greek source. Do you remember the threnody in Swinburne's 'Atalanta in Calydon'? It occurred to me that the grand and beautiful sweep of that chorus was just the kind of thing which Truthful James would be the last man in the world to adopt in expressing his views. Therefore I used it. Listen," and he quotes, marking the accents with an amused smile:

" 'Atalanta, the fairest of women, whose name is a blessing to speak—
Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise.
The narrowing Symplegades whitened the straits of Propontis with spray—
And we found on his nails, which were taper, what's frequent in tapers, that's wax.' "

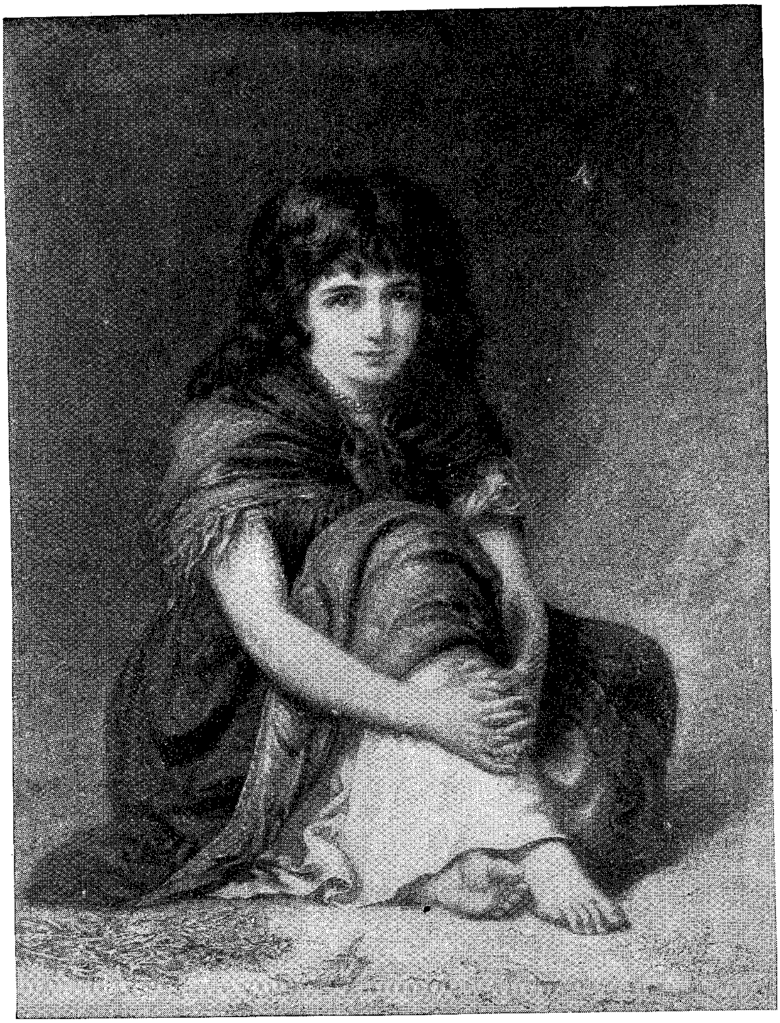
He laughs over the parody in metre and goes on quoting; and as he talks of his verse and his work in general, it is evident that the humorous is one of his most fully developed literary characteristics. He still takes delight in the "Condensed Novels," and is as much in the mood for writing them to-day, at fifty-three, as he was twenty years ago. They belonged, it seems, to a kind of chrysalis period in his development, when, living in San Francisco, he wrote variously for a number of local literary periodicals, the most widely known of which was the "Golden Era." These writings, and the position which he won through them, led to the editorship of the "Californian Weekly," and finally of a magazine, the "Overland Monthly." The latter was the inducing cause of the first of that series of stories which carried his name all over the world. At the start he was most bitterly opposed. The first step was the one that cost, with him as with others. His narrative is full of interest, as a matter both of personal and of literary history.

EDITORIAL CAUTION AND "THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP."

"I was eventually offered the editorship of a new magazine, the 'Overland Monthly,' which was about to make its first issue, and it was through the acceptance of this post that my career, generally speaking, began. As the editor of this magazine, I received for its initial number many contributions in the way of stories. After looking these over, it impressed me as a strange thing that not one of the writers had felt inspired to treat the fresh subjects which lay ready to his hand in California. All the stories were conventional, the kind of thing that would have been offered to an editor in the Atlantic States, stories of those localities and of Europe, in the customary form. I talked the matter over with Mr. Roman, the proprietor, and then wrote a story whose sole object was to give the first number a certain amount of local coloring. It was called 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' It was a



BRET HARTE IN HIS STUDY.

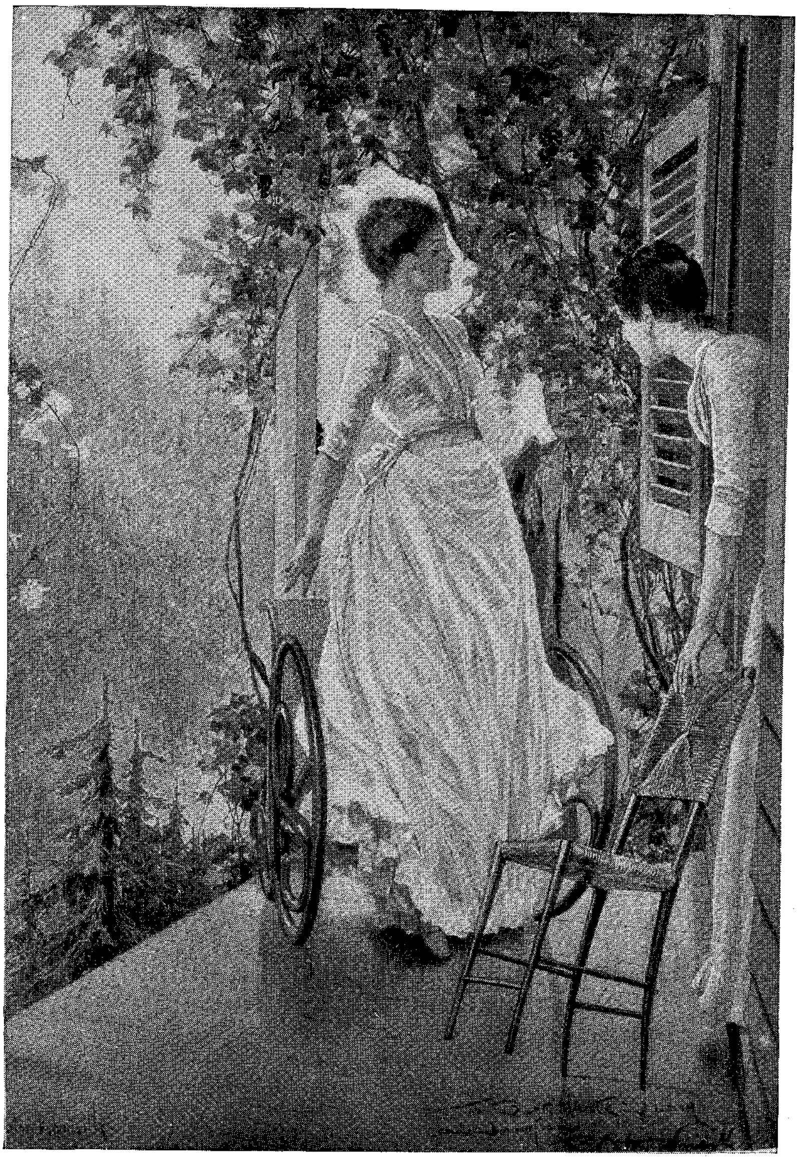


BRET HARTE'S "M'LISS." FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN LONG. REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF MESSRS. BROOKS AND SONS, LONDON. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, LONDON.

single picture out of the panorama which had impressed me years before. It was put into type. The proof-reader and printer declared it was immoral and indecent. I read it over again in proof, at the request of the publisher, and was touched, I am afraid, only with my own pathos. I read it to my wife—I had married in the meantime—and it made her cry also. I am told that Mr. Roman also read it to his wife, with the same diabolically illogical result. Nevertheless, the opposition was unshaken.

"I had a serious talk with an intimate friend of mine, then the editor of the 'Alta California.' He was not personally opposed to the story, but felt that that sort of thing might be injudicious and unfavorably affect immigration. I was without a sympathizer or defender. Even Mr. Roman felt that it might imperil the prospects of the magazine. I read the story again, thought the matter over, and told Mr. Roman that if 'The Luck of Roaring Camp' was not a good and suitable story I was not a good and suitable editor for his magazine. I said that the chief value of an editor lay in the correctness of his judgment, and if his view was the true one, my judgment was clearly at fault. I am quite sure that if the decision had been left to San Francisco, the series of mining pictures that followed the first would not have been written—at least, not in that city. But the editor remained, and the story appeared. It was received harshly. The religious papers were unanimous in declaring it immoral, and they published columns in its disfavor. The local press, reflecting the pride of a young and new community, could not see why stories should be printed by their representative magazine which put the community into such unfavorable contrast with the effete civilization of the East. They would have none of it!

"A month later, however, by return of mail from Boston, there came an important letter. It was from Fields & Osgood, the publishers, and was addressed to me as editor. It requested me to hand the enclosed note to the author of 'The Luck of Roaring Camp.' The note was their offer to publish anything he chose to write, upon his own terms. This became known, and it turned the tide of criticism. Since Boston indorsed the story, San Francisco was properly proud of it. Thenceforth I had my own way without interruption. Other stories, the mining tales with which you are familiar, followed in quick succession. The numberless impressions of the earlier days were all vividly fixed in my mind, waiting to be worked up, and their success was made apparent to me in very substantial ways, though the religious press continued to suffer from the most painful doubts, and certain local critics who had torn my first story to pieces, fell into a quiet routine of stating that each succeeding story was the worst thing that had yet appeared from my pen."



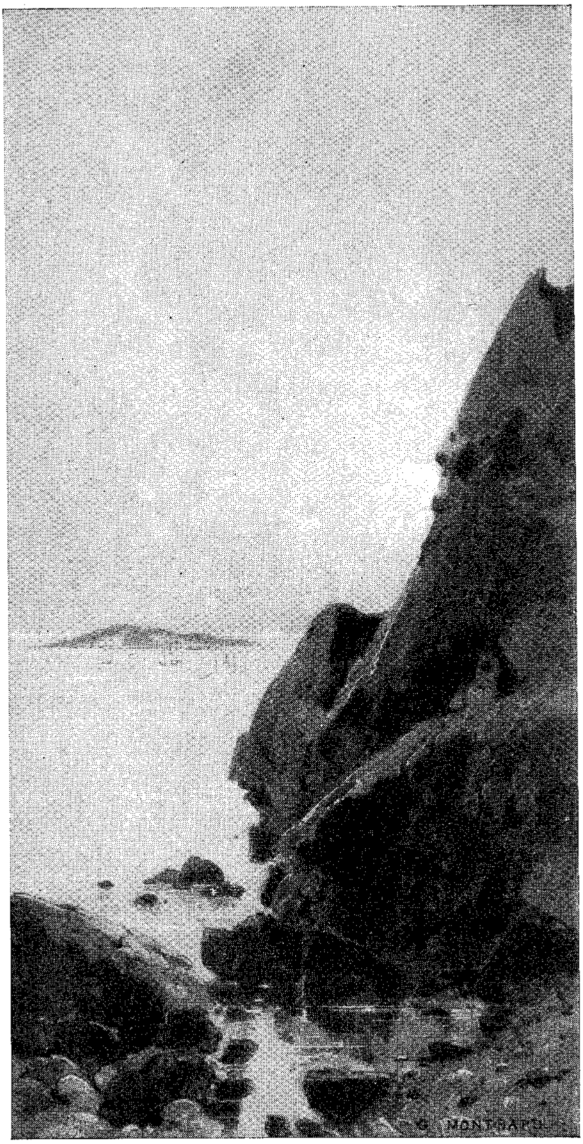
"A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, LONDON, OF A DRAWING BY CATON WOODVILLE.

BRET HARTE'S FIRST MEETING WITH MARK TWAIN.

"Local color having been placed, through the dictum of the Atlantic States, at a premium," Mr. Hart continues, "the 'Overland' became what it should have been from the start, truly Californian in tone. Other writers followed my 'trail,' and the freshness and vivid life of the country found a literary expression. At that time I held a political office, the secretaryship of the San Francisco Mint. The Mint was but a few steps from the leading newspaper establishments, and as I had previously been the editor of 'The Californian,' a literary weekly, my office was a rendezvous for contributors and would-be contributors to the magazine.

"Some months before the 'Overland' appeared, George Barnes, a well-known journalist and an intimate friend of mine, walked into my office one morning with a young man whose appearance was unmistakably interesting. His head was striking. He had the curly hair, the aquiline nose, and even the aquiline *eye*—an eye so eagle-like that a second lid would not have surprised me—of an unusual and dominant nature. His eyebrows were very thick and bushy. His dress was careless, and his general manner one of supreme indifference to surroundings and circumstances. Barnes introduced him as Mr. Sam Clemens, and remarked that he had shown a very original talent in a number of newspaper contributions over the signature of 'Mark Twain.' We talked on different topics, and about a month afterwards Clemens dropped in upon me again.

"He had been away in the mining district on some newspaper assignment in the meantime. In the course of conversation he remarked that the unearthly laziness that prevailed in the town he had been visiting was beyond anything in his previous experience. He said the men did nothing all day long but sit around the bar-room stove, spit, and 'swop lies.' He spoke in a slow, rather satirical, drawl which was in itself irresistible. He went on to tell one of those extravagant stories, and half unconsciously dropped into the lazy tone and manner of the original narrator. It was as graphic as it was delicious. I asked him to tell it again to a friend who came in, and then asked him to write it out for 'The Californian.' He did so, and when published it was an emphatic success. It was the first work of his that attracted general attention, and it crossed the Sierras



THE ISLAND OF YERBA BUENA. PAINTED BY G. MONTBARD TO ILLUSTRATE BRET HARTE'S STORY, "A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE." PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRADELLE & YOUNG, LONDON.

for an Eastern hearing. From that point his success was steady. The story was 'The Jumping Frog of Calaveras.' It is now known and laughed over, I suppose, wherever the English language is spoken; but it will never be as funny to anybody in print as it was to me, told for the first time by the unknown Twain himself, on that morning in the San Francisco Mint."

HOW MUCH IS REAL IN BRET HARTE'S TALES.

Whether or not there ever really existed an innocent frog, wickedly filled with bird shot, for speculative purposes, by a designing man, it now appears that there certainly did exist a John Oakhurst, and that all the Bret Harte characters and incidents were drawn from life to a greater or less extent.

"'Greater or less' is perhaps the best way to answer the question," says their creator, thoughtfully, and this statement, like every other expression of opinion from him, is very emphatic, but very polite, in fact, almost deferential in tone. He is firm in his own conclusions, but as gentle in differing with you as an oriental potentate, who might beg you with tears in his eyes to agree with him, and complacently drown you if you didn't.

BRET HARTE'S DAUGHTERS, JESSAMY AND ETHEL. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SEVERAL YEARS AGO IN PLAINFIELD, N. J.

"I may say with perfect truth," he adds, "that there were never any natural phenomena made use of in my novels of which I had not been personally cognizant, except one, and that was the bursting of the reservoir, in 'Gabriel Conroy.' But not a year had elapsed after the publication of the book before I received a letter from a man in Shasta County, California, asking how I happened to know so much about the flood that had occurred there, and stating that I had described many of its incidents to the very life. I have been credited with great powers of observation, and not a few discoveries in natural phenomena. Whether I am entitled to the credit or not, I cannot say. When I wrote, in 'The Tale of a Pony,'

'Bean pods are noisiest when dry,
And you always wink with your weakest eye,'

I did not dream that an eminent Philadelphia ophthalmologist would make this statement, which it appears is true, the subject of an essay before his society. Another eminent scientist who is interested in the elementary conditions of human nature, and the prehensile tendencies of babies' fingers, seriously corroborated my statement about the baby in 'The Luck of Roaring Camp,' which 'wrastled' with Kentuck's finger.

"My stories are true, however, not only in phenomena, but in characters. I do not pretend to say that many of my characters existed exactly as they are described, but I believe there is not one of them who did not have a real human being as a suggesting and starting point. Some of them, indeed, had several. John Oakhurst, for instance, was drawn quite closely from life. On one occasion, however, when a story in which he figures was being discussed, a friend of mine said: 'I know the original of Oakhurst—the man you took him from.'

"'Who?' said I.

"'Young L——.'

"I was astounded. As a matter of fact, the gambler as portrayed was as good a picture, even to the limp, of young L——, as of the actual original. The two men, you see, belonged to a class which had strongly marked characteristics, and were generally alike in dress and manner. And so with the others. Perhaps some of my heroes were slightly polished in the setting, and perhaps some of my heroines were somewhat idealized, but they all had an original existence outside of my brain and outside of my books. I know this, though I could not possibly tell you who the originals were or where they were found."

As Mr. Harte talks his hands become eloquent. The gestures are quiet and graceful, but arms, wrist, hands, and fingers come into continuous play. And when he finally lights upon his grievance—like every other man of note, he has a grievance—he becomes particularly earnest, and the gestures are slightly more emphatic.

HOW BRET HARTE WORKS AND DOES NOT WORK.

"I don't object to being written about as I am," he says, "but I particularly dislike being described as I am not. And, for some strange journalistic or human reason, the inventions concerning me seem to have much greater currency and vitality than the truths. Here, for instance," and he examines a pile of newspaper cuttings on the desk, "are two interesting contributions to my public history which came this morning."

The first, from "Galignani's Messenger," read as follows:

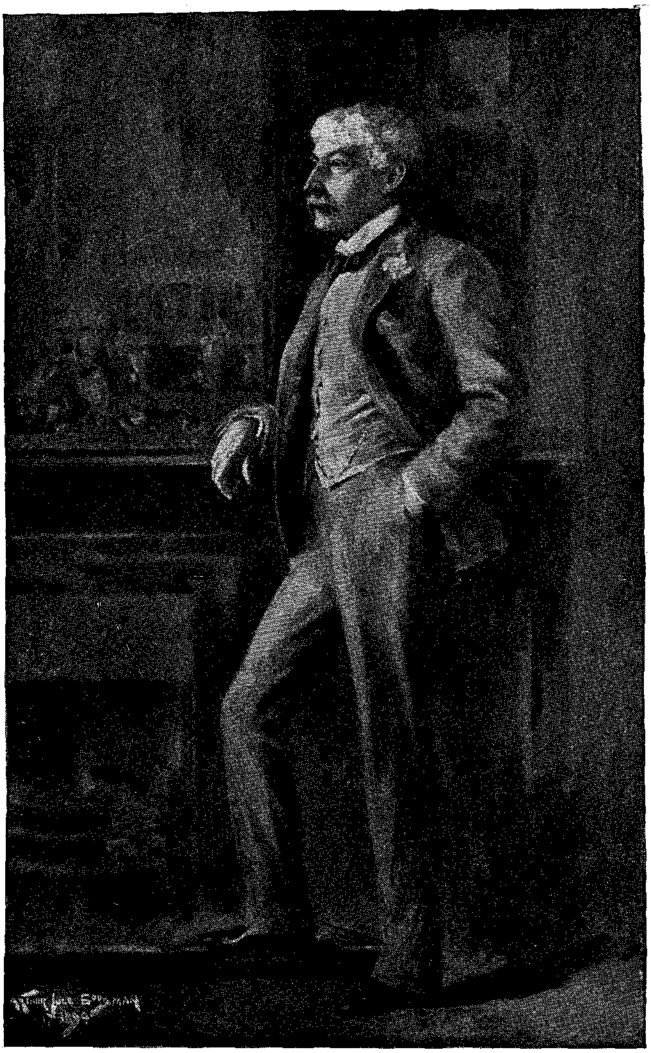
"Bret Harte cannot work except in seclusion, and when he is busy on a story he will hide himself away in some suburban retreat known only to his closest friends. Here he will rise just after dawn, be at his desk several hours before breakfast, and remain there, with an interval of an hour for a walk, the whole day."

"I meet this everywhere," said Mr. Harte, "and this," taking up a second cutting in its natural sequence:

"Bret Harte has reached a point where literary work is impossible to him except in absolute solitude. When writing he leaves his own home for suburban lodgings, where no visitor is allowed to trouble him, and where he follows a severe routine of early rising, scant diet, and steady work. It has been generally remarked that one can see this laborious regimen in his latter-day novels." This was from "The Argonaut," San Francisco.

"Now, what is diabolically ingenious in this," continues Mr. Harte, "is that those authoritative statements are untrue in every particular. I never seek seclusion. In fact, I could not work in seclusion. I rise at a civilized hour, about half-past eight o'clock, and eat my breakfast like any other human being. I then go to work, if I have a piece of work in hand, and remain at my desk till noon. I never work after luncheon. I read my proofs with as much interest and, I think, as much care as anybody else, and yet the public is taught to believe that I never see my 'copy' after it once leaves my hands.

"If newspapers were as anxious to print facts about a man as they are to furnish information which their readers will presumably enjoy repeating, it would be different. I won, some years ago, without the slightest effort on my part, the reputation of being the laziest man in America. At first the compliment took the form of an extended paragraph deploring my fatal facility, and telling in deprecating sentences how much I could probably do if I



BRET HARTE. FROM A DRAWING BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN, 1894.

were not so indolent. This grew smaller and smaller, until it took a concise and easily annexable form, viz.: 'Bret Harte is the laziest man in America.' As an interesting adjunct to the personal column I read it, of course with extreme pleasure, in every paper that came habitually under my eye. Denial, of course, was of no earthly use, and the line travelled all over the country, and is doubtless still on its rounds. In the course of time, on a lecturing tour, I reached St. Joe, Missouri. I had been lecturing by night and travelling by day for ten weeks, continuously. A reporter called and desired to know what kind of soap I used—he had heard sinister rumors that it was a highly scented foreign article—my opinion of Longfellow, and various other questions of moment. I assured him that I used the soap of the hotel, and concealed nothing from him with regard to Longfellow, but begged him particularly to note the fact of my preternatural activity. He managed these facts correctly in his half-column next morning, but adorned me with a glittering diamond stud of which I had no knowledge. And in the same paper, in another column, I found a pleasant variation from the usual line. There was no allusion to my late labors. It was simply: 'Bret Harte *says* he is not the laziest man in America.' Altogether, therefore, I should perhaps think well of my friend of St. Joe, Missouri.

"Those lectures were an amusing experience," he adds, laughing. "What the people expected in me I do not know. Possibly a six-foot mountaineer, with a voice and lecture in proportion. They always seemed to have mentally confused me with one of my own characters. I am not six feet high, and I do not wear a beard. Whenever I walked out before a strange audience there was a general sense of disappointment, a gasp of astonishment that I could feel, and it always took at least fifteen minutes before they recovered from their surprise sufficiently to listen to what I had to say. I think, even now, that if I had been more herculean in proportions, with a red shirt and top boots, many of those audiences would have felt a deeper thrill from my utterances and a deeper conviction that they had obtained the worth of their money."

A MAN CAREFUL OF DETAILS IN HIS WORK AND HIS PERSON.

The conversation rambles. A polished critic, an epicurean, a man of the world, and carrying everywhere the independence of a distinct literary personality, Bret Harte talks as he writes, like a gentleman. This is a subtile attribute, but one which England never fails to recognize and value, and it is one prime cause of the popularity of his works in the United Kingdom. Continually in evidence also is his distinguishing characteristic, one which is only described by the word "nicety"—nicety in dress, nicety in speech, nicety in thought. This artistic precision and thoughtful attention to details is the most marked attribute of the man, and from it you understand the plane and power of his work. Without it, the most impressive of his stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," for instance, could not possibly have been written. It is rather a singular quality to be found in combination with his emotional breadth and dramatic sweep as a writer, but it is the one which finishes and polishes the whole, and it is clearly natural and inherent.

THE CIVIL WAR A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

Perhaps the most valuable of all Mr. Harte's ideas are his opinions concerning the literary field of to-day. His views of literature as a profession are now pleasantly optimistic, possibly through the business-like way in which his interests have long been handled by that most skilful of literary agents, Mr. A. P. Watt. Contemporary life in its highest social aspects he looks upon, however, as most unpromising material for romantic treatment.

"In America," he says, "the great field is the late war. The dramatists have found and utilized it, but the novelists, the romance writers, have in it the richest possible field for works of serious import, and yet, outside of short stories, they seem to have passed it by. If I had time, nothing would please me better than to go over the ground, or portions of it, and make use of it for future work. Our war of the Revolution is not good material for cosmopolitan purposes. This country has never quite forgotten the way in which it ended. But the war of the Rebellion was our own and is our own; its dramatic and emotional aspects are infinite; and while American writers are coming abroad for scenes to picture, I am in constant fear that some Englishman or Frenchman will go to America and reap the field in romance which we should now, all local feeling having passed away, be utilizing to our own fame and profit."

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

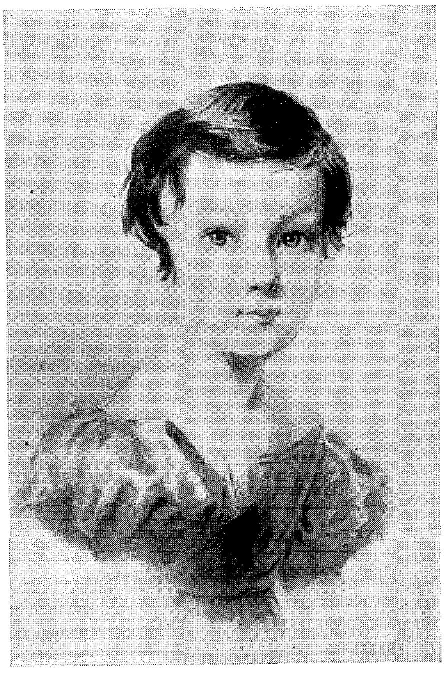
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

The Venerable **Frederic William Farrar**, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster, combines in himself several kinds of eminence any one of which would be a just source of pride to an ordinary man. Besides being a high dignitary in a great Church Establishment, he is an eminent pulpit orator, an eminent scholar, and an eminent man of letters. He was born in Bombay, August 7, 1831, and is the son of a clergyman. For many years he was an assistant master in the noted school at Harrow, and then head master of Marlborough College. Having served for a time as Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, he became, in 1873, one of her Chaplains in Ordinary. In 1876 he was appointed to a canonry in Westminster Abbey and to the rectory of St. Margaret's, London. In 1883 he became Archdeacon of Westminster, and in 1890 Chaplain of the House of Commons. He has published stories, books of sermons, books of lectures, theological treatises, and philological treatises; and many of his works have been immensely popular. In 1885 he paid a visit to America, for which he has great friendliness, and received a very warm welcome. An interesting article by Dr. Farrar, entitled "The Christ Child in Art," appears on another page of this number of the magazine.

Dwight Lyman Moody was born at Northfield, Massachusetts, February 5, 1837, and until he was seventeen years old lived on a farm. He discovered remarkable ability as a missionary on removing to Chicago in 1856. A complete study of his career, by Professor Drummond, appears in another part of this number of the Magazine.

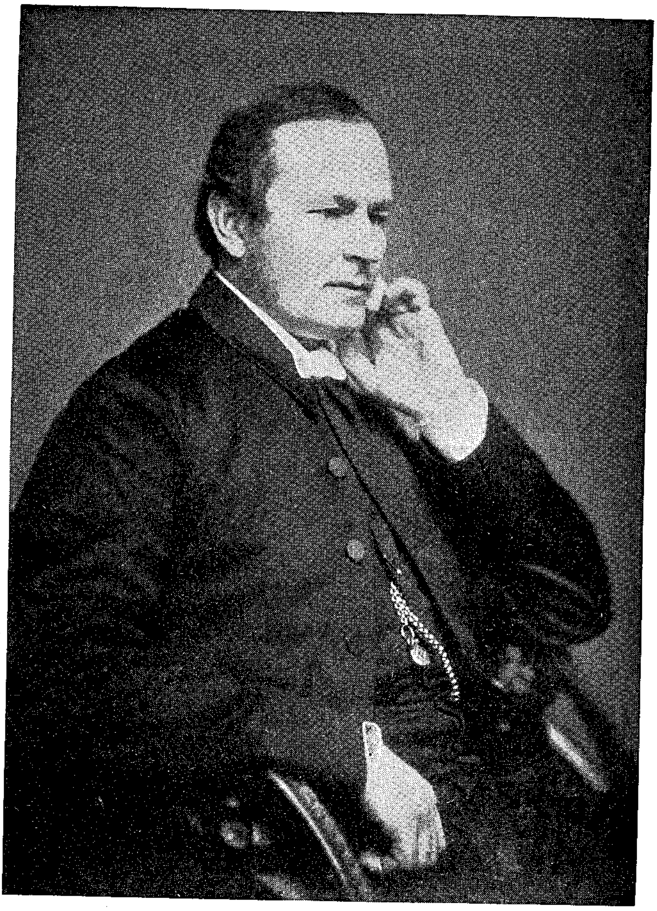
Ira David Sankey, the evangelist, was born in Edinburgh, Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, August 28, 1840. His father, a banker and an editor, and for some years a State senator, was a zealous member of the Methodist Church, and the son united with the same church at the age of fifteen. He became leader of the choir, superintendent of the Sunday school, and president of the local Young Men's Christian Association. He was at Indianapolis in 1870 as a delegate to an international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, and there made the acquaintance of Mr. Moody, and they began that association which has since made them known to all the world. Many of the melodies which Mr. Sankey sings are of his own composition, and he has compiled a very popular book of "Sacred Songs and Solos."

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

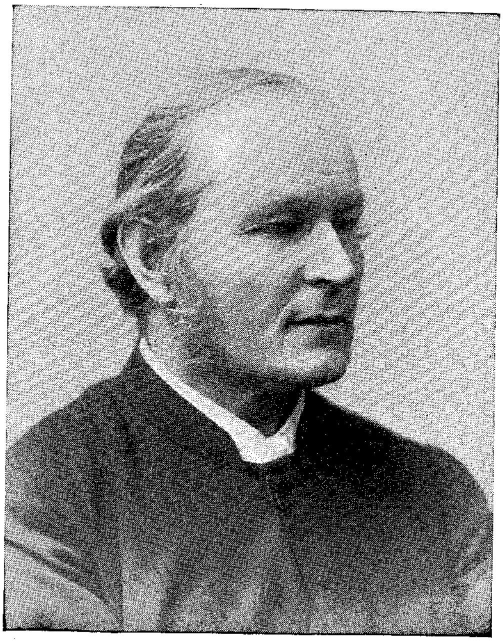


1834. AGE 3.

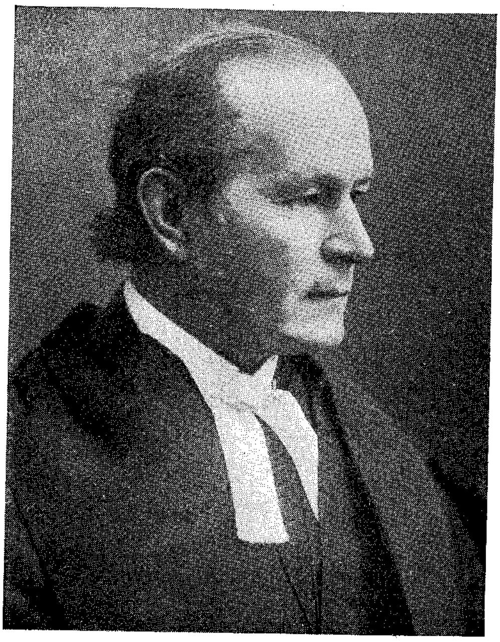
1849. AGE 18.



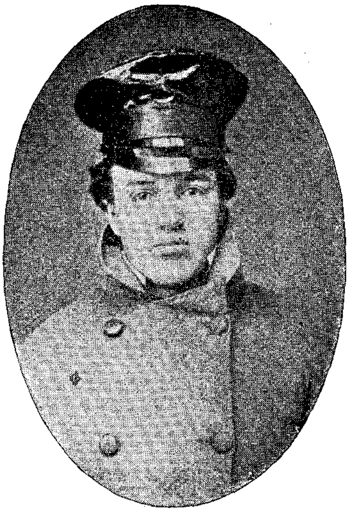
1874. AGE 43. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SAMUEL A. WALKER, LONDON.



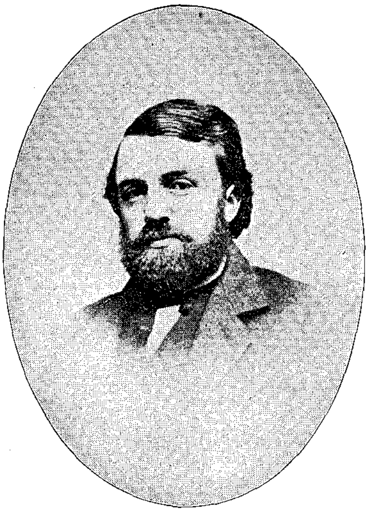
1892. AGE 61. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUD, LONDON.



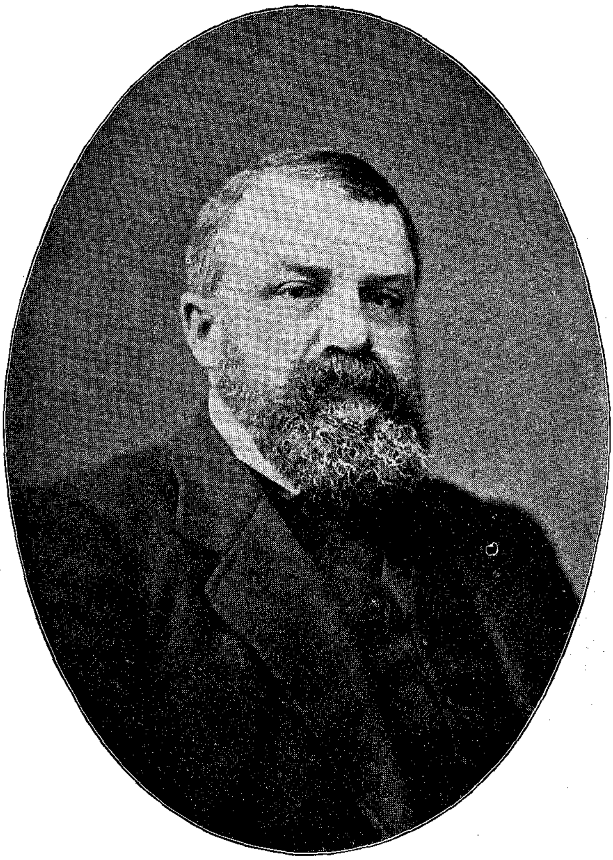
ARCHDEACON FARRAR AT THE PRESENT TIME.



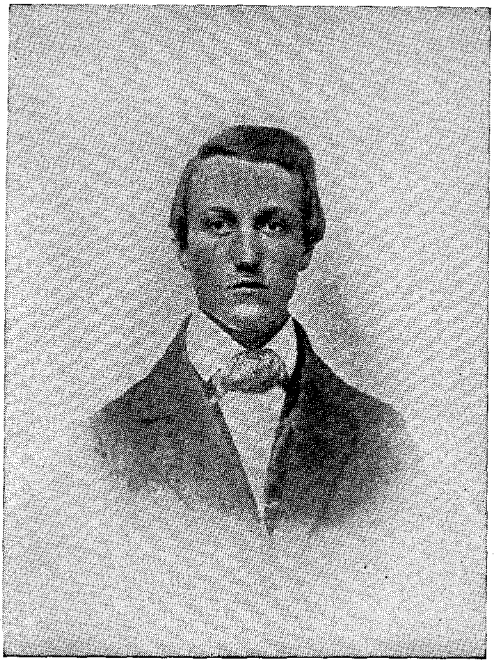
1854. AGE 17. MR. MOODY AS HE APPEARED AT THE TIME HE REMOVED FROM THE FAMILY FARM TO BOSTON.



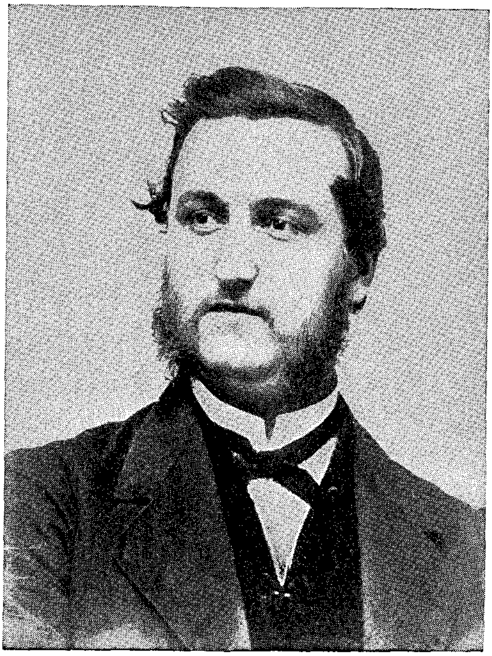
1863. AGE 26.



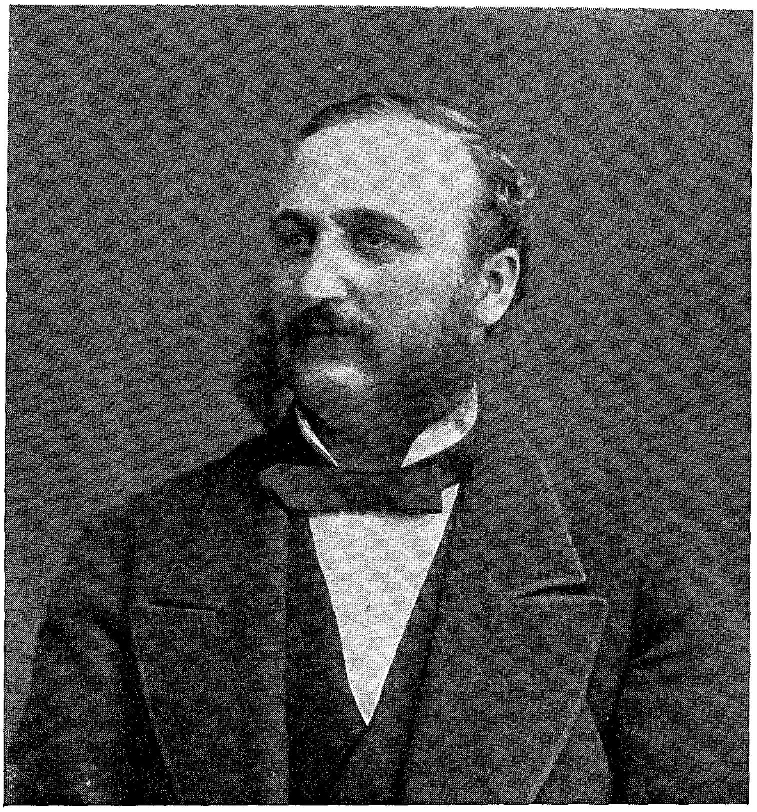
MR. MOODY IN 1882. AGE 45. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE LETIT, PARIS.



IRA D. SANKEY IN 1856. AGE 16.



1863. AGE 23.

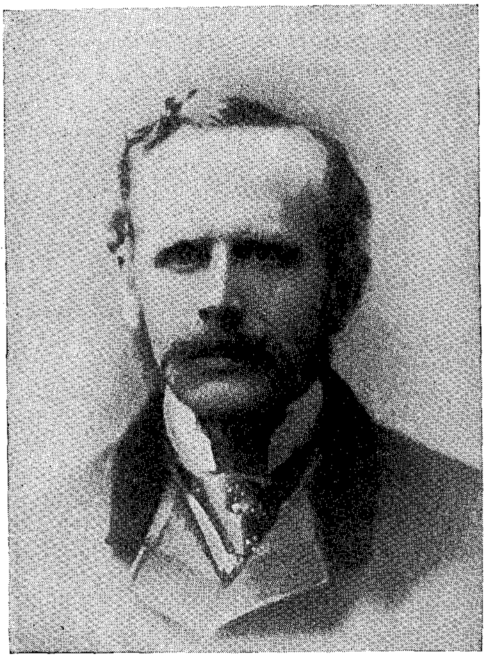


1875. AGE 35. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. & D. DOWNEY, LONDON, THE LATEST TAKEN OF MR. SANKEY.

MR. MOODY: SOME IMPRESSIONS AND FACTS.

By **Henry Drummond**, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

Author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," "The Greatest Thing in the World," "The New Evolution," etc.



HENRY DRUMMOND.

TO gain just the right impression of Mr. Moody you must make a pilgrimage to Northfield. Take the train to the wayside depot in Massachusetts which bears that name, or, better still, to South Vernon, where the fast trains stop. Northfield, his birthplace and his present home, is distant about a couple of miles, but at certain seasons of the year you will find awaiting trains a two-horse buggy, not conspicuous for varnish, but famous for pace, driven by a stout farmer-like person in a slouch hat. As he drives you to the spacious hotel—a creation of Mr. Moody's—he will answer your questions about the place in a brusque, business-like way; indulge, probably, in a few laconic witticisms, or discuss the political situation or the last strike with a shrewdness which convinces you that, if the Northfield people are of this level-headed type, they are at least a worthy field for the great preacher's energies. Presently, on the other side of the river, on one of those luscious, grassy slopes, framed in with forest and bounded with the blue receding hills, which give the Connecticut Valley its dream-like beauty, the great halls and colleges of the new Northfield which Mr. Moody has built, begin to appear. Your astonishment is great, not so much to find a New England hamlet possessing a dozen of the finest educational buildings in America—for the neighboring townships of Amherst and Northampton are already famous for their collegiate institutions—but to discover that these owe their existence to a man whose name is, perhaps, associated in the minds of three-fourths of his countrymen, not with education, but with the want of it. But presently, when you are deposited at the door of the hotel, a more astounding discovery greets you. For when you ask the clerk whether the great man himself is at home, and where you can see him, he will point to your coachman, now disappearing like lightning down the drive, and—too much accustomed to Mr. Moody's humor to smile at his latest jest—whisper, "That's him."

If this does not actually happen in your case, it is certain it has happened;* and nothing could more fittingly introduce you to the man, or make you realize the naturalness, the simplicity, the genuine and unaffected humanity of this great unspoilt and unspoilable personality.

MR. MOODY MUCH MISUNDERSTOOD.

Simple as this man is, and homely as are his surroundings, probably America possesses at this moment no more extraordinary personage; nor even amongst the most brilliant of her sons has any rendered more stupendous or more enduring service to his country or his time. No public man is less understood, especially by the thinking world, than D. L. Moody. It is not that it is unaware of his existence, or even that it does not respect him. But his line is so special, his work has lain so apart from what it conceives to be the rational channels of progress, that it has never felt called upon to take him seriously. So little, indeed, is the true stature of this man known to the mass of his generation, that the preliminary estimate recorded here must seem both extravagant and ill-considered. To whole sections of the community the mere word evangelical is a synonym for whatever is narrow, strained, superficial, and unreal. Assumed to be heir to all that is hectic in religion, and sensational in the methods of propagating it, men who, like Mr. Moody, earn this name are unconsciously credited with the worst traditions of their class. It will surprise many to know that Mr. Moody is as different from the supposed type of his class as light is from dark; that while he would be the last to repudiate the name, indeed, while glorying more and more each day he lives in the work of the evangelist, he sees the weaknesses, the narrownesses, and the limitations of that order with as clear an eye as the most unsparing of its critics. But especially will it surprise many to know that while preaching to the masses has been the main outward work of Mr. Moody's life, he has, perhaps, more, and more varied, irons in the fire—educational, philanthropic, religious—than almost any living man; and that vast as has been his public service as a preacher to the masses, it is probably true that his personal influence and private character have done as much as his preaching to affect his day and generation.

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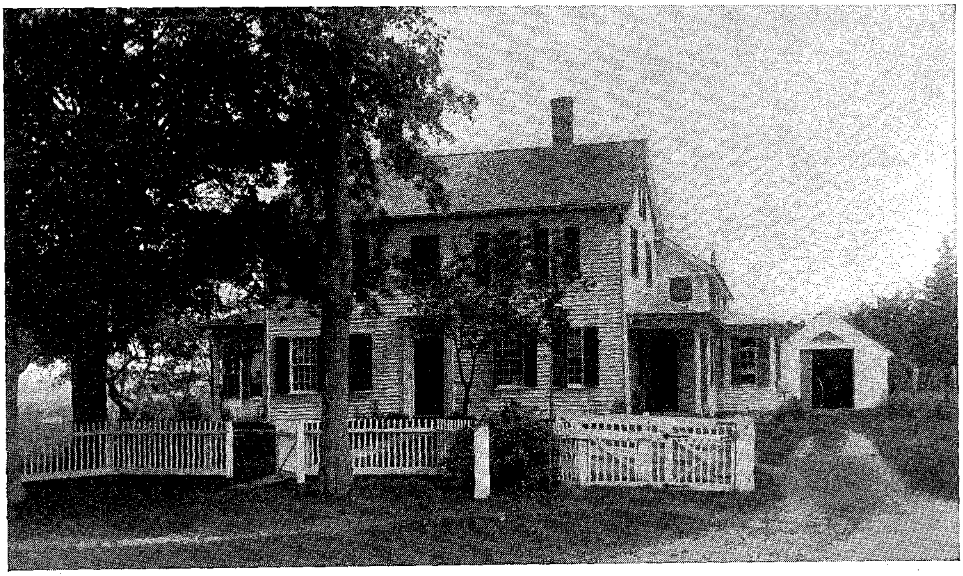
* At the beginning of each of the terms, hundreds of students, many of them strangers, arrive to attend those seminaries. At such times Mr. Moody literally haunts the depots, to meet them the moment they most need a friend, and give them that personal welcome which is more to many of them than half their education. When casual visitors, mistaking perhaps the only vehicle in waiting for a public conveyance, have taken possession for themselves and their luggage, the driver, circumstances permitting, has duly risen to the occasion. The fact, by the way, that he so escapes recognition, illustrates a peculiarity. Mr. Moody, owing to a life-long resistance to the self-advertisement of the camera, is probably less known by photographs than any public man.

Discussion has abounded lately as to the standards by which a country shall judge its great men. And the verdict has been given unanimously on behalf of moral influence. Whether estimated by the moral qualities which go to the making up of his personal character, or the extent to which he has impressed these upon whole communities of men on both sides of the Atlantic, there is, perhaps, no more truly great man living than D. L. Moody. By moral influences in this connection I do not mean in any restricted sense religious influence. I mean the influence which, with whatever doctrinal accompaniments, or under whatever ecclesiastical flag, leads men to better lives and higher ideals; the influence which makes for noble character, personal enthusiasm, social well-being, and national righteousness. I have never heard Mr. Moody defend any particular church; I have never heard him quoted as a theologian. But I have met multitudes, and personally know, in large numbers, men and women of all churches and creeds, of many countries and ranks, from the poorest to the richest, and from the most ignorant to the most wise, upon whom he has placed an ineffaceable moral mark. There is no large town in Great Britain or



THE MOODY HOMESTEAD AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, WHERE D. L. MOODY WAS BORN.

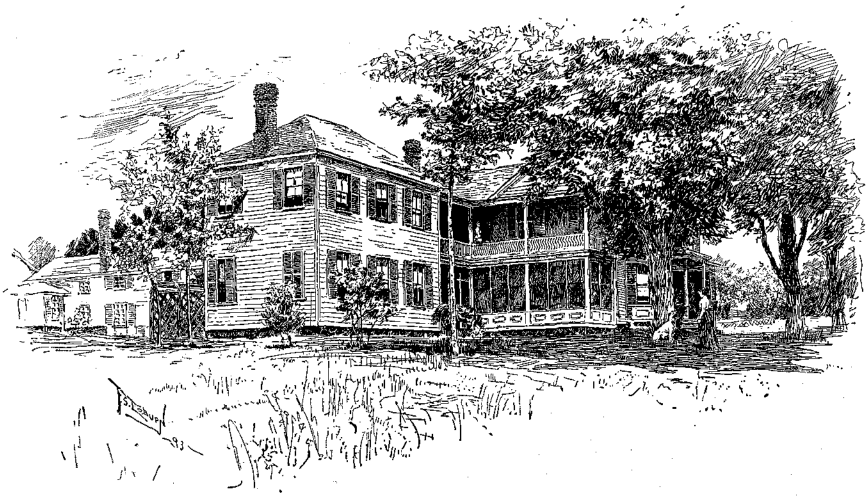
MRS. BETSEY MOODY, MOTHER OF D. L. MOODY.

Ireland, and I perceive there are few in America, where this man has not gone, where he has not lived for days, weeks, or months, and where he has not left behind him personal inspirations which live to this day; inspirations which, from the moment of their birth, have not ceased to evidence themselves in practical ways—in furthering domestic happiness and peace; in charities and philanthropies; in social, religious, and even municipal and national service.

It is no part of the present object to give a detailed account of Mr. Moody's career, still less of his private life. The sacred character of much of his work also forbids allusion in this brief sketch to much that those more deeply interested in him, and in the message which he proclaims, would like to have expressed or analyzed. All that is designed is to give the outside reader some few particulars to introduce him to, and interest him in, the man.

BOYHOOD ON A NEW ENGLAND FARM.

Fifty-seven years ago (February 5, 1837) Dwight Lyman Moody was born in the same New England valley where, as already said, he lives to-day. Four years later his father died, leaving a widow, nine children—the eldest but thirteen years of age—a little home on the mountain side, and an acre or two of mortgaged land. How this widow shouldered her burden of poverty, debt, and care; how she brought up her helpless flock, keeping all together in the old home, educating them, and sending them out into life stamped with her own indomitable courage and lofty principle, is one of those unrecorded histories whose page, when time unfolds it, will be found to contain the secret of nearly all that is greatest in the world's past. It is delightful to think that this mother has survived to see her labors crowned, and still lives, a venerable and beautiful figure, near the scene of her early



D. L. MOODY'S RESIDENCE AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, LOOKING SOUTH.

battles. There, in a sunny room of the little farm, she sits with faculties unimpaired, cherished by an entire community, and surrounded with all the love and gratitude which her children and her children's children can heap upon her. One has only to look at the strong, wise face, or listen to the firm yet gentle tones, to behold the source of those qualities of sagacity, energy, self-unconsciousness, and faith which have made the greatest of her sons what he is.

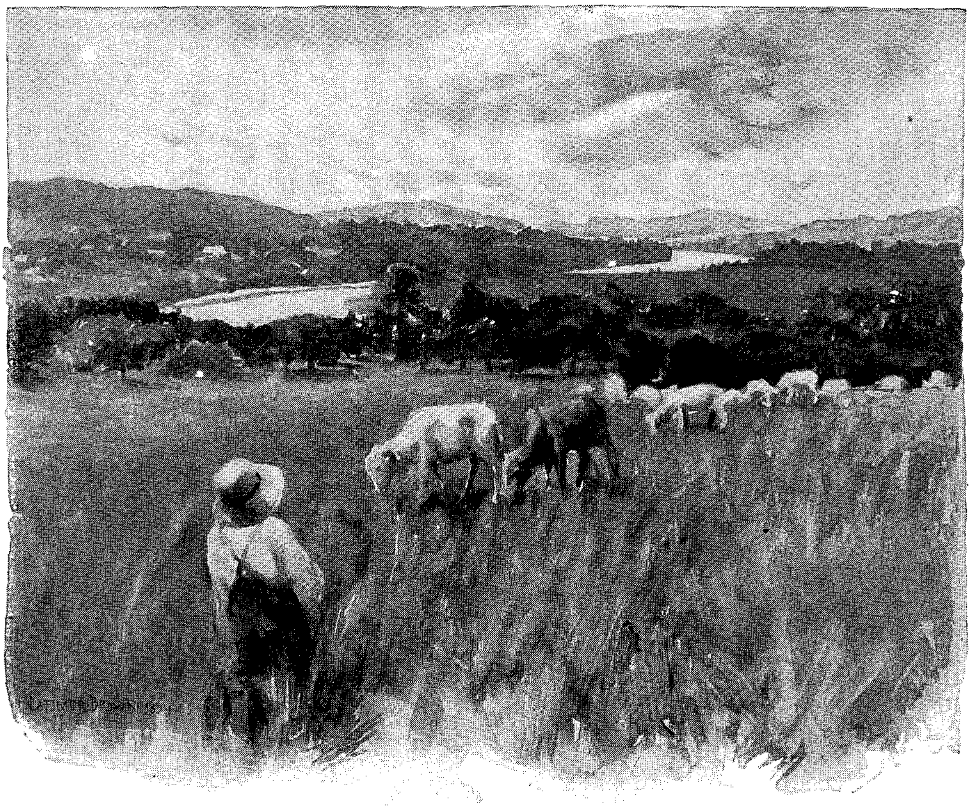
Until his seventeenth year Mr. Moody's boyhood was spent at home. What a merry, adventurous, rough-and-tumble boyhood it must have been, how much fuller of escapade than of education, those who know Mr. Moody's irrepressible temperament and buoyant humor will not require the traditions of his Northfield schoolmates to recall. The village school was the only seminary he ever attended, and his course was constantly interrupted by the duties of the home and of the farm. He learned little about books, but much about horses, crops, and men; his mind ran wild, and his memory stored up nothing but the alphabet of knowledge. But in these early country days his bodily form strengthened to iron, and he built up that constitution which in after life enabled him not only to do the work of ten, but to sustain without a break through four decades as arduous and exhausting work as was ever given to man to do. Innocent at this stage of "religion," he was known in the neighborhood simply as a raw lad, high-spirited, generous, daring, with a will of his own, and a certain audacious originality which, added to the fiery energy of his disposition, foreboded a probable future either in the ranks of the incorrigibles or, if fate were kind, perchance of the immortals.

Somewhere about his eighteenth year the turning point came. Vast as were the issues, the circumstances were in no way eventful. Leaving school, the boy had set out for Boston, where he had an uncle, to push his fortune. His uncle, with some trepidation, offered him a place in his store; but, seeing the kind of nature he had to deal with, laid down certain conditions which the astute man thought might at least minimize explosions. One of these conditions was, that the lad should attend church and Sunday school. These influences—and it is interesting to note that they are simply the normal influences of a Christian society—did their work. On the surface what appears is this: that he attended church—to order, and listened with more or less attention; that he went to Sunday school, and, when he recovered his breath, asked awkward questions of his teacher; that, by and by, when he applied for membership in the congregation, he was summarily rejected, and told to wait six months until he learned a little more about it; and, lastly, that said period of probation having expired, he was duly received into communion. The decisive instrument during this period seems to have been his Sunday-school teacher, Mr. Edward Kimball, whose influence upon his charge was not merely professional, but personal and direct. In private friendship he urged young Moody to the supreme decision, and Mr. Moody never ceased to express his gratitude to the layman who met him at the parting of the ways, and led his thoughts and energies in the direction in which they have done such service to the world.

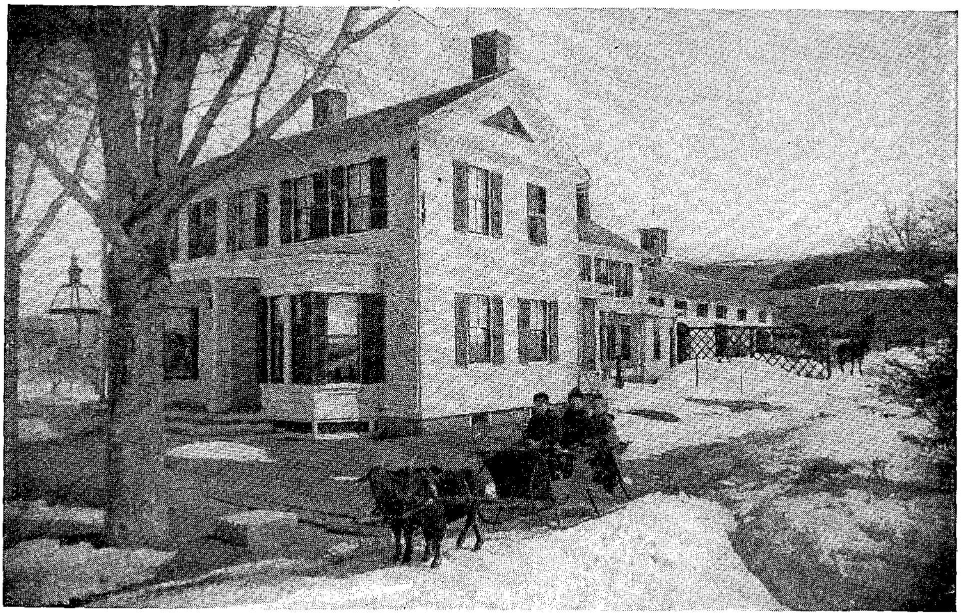
REMOVAL TO CHICAGO—RARE GIFT FOR BUSINESS.

The immediate fruit of this change was not specially apparent. The ambitions of the lad chiefly lay in the line of mercantile success; and his next move was to find a larger and freer field for the abilities for business which he began to discover in himself. This he found in the then new world of Chicago. Arriving there, with due introductions, he was soon engaged as salesman in a large and busy store, with possibilities of work and promotion which suited his taste. That he distinguished himself almost at once, goes without saying. In a year or two he was earning a salary considerable for one of his years, and his business capacity became speedily so proved that his future prosperity was assured. "He would never sit down in the store," writes one of his fellows, "to chat or read the paper, as the other clerks did when there were no customers; but as soon as he had served one buyer, he was on the lookout for another. If none appeared, he would start off to the hotels or depots, or walk the streets in search of one. He would sometimes stand on the sidewalk in front of his place of business, looking eagerly up and down for a man who had the appearance of a merchant from the country, and some of his fellow-clerks were accustomed laughingly to say: 'There is the spider again, watching for a fly.'"

The taunt is sometimes levelled at religion, that mainly those become religious teachers who are not fit for anything else. The charge is not worth answering; but it is worth recording that in the case of Mr. Moody the very reverse is the case. If Mr. Moody had remained in business, there is almost no question that he would have been to-day one of the wealthiest men in the United States. His enterprise, his organizing power, his knowledge and management of men are admitted by friend and foe to be of the highest order; while such is his generalship—as proved, for example, in the great religious campaign in Great Britain in 1873-75—that, had he



VIEW FROM THE PORCH OF MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD.



MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD IN WINTER, LOOKING EAST.

chosen a military career, he would have risen to the first rank among leaders. One of the merchant princes of Britain, the well-known director of one of the largest steamship companies in the world, assured the writer lately that in the course of a life-long commercial experience he had never met a man with more business capacity and sheer executive ability than D. L. Moody. Let any one visit Northfield, with its noble piles of institutions, or study the history of the work conceived, directed, financed, and carried out on such a colossal scale by Mr. Moody during the time of the World's Fair at Chicago, and he will discover for himself the size, the mere intellectual quality, creative power, and organizing skill of the brain behind them.

Undiverted, however, from a deeper purpose even by the glamor of a successful business life, Mr. Moody's moral and religious instincts led him almost from the day of his arrival in Chicago to devote what spare time he had to the work of the Church. He began by hiring four pews in the church to which he had attached himself, and these he attempted to fill every Sunday with young men like himself. This work for a temperament like his soon proved too slow, and he sought fuller outlets for his enthusiasm. Applying for the post of teacher in an obscure Sunday school, he was told by the superintendent that it was scholars he wanted, not teachers, but that he would let him try his hand if he could find the scholars. Next Sunday the new candidate appeared with a procession of eighteen urchins, ragged, rowdy, and barefooted, on whom he straightway proceeded to operate. Hunting up children and general recruiting for mission halls remained favorite pursuits for years to come, and his success was signal. In all this class of work he was a natural adept, and his early experiences as a scout were full of adventure. This was probably the most picturesque period of Mr. Moody's life, and not the least useful. Now we find him tract-distributing in the slums; again, visiting among the docks; and, finally, he started a mission of his own in one of the lowest haunts of the city. There he saw life in all its phases; he learned what practical religion was; he tried in succession every known method of Christian work; and when any of the conventional methods failed, invented new ones. Opposition, discouragement, failure, he met at every turn and in every form; but one thing he never learned—how to give up man or scheme he had once set his heart on. For years this guerilla work, hand to hand, and heart to heart, went on. He ran through the whole gamut of mission experience, tackling the most difficult districts and the most adverse circumstances, doing all the odd jobs and menial work himself, never attempting much in the way of public speaking, but employing others whom he thought more fit; making friends especially with children, and through them with their dissolute fathers and starving mothers.

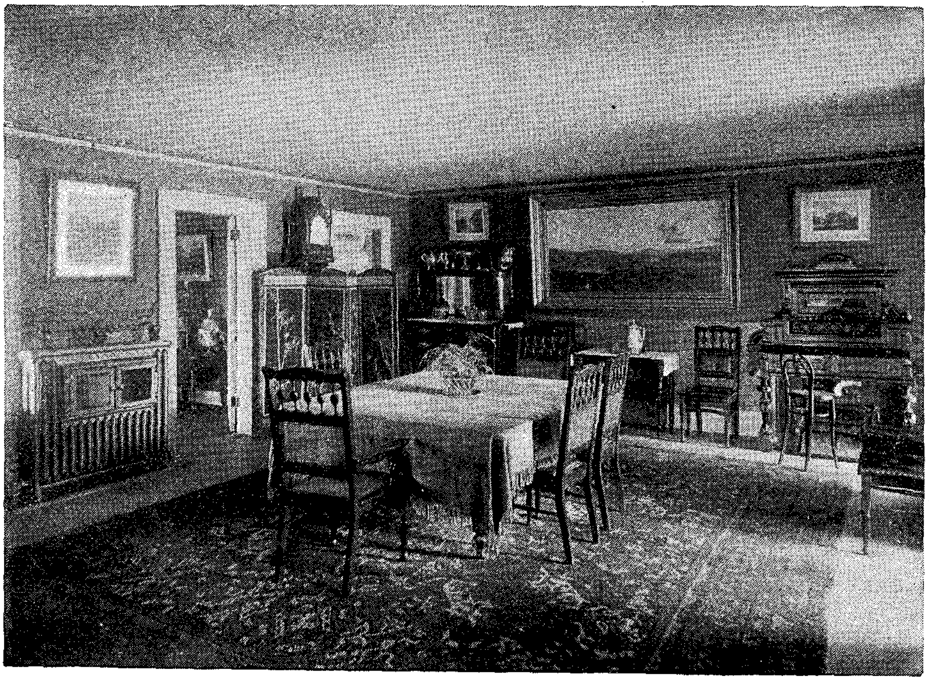
Great as was his success, the main reward achieved was to the worker himself. Here he was broken in, moulded, toned down, disciplined, in a dozen needed directions, and in this long and severe apprenticeship he unconsciously qualified himself to become the teacher of the Church in all methods of reaching the masses and winning men. He found out where his strength lay, and where his weakness; he learned that saving men was no child's play, but meant practically giving a life for a life; that regeneration was no milk and water experience; that, as Mrs. Browning says:

"It takes a high-soul'd man
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty."

But for this personal discipline it is doubtful if Mr. Moody would ever have been heard of outside the purlieus of Chicago. The clergy, bewildered by his eccentric genius, and suspicious of his unconventional ways, looked askance at him; and it was only as time mellowed his headstrong youth into a soberer, yet not less zealous, manhood that the solitary worker found influential friends to countenance and guide him. His activity, especially during the years of the war, when he served with almost superhuman devotion in the Christian Commission, led many of his fellow-laborers to know his worth; and the war over, he became at last a recognized factor in the religious life of Chicago. The mission which he had slowly built up was elevated to the rank of a church, with Mr. Moody, who had long since given up business in order to devote his entire time to what lay nearer his heart, as its pastor.

MR. MOODY'S SLOW DEVELOPMENT AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

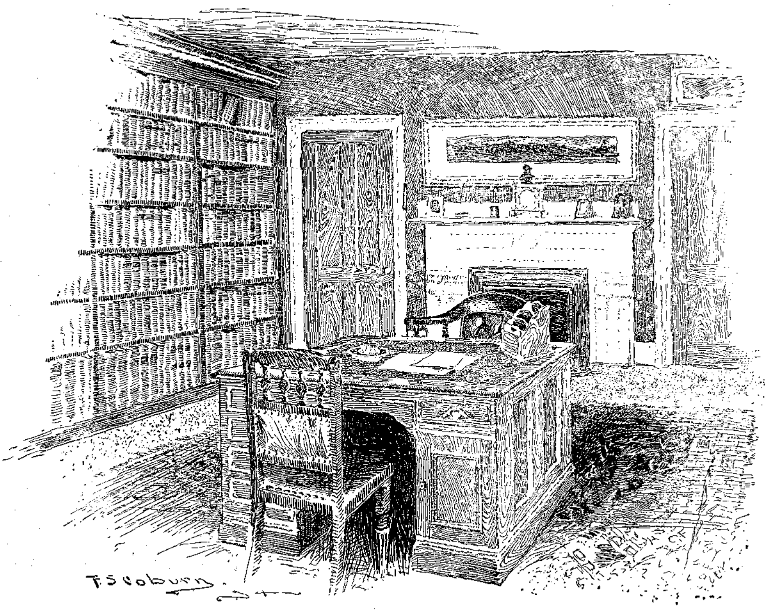
As a public speaker up to this time Mr. Moody was the reverse of celebrated. When he first attempted speaking, in Boston, he was promptly told to hold his tongue, and further efforts in Chicago were not less discouraging. "He had never heard," writes Mr. Daniells, in his well-known biography, "of Talleyrand's famous doctrine, that speech is useful for concealing one's thoughts. Like Antony, he only spoke 'right on.' There was frequently a pungency in his exhortation which his brethren did not altogether relish. Sometimes in his prayers he would express opinions to the Lord concerning them which were by no means flattering; and it was not long before he received the same fatherly advice which had been given him at Boston—to the effect that he should keep his four pews full of young men, and leave the speaking and praying to those who could do it better." Undaunted by such pleasantries, Mr. Moody did, on occasion, continue to use his tongue—no doubt much ashamed of himself. He spoke not because he thought



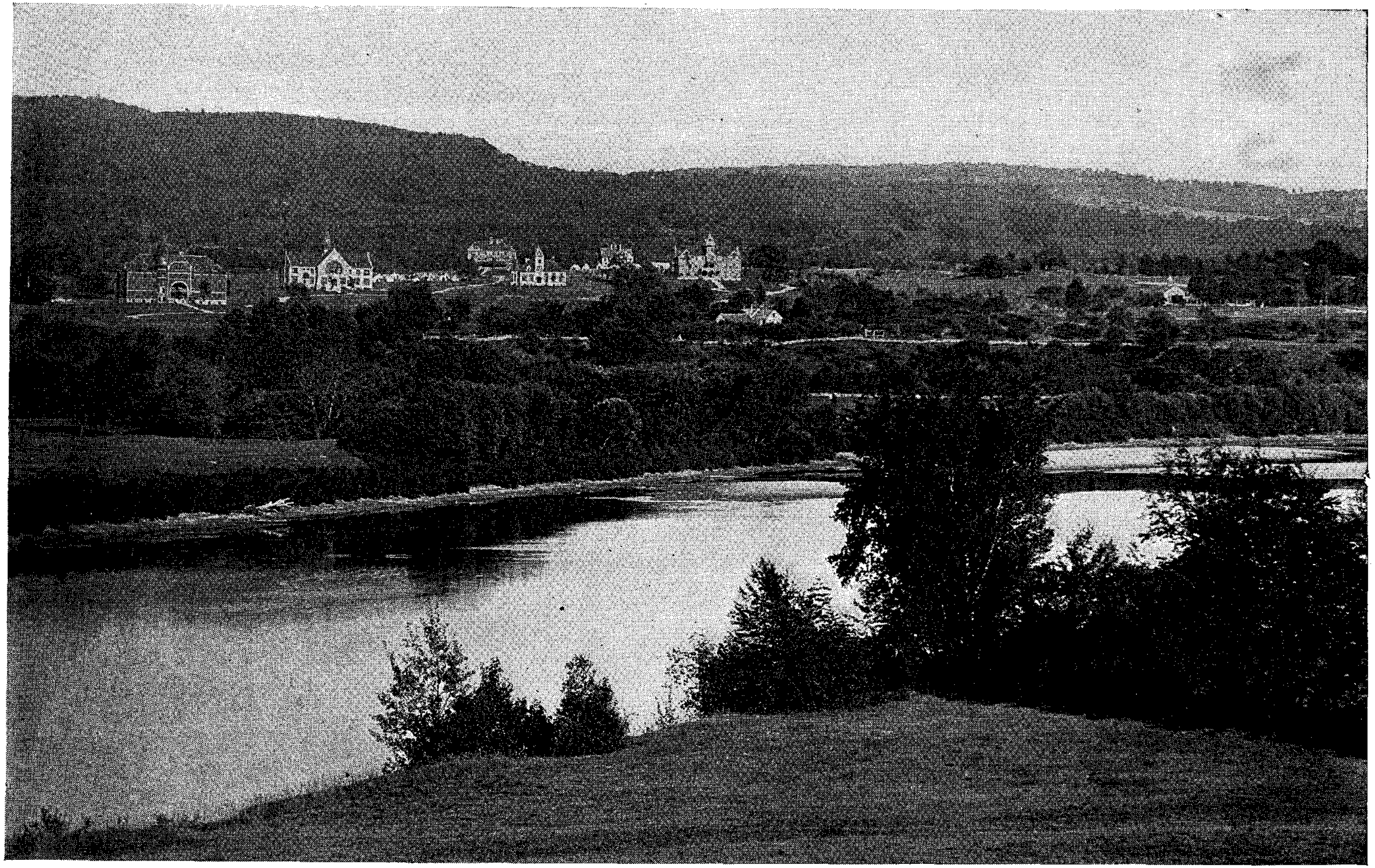
DINING-ROOM, MR. MOODY'S HOUSE AT NORTHFIELD.

he could speak, but because he could not be silent. The ragged children whom he gathered round him in the empty saloon near the North Side Market, had to be talked to somehow, and among such audiences, with neither premeditation nor preparation, he laid the foundations of that amazingly direct anecdotal style and explosive delivery which became such a splendid instrument of his future service. Training for the public platform, this man, who has done more platform work than any man of his generation, had none. He knew only two books, the Bible and Human Nature. Out of these he spoke; and because both are books of life, his words were afire with life; and the people to whom he spoke, being real people, listened and understood. When Mr. Moody first began to be in demand on public platforms, it was not because he could speak. It was his experience that was wanted, not his eloquence. As a practical man in work among the masses, his advice and enthusiasm were called for at Sunday school and other conventions, and he soon became known in this connection throughout the surrounding States. It was at one of these conventions that he had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ira D. Sankey, whose name must ever be associated with his, and who henceforth shared his labors at home and abroad, and contributed, in ways the value of which it is impossible to exaggerate, to the success of his after work.

Were one asked what, on the human side, were the effective ingredients in Mr. Moody's sermons, one would find the answer difficult. Probably the foremost is the tremendous conviction with which they are uttered. Next to that is their point and direction. Every blow is straight from the shoulder, and every stroke tells. Whatever canons they violate, whatever fault the critics may find with their art, their rhetoric, or even with their theology, as appeals to the people they do their work, and with extraordinary power. If eloquence is measured by its effects upon an audience, and not by its balanced sentences and cumulative periods, then here is eloquence of the highest order. In sheer persuasiveness Mr. Moody has few equals, and rugged as his preaching may seem to some, there is in it a pathos of a quality which few orators have ever reached, an appealing tenderness which not only wholly redeems it, but raises it, not unseldom almost to sublimity. No report can do the faintest justice to this or to the other most characteristic qualities of his public speech, but here is a specimen taken almost at random: "I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around Him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel,' Peter said, 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the gospel to those men that murdered you?' 'Yes,' said Christ, 'go, hunt up that man that spat in my face, tell him he may have a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into my kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth, if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive



MR. MOODY'S STUDY.



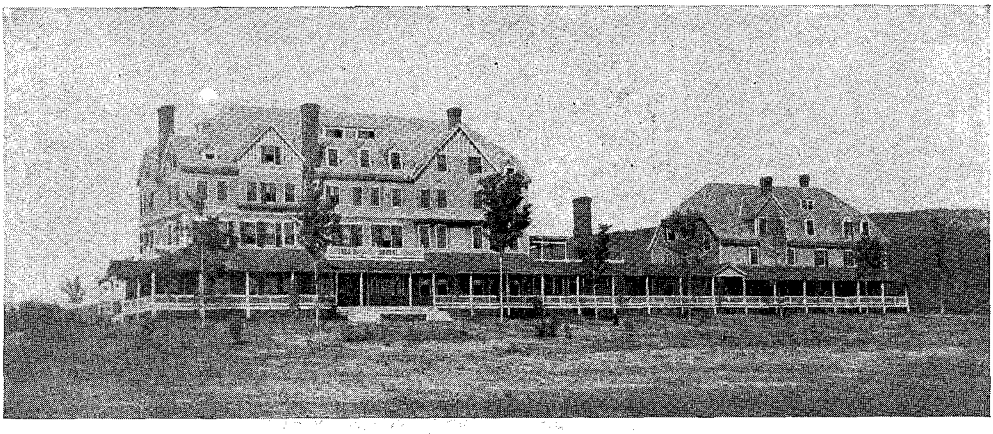
Buildings and Grounds of the Young Ladies' Seminary. Mr. Moody's House.

A VIEW FROM THE WEST SIDE OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, AT NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift.'" *Tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that*—prepared or impromptu, what dramatist could surpass the touch?

MR. MOODY'S MANNER OF PREPARING A SERMON.

His method of sermon-making is original. In reality his sermons are never made, they are always still in the making. Suppose the subject is Paul: he takes a monstrous envelope capable of holding some hundreds of slips of paper, labels it "Paul," and slowly stocks it with original notes, cuttings from papers, extracts from books, illustrations, scraps of all kinds, nearly or remotely referring to the subject. After accumulating these, it may be for years, he wades through the mass, selects a number of the most striking points, arranges them, and, finally, makes a few jottings in a large hand, and these he carries with him to the platform. The process of looking through the whole envelope is repeated each time the sermon is preached. Partly on this account, and partly because in delivery he forgets some points, or disproportionately amplifies others, no two sermons are ever exactly the same. By this method also—a matter of much more importance—the delivery is always fresh to himself. Thus, to make this clearer, suppose that after a thorough sifting, one hundred eligible points remain in the envelope. Every time the sermon is preached, these hundred are overhauled. But no single sermon, by a mere limitation of time, can contain, say, more than seventy. Hence, though the general scheme is the same, there is always novelty both in the subject matter and in the arrangement, for the particular seventy varies with each time of delivery. No greater mistake could be made than to imagine that Mr. Moody does not study for his sermons. On the contrary he is always studying. When in the evangelistic field, the batch of envelopes, bursting with fatness, appears the moment breakfast is over; and the stranger who enters at almost any time of the day, except at the hours of platform work, will find him with his litter of notes, either stuffing himself or his portfolios with the new "points" he has picked up through the day. His search for these "points," and especially for light upon texts, Bible ideas, or characters, is ceaseless, and he has an eye like an eagle for anything really good. Possessing a considerable library, he browses over it when at home; but his books are chiefly men, and no student ever read the ever-open page more diligently, more intelligently, or to more immediate practical purpose.



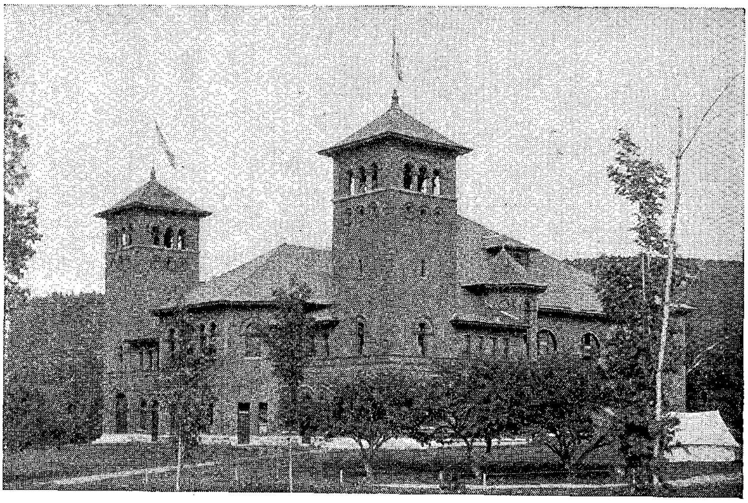
HOTEL NORTHFIELD: OCCUPIED FROM OCTOBER TO MARCH BY THE NORTHFIELD TRAINING SCHOOL.

To Mr. Moody himself, it has always been a standing marvel that people should come to hear him. He honestly believes that ten thousand sermons are made every week, in obscure towns, and by unknown men, vastly better than anything he can do. All he knows about his own productions is that somehow they achieve the result intended. No man is more willing to stand aside and let others speak. His search for men to whom the people will listen, for men who, whatever the meagreness of their message, can yet hold an audience, has been life-long, and whenever and wherever he finds such men he instantly seeks to employ them. The word jealousy he has never heard. At one of his own conventions at Northfield, he has been known to keep silent—but for the exercise of the duties of chairman — during almost the whole ten days' sederunt, while mediocre men—I speak comparatively, not disrespectfully — were pushed to the front.

It is at such conferences, by the way, no matter in what part of the world they are held, that one discovers Mr. Moody's size. He gathers round him the best men he can find, and very good men most of them are; but when one comes away it is always Mr. Moody that one remembers. It is he who leaves the impress upon us; his word and spirit live; the rest of us are forgotten and forget one another. It is the same story when on the evangelistic round. In every city the prominent workers in that field for leagues around are all in evidence. They crowd round the central figure like bees; you can review the whole army at once. And it is no disparagement to the others to say—what each probably feels for himself—that so high is the stature and commanding personality of Mr. Moody that there seems to be but one real man among them, one character untarnished by intolerance or pettiness, pretentiousness, or self-seeking. The man who should judge Mr. Moody by the rest of us who support his cause would do a great injustice. He makes mistakes like other men; but in largeness of heart, in breadth of view, in single-eyedness and humility, in teachableness and self-obliteration, in sheer goodness and love, none can stand beside him.

MR. MOODY'S FIRST VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN.

After the early Chicago days the most remarkable episode in Mr. Moody's career was his preaching tour in Great Britain. The burning down of his church in Chicago severed the tie which bound him to the city, and though he still retained a connection with it, his ministry henceforth belonged to the world. Leaving his mark on Chicago, in many directions—on missions, churches, and, not least, on the Young Men's Christian Association—and already famous in the West for his success in evangelical work, he arrived in England, with his colleague Mr. Sankey, in June, 1873. The opening of their work there was not auspicious. Two of the friends who had invited them had died, and the strangers had an uphill fight. No one had heard of them; the clergy received them coldly; Mr. Moody's so-called Americanisms prejudiced the super-refined against him; the organ and the solos of Mr. Sankey were an innovation sufficient to ruin almost any cause. For some time the prospect was bleak enough. In the town of Newcastle finally some faint show of public interest was awakened. One or two earnest ministers in Edinburgh went to see for themselves. On returning they reported cautiously, but on the whole favorably, to their brethren. The immediate result was an invitation to visit the capital of Scotland; and the final result was the starting of a religious movement, quiet, deep, and



THE NORTHFIELD AUDITORIUM: COMPLETED DURING THE PRESENT YEAR, AND THE NEWEST IN THE GROUP OF SEMINARY BUILDINGS. IT HAS A SEATING CAPACITY OF THREE THOUSAND.

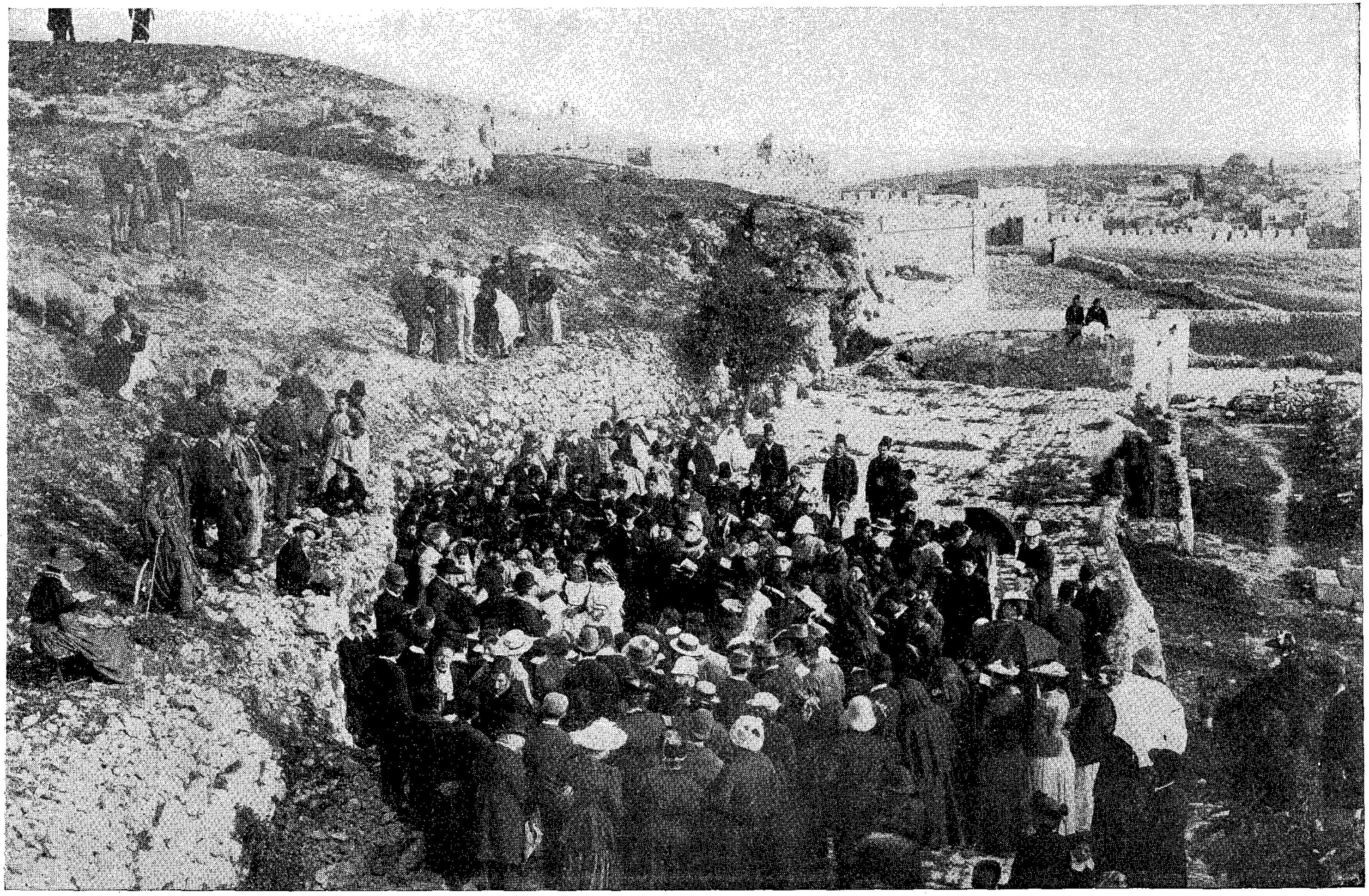
lasting, which moved the country from shore to shore, spread to England, Wales, and Ireland, and reached a climax two years later in London itself.

This is not the place, as already said, to enter either into criticism or into details of such a work. Like all popular movements, it had its mistakes, its exaggerations, even its grave dangers; but these were probably never less in any equally wide-spread movement of history, nor was the balance of good upon the whole ever greater, more solid, or more enduring. People who understand by a religious movement only a promiscuous carnival of hysterical natures, beginning in excitement and ending in moral exhaustion and fanaticism, will probably be assured in vain that whatever were the lasting characteristics of this movement, these were not. That such elements were wholly absent may not be asserted; human nature is human nature; but always the first to fight them, on the rare occasions when they appeared, was Mr. Moody himself. He, above all popular preachers, worked for solid results. Even the mere harvesting—his own special department—was a secondary thing to him compared with the garnering of the fruits by the Church and their subsequent growth and further fruitfulness. It was the writer's privilege as a humble camp-follower to follow the fortunes of this campaign personally from town to town, and from city to city, throughout the three kingdoms, for over a year. And time has only deepened the impression not only of the magnitude of the results immediately secured, but equally of the permanence of the after effects upon every field of social, philanthropic, and religious activity. It is not too much to say that Scotland—one can speak with less knowledge of England and Ireland—would not have been the same to-day but for the visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey; and that so far-reaching was, and is, the influence of their work, that any one who knows the inner religious history of the country must regard this time as nothing short of a national epoch. If this is a specimen of what has been effected even in less degree elsewhere, it represents a fact of commanding importance. Those who can speak with authority of the long series of campaigns which succeeded this in America, testify in many cases with almost equal assurance of the results achieved both throughout the United States and Canada.

After his return from Great Britain, in 1875, Mr. Moody made his home at Northfield, his house in Chicago having been swept away by the fire. And from this point onward his activity assumed a new and extraordinary development. Continuing his evangelistic work in America, and even on one occasion revisiting England, he spent his intervals of repose in planning and founding the great educational institutions of which Northfield is now the centre.

MR. MOODY'S SCHOOLS AT NORTHFIELD.

There is no stronger proof of Mr. Moody's breadth of mind than that he should have inaugurated this work. For an evangelist seriously to concern himself with such matters is unusual; but that the greatest evangelist of his day, not when his powers were failing, but in the prime of life, and in the zenith of his success, should divert so great a measure of his strength into educational channels, is a phenomenal circumstance. The explanation is manifold. No man sees so much slip-shod, unsatisfactory and half-done work as the evangelist; no man so learns the worth of solidity, the necessity for a firm basis for religion to work upon, the importance to the Kingdom of God of men who "weigh." The value, above all things, of character, of the sound mind and disciplined judgment, are borne in upon him every day he lives. Converts without these are weak-kneed and useless; Christian workers inefficient, if not dangerous. Mr. Moody saw that the object of Christianity was to make good men and good women; good men and good women who would serve their God and their country not only with all their heart, but with all their mind and all their strength. Hence he would found institutions for turning out such characters. His pupils should be committed to nothing as regards a future profession. They might become ministers or missionaries, evangelists or teachers, farmers or politicians, business men or lawyers. All that he would secure would be that they should have a chance, a chance of becoming useful, educated, God-fearing men. A favorite aphorism with him is, that "it is better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men." His institutions were founded to equip other men to work, not in the precise line, but in the same broad interest as himself. He himself had had the scantiest equipment for his life-work, and he daily lamented—though perhaps no one else ever did—the deficiency. In his journeys he constantly met young men and young women of earnest spirit,



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MR. MOODY HOLDING A SERVICE ON THE HILL CALLED "NEW CALVARY," NEAR JERUSALEM, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28, 1892. MR. MOODY STANDS WHERE LINES DRAWN FROM THE TWO STARS AT THE MARGIN OF THE PICTURE WOULD CROSS EACH OTHER.

with circumstances against them, who were in danger of being lost to themselves and to the community. These especially it was his desire to help, and afford a chance in life. "The motive," says the "Official Handbook," "presented for the pursuit of an education is the power it confers for Christian life and usefulness, not the means it affords to social distinction, or the gratification of selfish ambition. It is designed to combine, with other instruction, an unusual amount of instruction in the Bible, and it is intended that all the training given shall exhibit a thoroughly Christian spirit. . . . No constraint is placed on the religious views of any one. . . . The chief emphasis of the instruction given is placed upon the life."

The plan, of course, developed by degrees, but once resolved upon, the beginning was made with characteristic decision; for the years other men spend in criticising a project, Mr. Moody spends in executing it. One day in his own house, talking with Mr. H. N. F. Marshall about the advisability of immediately securing a piece of property—some sixteen acres close to his door—his friend expressed his assent. The words were scarcely uttered when the owner of the land was seen walking along the road. He was invited in, the price fixed, and, to the astonishment of the owner, the papers made out on the spot. Next winter a second lot was bought, the building of a seminary for female students commenced, and at the present moment the land in connection with this one institution amounts to over two hundred and seventy acres. The current expense of this one school per annum is over fifty-one thousand dollars, thirty thousand dollars of which comes from the students themselves; and the existing endowment, the most of which, however, is not yet available, reaches one hundred and four thousand dollars. Dotted over the noble campus thus secured, and clustered especially near Mr. Moody's home, stand ten spacious buildings and a number of smaller size, all connected with the Ladies' Seminary. The education, up to the standard aimed at, is of first-rate quality, and prepares students for entrance into Wellesley and other institutions of similar high rank.

Four miles distant from the Ladies' Seminary, on the rising ground on the opposite side of the river, are the no less imposing buildings of the Mount Hermon School for Young Men. Conceived earlier than the former, but carried out later, this institution is similar in character, though many of the details are different. Its three or four hundred students are housed in ten fine buildings, with a score of smaller ones. Surrounding the whole is a great farm of two hundred and seventy acres, farmed by the pupils themselves. This economic addition to the educational training of the students is an inspiration of Mr. Moody's. Nearly every pupil is required to do from an hour and a half to two hours and a half of farm or industrial work each day, and much of the domestic work is similarly distributed. The lads work on the roads, in the fields, in the woods; in the refectory, laundry, and kitchen; they take charge of the horses, the cattle, the hogs, and the hens—for the advantage of all which the sceptical may be referred to Mr. Ruskin. Once or twice a year nearly everyone's work is changed; the indoor lads go out, the farm lads come in. Those who before entering the school had already learned trades, have the opportunity of pursuing them in leisure hours, and though the industrial department is strongly subordinated to the educational, many in this way help to pay the fee of one hundred dollars exacted annually from each pupil, which pays for tuition, board, rooms, etc.*

THE LARGE PROFITS OF THE MOODY AND SANKEY HYMN-BOOK.

The mention of this fee—which, it may be said in passing, only covers half the cost—suggests the question as to how the vast expenses of these and other institutions, such as the new Bible Institute in Chicago, and the Bible, sewing and cooking school into which the Northfield Hotel is converted in winter, are defrayed. The buildings themselves and the land have been largely the gift of friends, but much of the cost of maintenance is paid out of Mr. Moody's own pocket. The fact that Mr. Moody has a pocket has been largely dwelt upon by his enemies, and the amount and source of its contents are subjects of curious speculation. I shall suppose the critic to be honest, and divulge to him a fact which the world has been slow to learn—the secret of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is, briefly, that Mr. Moody is the owner of one of the most paying literary properties in existence. It is the hymn-book

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* An extensive literature, up to date and fully describing all the Northfield institutions, splendidly edited by Mr. Henry W. Rankin, one of Mr. Moody's most wise and accomplished coadjutors, may be had at Revell's, 112 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MR. MOODY TIPPING THE BEGGARS IN JAFFA STREET, JERUSALEM. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. GEORGE D. MACKAY. MR. MOODY'S COMPANION IS SELAH G. MERRILL, UNITED STATES CONSUL.

which, first used at his meetings in conjunction with Mr. Sankey, whose genius created it, is now in universal use throughout the civilized world. Twenty years ago, he offered it for nothing to a dozen different publishers, but none of them would look at it. Failing to find a publisher, Mr. Moody, with almost the last few dollars he possessed, had it printed in London in 1873. The copyright stood in his name; any loss that might have been suffered was his; and to any gain, by all the laws of business, he was justly entitled. The success, slow at first, presently became gigantic. The two evangelists saw a fortune in their hymn-book. But they saw something which was more vital to them than a fortune—that the busybody and the evil tongue would accuse them, if they but touched one cent of it, of preaching the gospel for gain. What did they do? They refused to touch it—literally even to touch it. The royalty was handed direct from the publishers to a committee of well-known business men in London, who distributed it to various charities. When the evangelists left London, a similar committee, with Mr. W. E. Dodge at its head, was formed in New York. For many years this committee faithfully disbursed the trust, and finally handed over its responsibility to a committee of no less weight and honor—the trustees of the Northfield seminaries, to be used henceforth in their behalf. Such is the history of Mr. Moody's pocket. It is pitiful to think that there are men and journals, both at home and abroad, who continue to accuse of self-seeking a man who has given up a princely fortune in noble—the man of the world would say superfluous—jealousy for the mission of his life. Once we heard far more of this. That Mr. Moody has lived it down is not the least of his triumphs.

A FOREIGN-OFFICE ROMANCE.[*]

By A. Conan Doyle.

Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.

THERE are many folk who knew Alphonse Lacour in his old age. From about the time of the Revolution of '48 until he died, in the second year of the Crimean war, he was always to be found in the same corner of the Café de Provence, at the end of the Rue St. Honoré, coming down about nine in the evening, and going when he could find no one to talk with. It took some self-restraint to listen to the old diplomatist, for his stories were beyond all belief; and yet he was quick at detecting the shadow of a smile or the slightest little raising of the eyebrows. Then his huge rounded back would straighten itself, his bulldog chin would project, and his r's would burr like a kettledrum. When he got as far as "Ah, monsieur r-r-r-rit!" or "Vous ne me cr-r-r-royez pas donc!" it was quite time to remember that you had a ticket for the opera.

There was his story of Talleyrand and the three oyster-shells, and there was his utterly absurd account of Napoleon's second visit to Ajaccio. Then there was that most circumstantial romance (which he never ventured upon until his second bottle had been uncorked) of the Emperor's escape from St. Helena—how he lived for a whole year in Philadelphia, while Count Herbert de Bertrand, who was his living image, personated him at Longwood. But of all his stories there was none which was more notorious than that of his single-handed reconquest of Egypt. And yet, when Monsieur Otto's memoirs were written, it was found that there really was some foundation for old Lacour's incredible statement.

"You must know, monsieur," he would say, "that I left Egypt after Kléber's assassination. I would gladly have stayed on, for I was engaged in a translation of the Koran, and, between ourselves, I had thoughts at the time of embracing Mahometanism, for I was deeply struck by the wisdom of their views about marriage. They had made an incredible mistake, however, upon the subject of wine, and this was what the mufti who attempted to convert me could never get over. Then, when old Kléber died, and Menou came to the top, I felt that it was time for me to go. It is not for me to speak of my own capacities, monsieur, but you will readily understand that the man does not care to be driven by the mule. I carried my Koran and my papers to London, where Monsieur Otto had been sent by the First Consul to arrange a treaty of peace, for both nations were very weary of the war, which had already lasted ten years. Here I was most useful to Monsieur Otto on account of my knowledge of the English tongue, and also, if I may say so, on account of my natural capacity. They were happy days during which I lived in the Square of Bloomsbury. The climate of monsieur's country is, it must be confessed, detestable. But then, what would you have? Flowers grow best in the rain. One has but to point to monsieur's fellow-countrywomen to prove it.

"Well, Monsieur Otto, our ambassador, was kept terribly busy over that treaty, and all of his staff were worked to death. We had not Pitt to deal with, which was perhaps as well for us. He was a terrible man, that Pitt, and wherever half a dozen enemies of France were plotting together, there was his sharp-pointed nose in the middle of them. The nation, however, had been thoughtful enough to put him out of office, and we had to do with Monsieur Addington. But Milord Hawkesbury was the Foreign Minister, and it was with him that we were obliged to do our bargaining.

"You can understand that it was no child's play. After ten years of war each nation had got hold of a great deal which had belonged to the other, or to the other's allies. What was to be given back? And what was to be kept? Is this island worth that peninsula? If we do this at Venice, will you do that at Sierra Leone? If we give up Egypt to the Sultan, will you re-

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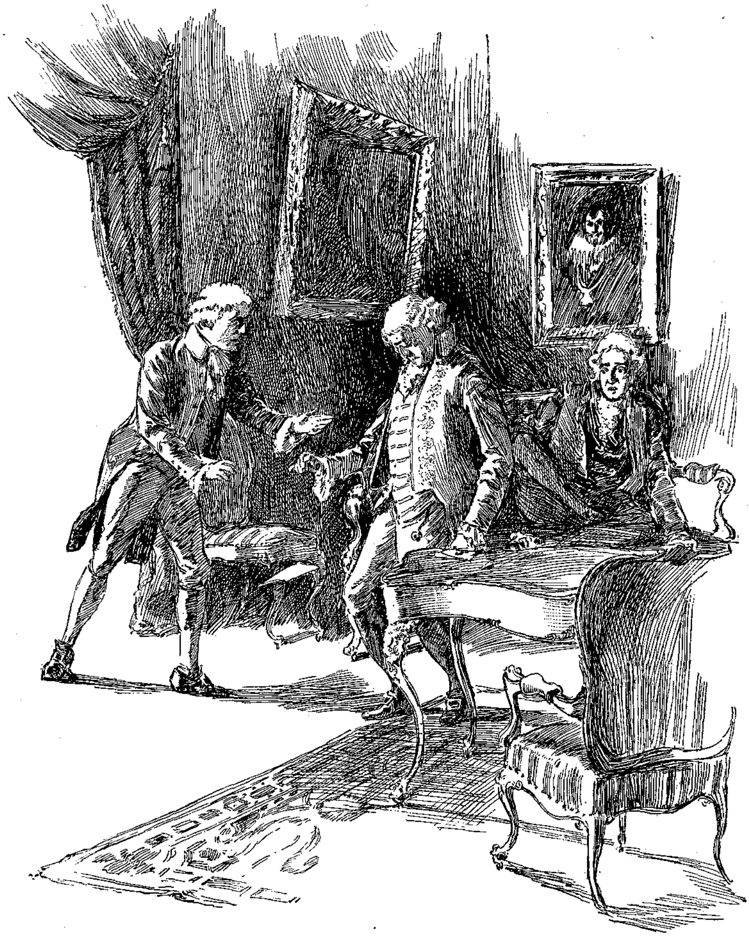
[*] Copyright, 1894, by the author.

store the Cape of Good Hope, which you have taken from our allies, the Dutch? So we wrangled and wrestled, and I have seen Monsieur Otto come back to the embassy so exhausted that his secretary and I had to help him from his carriage to the sofa. But at last things adjusted themselves, and the night came round when the treaty was to be finally signed.

"Now you must know that the one great card which we held, and which we played, played, played, at every point of the game, was that we had Egypt. The English were very nervous about our being there. It gave us a foot on each end of the Mediterranean, you see. And they were not sure that that wonderful little Napoleon of ours might not make it the base of an advance against India. So, whenever Lord Hawkesbury proposed to retain anything, we had only to reply: 'In *that* case, of course, we cannot consent to evacuate Egypt,' and in this way we quickly brought him to reason. It was by the help of Egypt that we gained terms which were remarkably favorable, and especially that we caused the English to consent to give up the Cape of Good Hope. We did not wish your people, monsieur, to have any foothold in South Africa, for history has taught us that the British foothold of one half-century is the British empire of the next. It is not your army or your navy against which we have to guard, but it is your terrible younger son and your man in search of a career. When we French have a possession across the seas, we like to sit in Paris and felicitate ourselves upon it. With you it is different. You take your wives and your children and you run away to see what kind of place this may be, and after that we might as well try to take that old Square of Bloomsbury away from you.

"Well, it was on the 1st of October that the treaty was finally to be signed. In the morning I was congratulating Monsieur Otto upon the happy conclusion of his labors. He was a little pale shrimp of a



HIS KNEES GAVE WAY, AND HE FELL SENSELESS UPON THE FLOOR.

man, very quick and nervous, and he was so delighted now at his own success that he could not sit still, but ran about the room chattering and laughing, while I sat on a cushion in the corner, as I had learned to do in the East. Suddenly, in came a messenger with a letter which had been forwarded from Paris. Monsieur Otto cast his eyes upon it, and then, without a word, his knees gave way and he fell senseless upon the floor.

"I ran to him, as did the courier, and between us we carried him to the sofa. He might have been dead, from his appearance, but I could still feel his heart thrilling beneath my palm.

"'What is this, then?' I asked.

"'I do not know,' answered the messenger. 'Monsieur Talleyrand told me to hurry as never man hurried before, and to put this letter into the hands of Monsieur Otto. I was in Paris at midday yesterday.'

"I know that I am to blame, but I could not help glancing at the letter, picking it out of the senseless hand of Monsieur Otto. My God, the thunderbolt that it was! I did not faint, but I sat down beside my chief and I burst into tears. It was but a few words, but they told us that Egypt had been evacuated by our troops a month before. All our treaty was undone, then, and the one consideration which had induced our enemies to give us good terms had vanished. In twelve hours it would not have mattered. But now the treaty was not yet signed. We should have to give up the Cape. We should have to let England have Malta. Now that Egypt was gone we had nothing to offer in exchange.

"But we are not so easily beaten, we Frenchmen. You English misjudge us when you think that because we show emotions which you conceal we are therefore of a weak and womanly nature. You cannot read your histories and believe that. Monsieur Otto recovered his senses presently, and we took counsel what we should do.

"'It is useless to go on, Alphonse,' said he; 'this Englishman will laugh at me when I ask him to sign.'

"'Courage!' I cried; and then, a sudden thought coming into my head, 'How do we know that the English will have news of this? Perhaps they may sign the treaty before they know of it.'

"Monsieur Otto sprang from the sofa and flung himself into my arms.

"'Alphonse,' he cried, 'you have saved me. Why should they know about it? Our news has come from Toulon to Paris and thence straight to us. Theirs will come by sea through the Straits of Gibraltar. At this moment it is unlikely that any one in Paris knows of it, save only Talleyrand and the First Consul. If we keep our secret we may still get our treaty signed.'

"Ah, monsieur, you can imagine the horrible uncertainty in which we spent the day. Never, never, shall I forget those slow hours during which we sat together, starting at every distant shout, lest it should be the first sign of the rejoicing which this news would cause in London. Monsieur Otto passed from youth to age in a day. As for me, I find it easier to go out and meet danger than to wait for it. I set forth, therefore, towards evening. I wandered here and wandered there. I was in the fencing-rooms of Monsieur Angelo, and in the *salon-de-boxe* of Monsieur Jackson, and in the club of Brooks, and in the lobby of the Chamber of Deputies, but nowhere did I hear any news. Still it was possible that Milord Hawkesbury had received it himself just as we had. He lived in Harley Street, and there it was that the treaty was to be finally signed that night at eight. I entreated Monsieur Otto to drink two glasses of Burgundy before he went out, for I feared lest his haggard face and trembling hands should rouse suspicion in the English Minister.

"Well, we went round together in one of the embassy's carriages about half-past seven. Monsieur went in alone, but presently, on excuse of getting his portfolio, he came out again, with his cheeks flushed with joy, to tell me that all was well.

"'He knows nothing,' he whispered. 'Ah, if the next half-hour were over!'

"'Give me a sign when it is settled,' said I.

"'For what reason?'

"'Because, until then, no messenger shall interrupt you unless he pass over my body.'

"He clasped my hand in both of his. 'I shall move one of the candles on to the table in the window,' said he, and hurried into the house, while I was left waiting beside the carriage.

"Well, if we could but secure ourselves from interruption for a single half-hour the day would be our own. I had hardly begun to form our plans when I saw the lights of a carriage coming swiftly from the direction of Oxford Street. Ah, if it should be the messenger! What could I do? I was prepared to kill him—yes, even to kill him rather than at this last moment allow our work to be undone. Thousands die to make a glorious war, why should not one die to make a glorious peace? What though they hurried me to the scaffold? I should have sacrificed myself for my country. I had a little curved Turkish knife strapped to my waist. My hand was on the hilt of it when the carriage which had alarmed me so rattled safely past me.

"But another might come. I must be prepared. Above all, I must not compromise the embassy. I ordered our carriage to move on, and I engaged what you call a hackney coach. Then I spoke to the driver and gave him a guinea. He understood that it was a special service.

"'You shall have another guinea, if you do what you are told,' said I.

"'All right, master,' said he, turning his slow eyes upon me without a trace of excitement or curiosity.

"'If I enter your coach with another gentleman, you will drive up and down Harley Street, and take no orders from any one but me. When I get out, you will carry the other gentleman to Watier's Club in Bruton Street.'

"'All right, master,' said he again.

"So I stood outside Milord Hawkesbury's house, and you can think how often my eyes went up to that window, in the hope of seeing the candle twinkle in it. Five minutes passed, and another five. Ah, how slowly they crept along! It was the first day of October, raw and cold, with a white fog crawling over the wet, shining cobblestones, and blurring the dim oil-lamps. I could not see fifty paces in either direction, but my ears were straining, straining, to catch the rattle of hoofs or the rumble of wheels. It is not a cheering place, monsieur, that street of Harley, even upon a sunny day. The houses are solid and very respectable over yonder, but there is nothing of the feminine about them. It is a city to be inhabited by males. But on that raw night, amid the damp and the fog, with the anxiety gnawing at my heart, it seemed the saddest, weariest spot in the whole wide world. I paced up and down, slapping my hands to keep them warm, and still straining my ears. And then suddenly, out of the dull hum of the traffic down in Oxford Street, I heard a sound detach itself, and grow louder and louder and clearer and clearer with every instant, until two yellow lights came flashing through the fog, and a light cabriolet whirled up to the door of the Foreign Minister. It had not stopped before a young fellow sprang out of it and hurried to the steps, while the driver turned his horse and rattled off into the fog once more.

"Ah, it is in the moment of action that I am best, monsieur. You, who only see me when I am drinking my wine in the Café de Provence, cannot conceive the heights to which I rise. At that moment, when I knew that the fruits of a ten years' war were at stake, I was magnificent. It was the last French campaign, and I, the general and army in one.

"'Sir,' said I, touching him upon the arm, 'are you the messenger for Lord Hawkesbury?'

"'Yes,' said he.

"'I have been waiting for you half an hour,' said I. 'You are to follow me at once. He is with the French Ambassador.'

"I spoke with such assurance that he never hesitated for an instant. When he entered the hackney coach and I followed him in, my heart gave such a thrill of joy that I could hardly keep from shouting aloud. He was a poor little creature, this Foreign Office messenger, not much bigger than Monsieur Otto, and I—Monsieur can see my hands now, and imagine what they were like when I was seven-and-twenty years of age.

"Well, now that I had him in my coach the question was what I should do with him. I did not wish to hurt him if I could help it.

"'This is a pressing business,' said he. 'I have a despatch which I must deliver instantly.'

"Our coach had rattled down Harley Street, but now, in accordance with my instructions, it turned and began to go up again.

"'Hullo!' he cried, 'what's this?'

"'What then?' I asked.

"'We are driving back. Where is Lord Hawkesbury?'

"'We shall see him presently.'

"'Let me out!' he shouted. 'There's some trickery in this. Coachman, stop the coach! Let me out, I say!'

"I pushed him back into his seat as he tried to turn the handle of the door. He roared for help. I clapped my palm across his mouth. He made his teeth meet through the side of it. I seized his own cravat and bound it over his lips. He still mumbled and gurgled, but the noise was covered by the rattle of our wheels. We were passing the Minister's house, and there was no candle in the window.

"The messenger sat quiet for a little, and I could see the glint of his eyes as he stared at me through the gloom. He was partly stunned, I think, by the force with which I had dashed him into his seat. And also he was pondering, perhaps, what he should do next. Presently he got his mouth partly free from the cravat.

"'You can have my watch and my purse if you will let me go,' said he.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I am as honorable a man as you are yourself.'

"'Who are you, then?'

"'My name is of no importance.'

"'What do you want with me?'

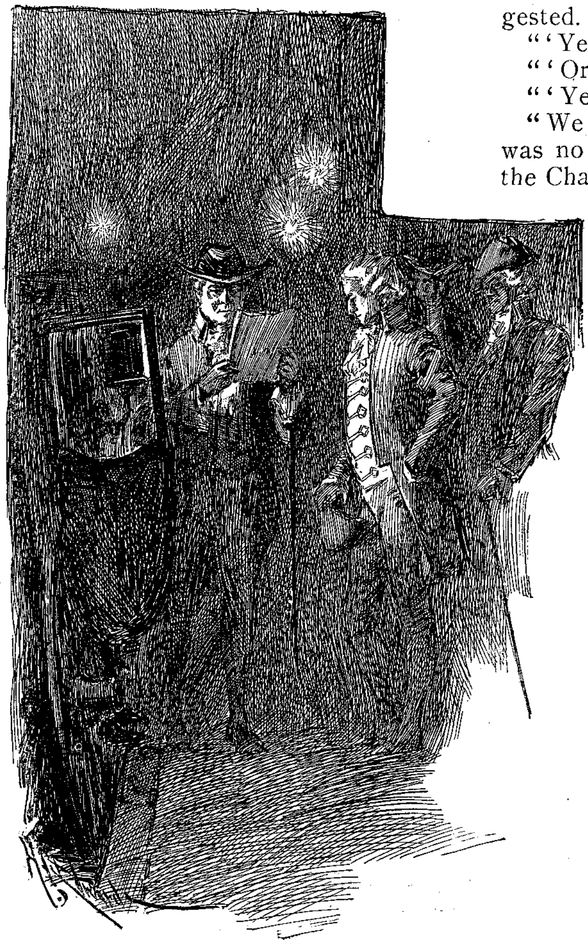
"'It is a bet.'

"'A bet! What d'you mean? Do you understand that I am on the government service, and that you will see the inside of a jail for this?'

"'That is the bet. That is the sport,' said I.

"'You may find it poor sport before you finish,' he cried. 'What is this insane bet of yours, then?'

"'I have bet,' I answered, 'that I will recite a chapter of the Koran to the first gentleman whom I should meet in the street.'



MILORD HAWKESBURY CAUGHT THE PAPER FROM HIS HAND, AND READ IT BY THE LIGHT OF THE CARRIAGE LAMP.

"I do not know what made me think of it, save that my translation was always running in my head. He clutched at the door-handle, and again I had to hurl him back into his seat.

"'How long will it take?' he gasped.

"'It depends on the chapter,' I answered.

"'A short one, then, and let me go!'

"'But is it fair?' I argued. 'When I say a chapter, I do not mean the shortest chapter, but rather one which should be of average length.'

"'Help! help! help!' he squealed, and I had again to adjust his cravat.

"'A little patience,' said I, 'and it will soon be over. I should like to recite the chapter which would be of most interest to yourself.'

"He slipped his mouth free again.

"'Quick, then, quick!' he groaned.

"'The Chapter of the Camel?' I suggested.

"'Yes, yes.'

"'Or that of the Fleet Stallion?'

"'Yes, yes. Only proceed!'

"We had passed the window, and there was no candle. I settled down to recite the Chapter of the Stallion to him.

"Perhaps you do not know your Koran very well, monsieur. Well, I knew it by heart then, as I know it by heart now. The style is a little exasperating for any one who is in a hurry. But then, what would you have? The people in the East are never in a hurry, and it was written for them. I repeated it all with the dignity and solemnity which a sacred book demands, and the young Englishman he wriggled and groaned.

"'When the horses, standing on three feet and placing the tip of their fourth foot upon the ground, were mustered in front of him in the evening, he said, "I have loved the love of earthly good above the remembrance of things on high, and have spent the time in viewing these horses. Bring the horses back to me." And when they were brought back he began to cut off their legs and their——'

"It was at that moment that the young Englishman sprang at me. My God, how little can

I remember of the next few minutes! He was a boxer, this shred of a man. He had been trained to strike. I tried to catch him by the hands. Pac, pac, he came upon my nose and upon my eye. I put down my head and thrust at him with it. Pac, he came from below. But ah, I was too much for him. I hurled myself upon him, and he had no place where he could escape from my weight. He fell flat upon the cushions, and I seated myself upon him with such conviction that the wind flew from him as from a burst bellows.

"Then I searched to see what there was with which I could tie him. I drew the strings from my shoes, and with one I secured his wrists and with another his ankles. Then I tied the cravat round his mouth again, so that he could only lie and glare at me. When I had done all this, and had stopped the bleeding of my own nose, I looked out of the coach, and ah, monsieur, the very first thing which caught my eyes was that candle, that dear little candle, glimmering in the window of the Minister! Alone, with these two hands, I had retrieved the capitulation of an army and the loss of a province.

"Well, I had no time to lose, for at any moment Monsieur Otto might be down. I shouted to my driver, gave him his second guinea, and allowed him to proceed to Watier's. For myself, I sprang into our embassy carriage, and a moment later the door of the Minister opened. He had himself escorted Monsieur Otto down stairs, and now so deep was he in talk that he walked out bareheaded as far as the carriage. As he stood there by the open door there came the rattle of wheels, and a man rushed down the pavement.

"'A despatch of great importance for Milord Hawkesbury,' he cried.

"I could see that it was not my messenger, but a second one. Milord Hawkesbury caught the paper from his hand, and read it by the light of the carriage lamp. His face, monsieur, was as white as this plate before he had finished.

"'Monsieur Otto,' he cried, 'we have signed this treaty upon a false understanding. Egypt is in our hands.'

"'What!' cried Monsieur Otto. 'Impossible!'

"'It is certain. It fell to Abercromby, last month.'

"'In that case,' said Monsieur Otto, 'it is very fortunate that the treaty is signed.'

"'Very fortunate for you, sir,' cried Milord Hawkesbury, and he turned back to the house.

"Next day, monsieur, what they call the Bow Street runners were after me, but they could not run across salt water; and Alphonse Lacour was receiving the congratulations of Monsieur Talleyrand and the First Consul before ever his pursuers had got as far as Dover."

THE CHRIST CHILD IN ART.

By Archdeacon Farrar.

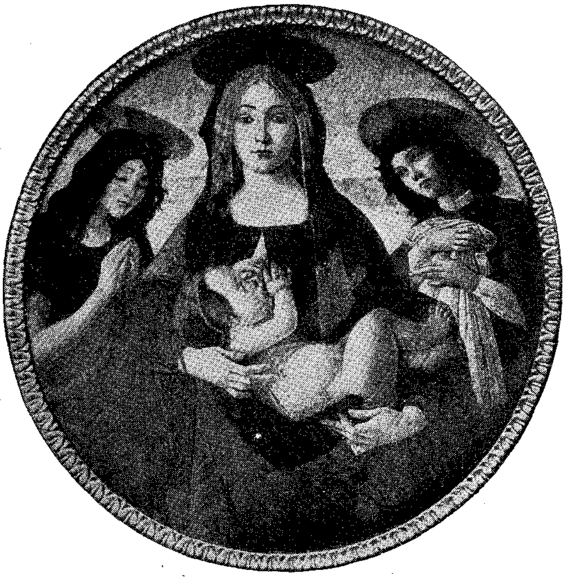
Being passages from a new book, entitled "The Life of Christ as represented in Art," by Archdeacon Farrar.

[In a book on "The Life of Christ as represented in Art," which Archdeacon Farrar has just published through the firm of Macmillan & Co., he says: "The representation of Christ, directly or indirectly, is the main object of Christian art in every stage, because Christian thought has turned in all epochs, and without interruption, to

'Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.'"

"Even when devoutness had vanished," Dr. Farrar adds, "and religious sincerity was well-nigh dead—even when art not only refused to be the bondslave of ecclesiastics, but thought it beneath her to be the handmaid of religion—she still used sacred themes to display her own skill and erudition. The charm of the gospel story was felt to be infinite and inexhaustible, and painters borrowed their 'motives' from scenes in the life of Christ, while they tried to supply the lack of inspiration by science and technique. But the feelings with which the subject was approached, and the methods adopted to set it forth, have gone through vast and singular variations."

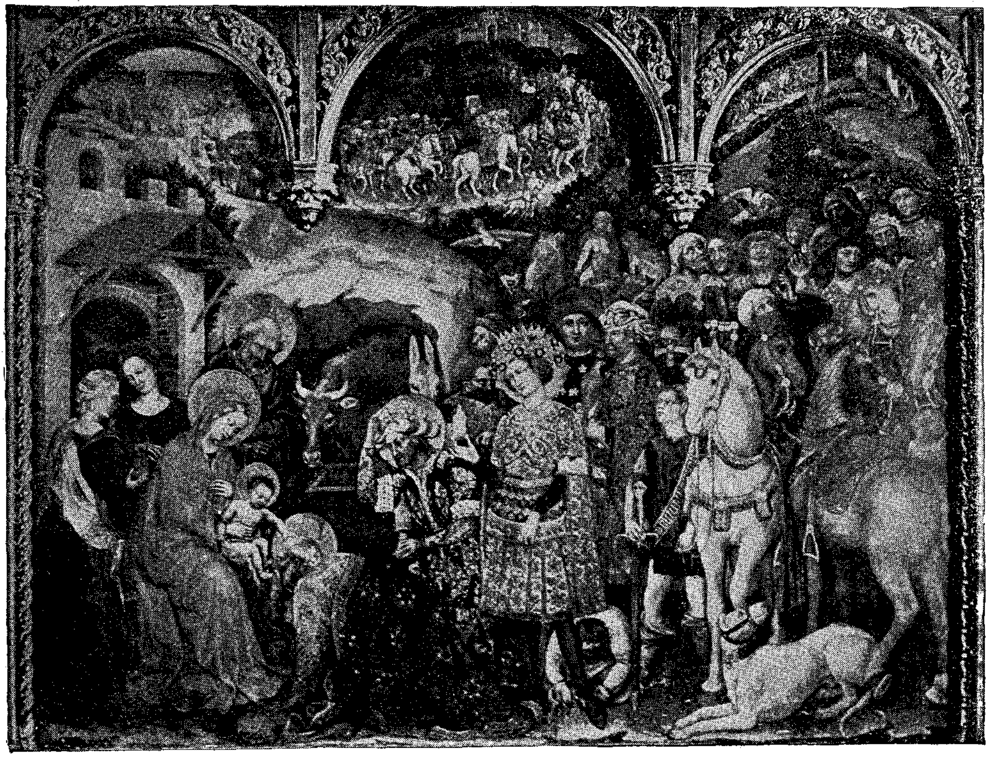
It is to exhibit the course and character of these variations, by picture and description, that the book in question is prepared. Dr. Farrar relates the history of them entertainingly and with considerable fulness, and in doing so he manifests anew that reverent liberality which, more than any other of his eminent qualities, perhaps, is the



MADONNA DOLOROSA (BOTTICELLI).

source of the ready, even affectionate, reception that seems to await every word of his in both America and England. And to illustrate the text there are reproductions of the most significant and impressive of the works of Christian art, from the earliest days, when, under a reserve and reverence that pervaded the whole Christian world, and wherein there is something extremely beautiful, "Christ was only shadowed forth symbolically" in art, down to our own times, when directness and realism in the portrayal of Him have come to an extreme that can, as Dr. Farrar says, "only be regarded as degrading and profane." The result is a book very attractive and instructive to look through as well as to read.

Dr. Farrar modestly disclaims the right to speak simply as a critic, and says that he has written his book not from love of art, deep as his love of art is, but solely because he "wished to illustrate the thoughts about religion, and especially about our Saviour Jesus Christ, of which art has eternized the ever-varying phases." But it is clear that his love of art is intelligent as well as deep; for he has embodied in the book brief expositions of the principal pictures reproduced, full of sympathy and insight. The following article, after some fit introductory paragraphs, is a series of these expositions. For the exclusive privilege of using the passages of which the article is composed, and the pictures accompanying them, we are indebted to the publishers of the book, Messrs. Macmillan & Co.—EDITOR.]



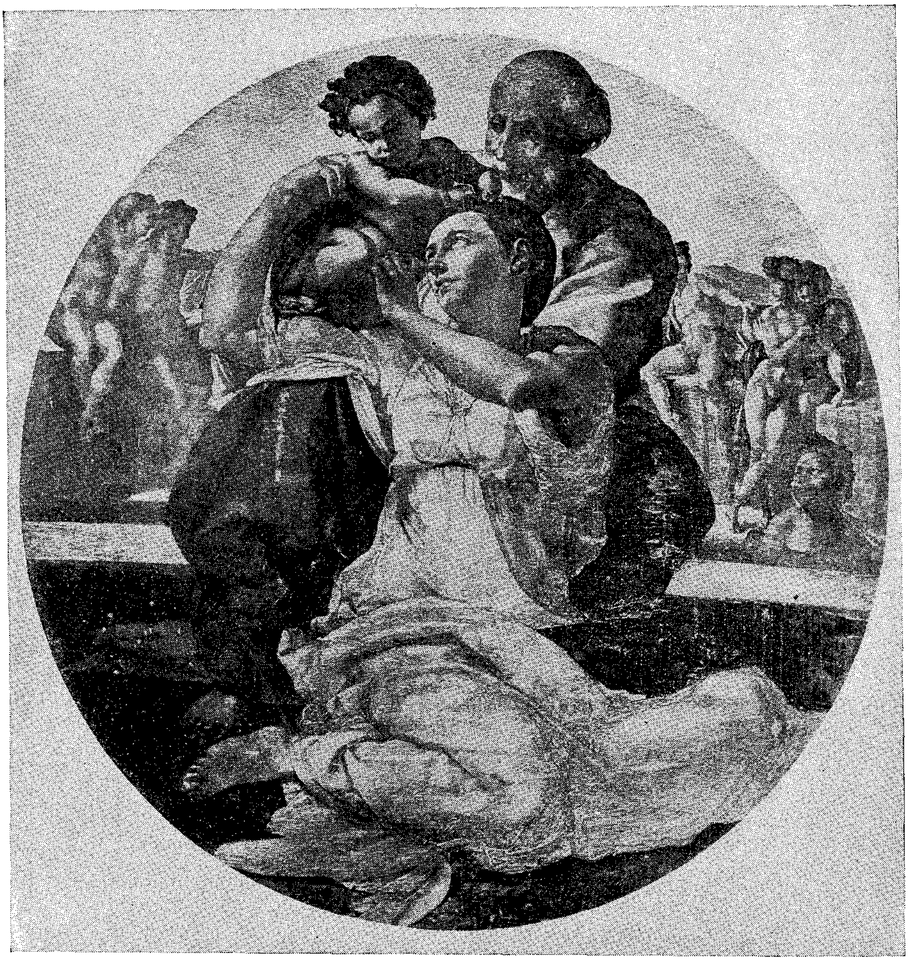
ADORATION OF THE KINGS (GENTILE DA FABRIANO).

THE Virgin Mary occupies a vast space in Christian art, and is inseparably mixed up with her Divine Son as an object of adoration in thousands of paintings executed between the culmination of Byzantinism and the Reformation. This fact alone shows how completely and unconsciously the art of an epoch is the reflection of its beliefs.

Very little is told us in the Gospels, and nothing elsewhere in the New Testament, about the Virgin Mary; but as the Christian ages advanced, she received greater and greater prominence in the thoughts of Christians. The apocryphal Gospels have many legends about her. The devotion with which she was regarded assumed a special development in the fourth and fifth centuries. . . .

If we can rightly appreciate the merits and defects of the chief schools and the chief painters in the representation of the Madonna and Child, we shall have gained no insignificant glimpse into the functions and the history of art. And that for two reasons:

1. In the first place, it was a sort of *test* subject. It evidenced alike the religious feelings of individual painters, and the highest reach to which they could attain. For the Virgin is the human mother of Him who was the Word of God; and in painting the Virgin and Child the painter tried to show all that he could achieve in the expression of humanity at its loveliest, and of the divine in human form. Even if the inspiration of deep religious feeling is absent from the rendering of such a subject, the painter must, at the very lowest, express the sanctity of motherhood and the innocence of infancy; and to do this, and nothing more, may well tax the powers of the most consummate genius.



VIRGIN AND CHILD (MICHAEL ANGELO).

2. In the second place, in every new

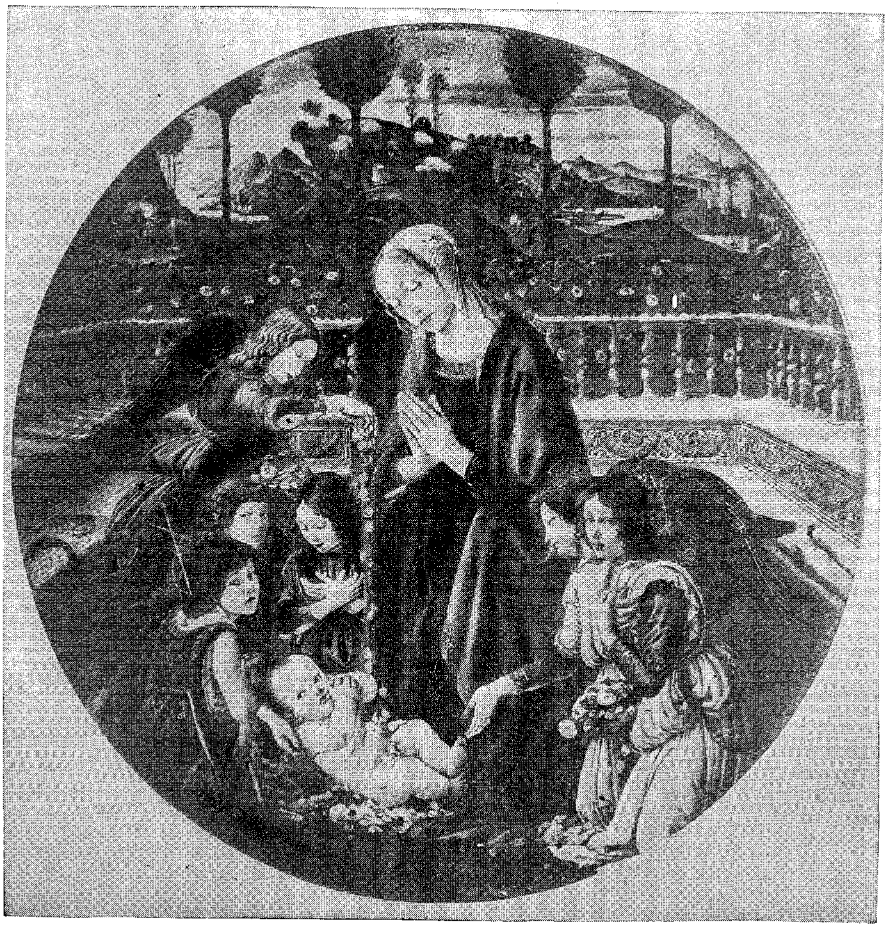
Madonna the painter not only challenged comparison with himself, and with all his contemporaries, but with generations of artists during many centuries. Thus, as Gruyer says in his admirable work, *Les Vierges de Raphael*, "legions of painters are reunited under the banner of Raphael. His Virgins are the sovereign expression of a religious idea, incessantly pursued not only during the two centuries of the Renaissance (the fourteenth and fifteenth), but also by all the Christian generations from the Catacombs down to Giotto." We find "Madonnas" from the second (?) to the fifth century. They become rare from that time till the thirteenth, but were produced by hundreds between 1294 and 1523. The manner in which the subject is treated marks every improvement of process, every change of conception, every powerful influence of individuality, every ripple on the deep ocean of religious life.

. . . .

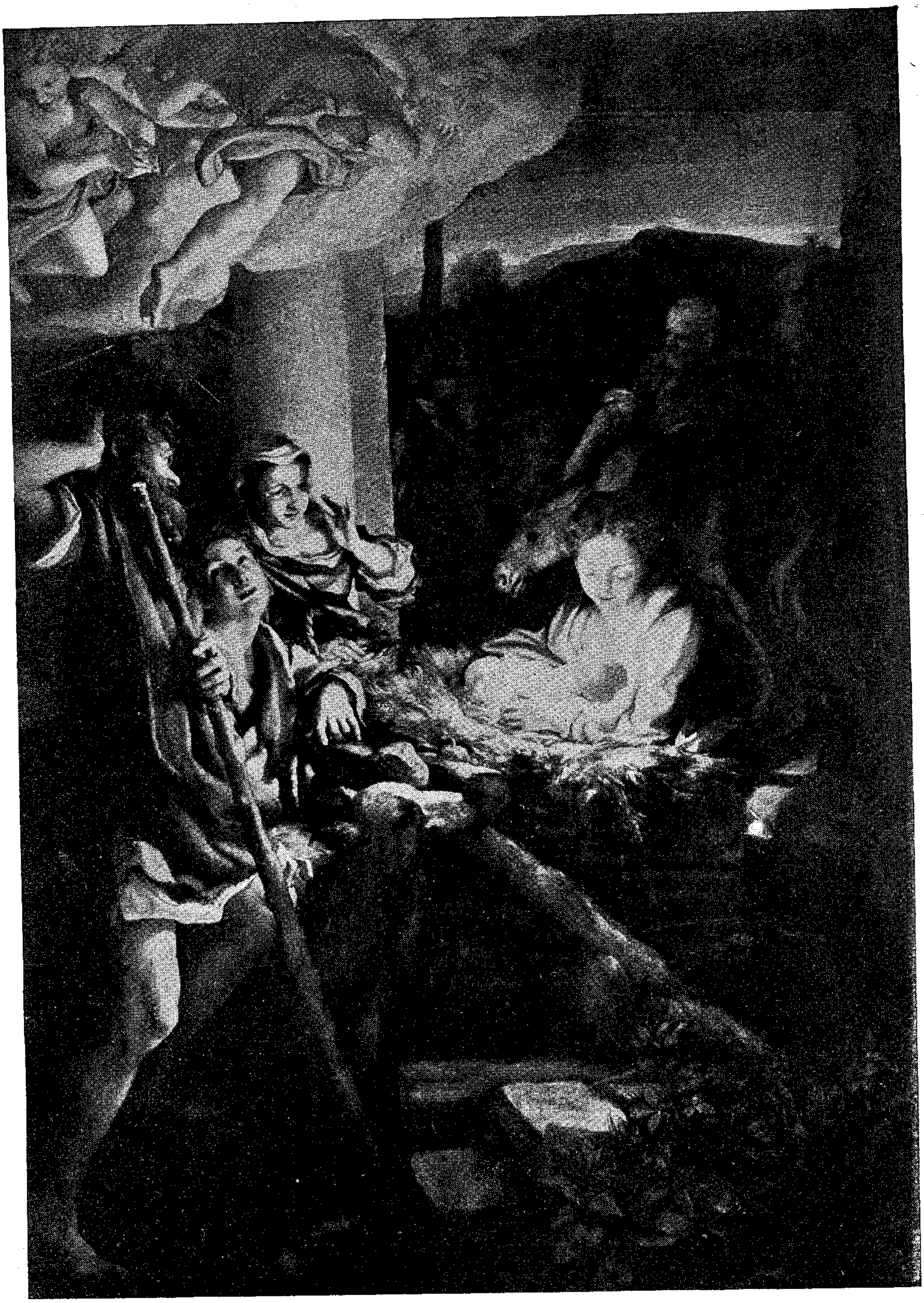
Of the Madonna Dolorosa there are two lovely specimens in our National Gallery.

One of these is the famous *tondo* of Sandro Botticelli [page 76 of this magazine]. Those who only look at his "Spring" or "Venus rising from the Sea" might think that the painter's soul was full of joy; but a picture like this shows how deep and dark were the shadows flung by the Renaissance; how terrible were the troubles stirred up by the feverish unrest of the doubts and passions which it let loose.

In this lovely picture, of which the fascination grows continually on those who gaze at it, the Virgin is giving her breast to the unweaned Child. A long-haired, youthful angel, his face full of sorrow, bows his head and folds his arms in adoration. On the other side, a second angel turns upwards his melancholy gaze towards the Mother. Her eyes and her thoughts are far away. She is not looking at the Child upon her breast; apparently she is not even thinking of Him; or, if she is,

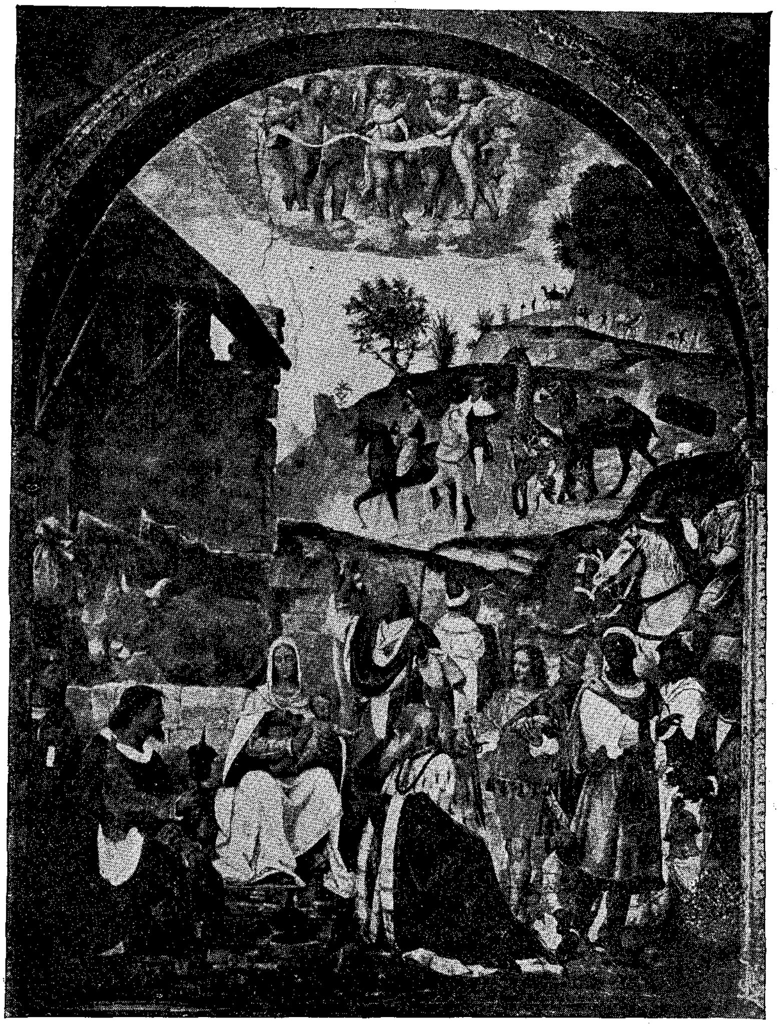


HOLY FAMILY (FILIPPINO LIPPI).



ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS (CORREGGIO). THIS PICTURE IS USUALLY KNOWN AS "LA NOTTE" (THE NIGHT).

she thinks only of His sufferings. Even the angels, lovely as they are, show an almost human despair in their angelic hearts. They are wholly unlike the incarnate Innocencies of Fra Angelico, with their robes of tender hues, and their many-colored, sunlit wings. Still less do they resemble the radiant child-denizens of heaven, as Bellini, Raphael, Francia, Carpaccio, or Boccati painted them. As we look at them, we almost fancy that they will burst into "such tears as angels weep," and that such tears must often have coursed each other down their pale and melancholy cheeks.



ADORATION OF THE MAGI (BERNARDINO LUINI).

Still more pathetic in its hopelessness is the expression of the Virgin. It has none of the fervent passion of maternity, none of the rapt joyance of the Magnificat; but there is an infinite yearning in the far-off gaze. As in Botticelli's Madonna in the Uffizi, this Virgin is bowed down with deepest woe. The large, open eyes seem drowned in tears, as though she were devoting herself and her Son for the human race. Yet, amid her agony, she more than keeps her beauty. "Is not the riddle of the human race contained in such pictures?" asks Gruyer. "Are not these Virgins sad with the unconquerable sadness which man everywhere carries with him, while their brow is radiant at the same time with the hope which constantly reinspires us? This need of infinitude, which momently torments and elevates us, is a sure guarantee of our immortality."

. . . .

Another of Angelo's Madonnas, which is neither religious nor domestic, is in the Uffizi at Florence [page 77]. The powerful figure of the Virgin is kneeling, and she seems to be handing Jesus over her right shoulder into the arms of the aged St. Joseph. The little St. John is walking in a road below the scene, and looks joyously back at the Holy Child. Seated on the wall behind, on either side, are five naked youths—beautiful and powerful figures, but wholly unconnected with the picture, and worse than meaningless. They are a fatal indication that the painter wished chiefly, as Vasari says, "mostrare maggiormente l'arte sua essere grandissima," to show how completely he had mastered the laws of perspective (to which so much attention had been directed by Paolo Uccello), and also his power to represent the nude.

. . . .

The most famous picture of Correggio is *La Notte* [page 79], in the Dresden Gallery. It has all his sweetness and incontestable charm, his mastery of coloring, his sunny softness, his technical skill in chiaroscuro. The light from the Divine Child, as He lies on the straw of the manger, irradiates the happy, smiling features of the Virgin, and dazzles the astonished gaze of the humble shepherdess, who is bringing a pair of turtle-doves. A poor old shepherd is about to shroud his face with his mantle, and the splendid youth by his side turns away in rapturous astonishment. Behind the Virgin, Joseph is tethering the ass, and in the sky a group of angels of exquisite loveliness, but showing the same characteristic foreshortening which made a canon of Parma say to Correggio, after looking at his decoration of the cathedral dome, " Ci avete fatto gauzzetto di rane " (" You have made us a fricassee of frogs ").

. . . .

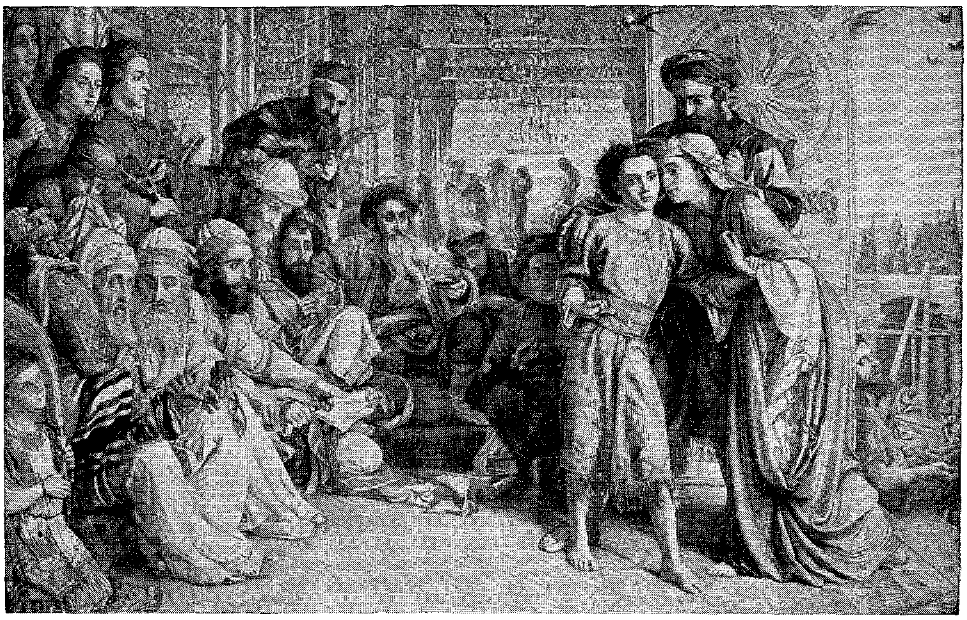
The "Adoration of the Kings" [page 76], by Gentile da Fabriano, in the Academy at Florence, is a truly splendid work, not only rich and bright, but full of feeling. The details are magnificent, and the finish is extraordinary. The hand of the Child, resting on the bald head of the old white-bearded king, who kneels in utter lowliness to kiss His feet, is a marvel of grace, dignity, and pathos.

. . . .

But there is, perhaps, no nobler " Adoration of the Magi " than the fresco by Bernardino Luini at Saronno [page 80]. The beautiful and modest Virgin is leaning against the manger wall, with the ox and ass behind her. The Holy Child with His left hand holds the edge of her veil ; His little right hand blesses a grand old king in robes of ermine and golden chain, whose sword and turban are carried by a beautiful youth. Behind him is the youthful Melchior, who is represented as a fine negro ; Balthazar kneels to present his offering on the other side. One of the attendants shades his eyes from the star which gleams above the stable roof. Down the hillside come others of the retinue leading horses, camels, and a giraffe. A choir of lovely child-angels sing their Christmas carols in the sky.

. . . .

Mr. Holman Hunt's " Finding of Christ in the Temple " [page 81] is undoubtedly one of the most profound and deeply studied religious pictures of this or of any age, and he has treated the subject in a manner which can never be surpassed. The scene is a sort of open *loggia*, approached by steps from the Temple court, and having at one end a gilded latticework. Just outside sits a lame beggar,



FINDING OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE (HOLMAN HUNT).

and in the courtyard below we see the builders at work on Herod's yet unfinished temple, and catch a glimpse of a rejected corner-stone. At the back of this lecture-room a boy is scaring away the intrusive doves with a streamer of silk. In the distance is a seller of animals, and a family has taken a lamb from its ewe to offer at the consecration of a first-born child. The rabbis, seven in number, are seated on a semi-circular divan, and are richly dressed in Eastern costume. The nearest rabbi, blind and very aged, is clasping to his breast a roll of the Thora, and is a type of the Jewish law, already beginning to fall dead and effete in useless formalism. One of the Levite chorister boys behind him is reverently lifting a fold of the Thora covering to kiss it. Three other boys, with their musical instruments, are curiously watching the meeting of the boy Christ with His parents.

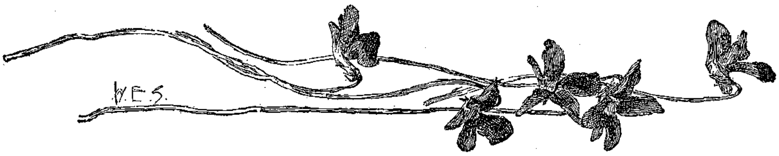
The old blind rabbi has evidently been agitated by some answer of Jesus, and the one next to him holds a phylactery in his hand, and comforts him. The next, a man in the prime of life, has been deeply and favorably struck, and has unrolled the law-scroll on his knee, while he gazes on Christ with earnest thought. The rest are less affected by what they have heard. One of them is about to drink a bowl of wine which an attendant is pouring out for him.

The boy Jesus has just caught sight of Joseph and His mother, and has risen from His seat at the feet of the doctors to salute them. The Virgin draws him towards her with a look of intense and yearning love; but His thoughts are far away. One hand lies passive in her tender grasp, the other is tightening the buckle of His girdle, while he seems to be saying, "How is it that ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be in My Father's House?" He is dressed in the costume which would then have been worn by a peasant boy of Galilee, except that it has a fringe. There is a natural aureole formed by the light passing through the edge of the reddish golden hair, which was a traditional element in the beauty of His ancestor David. Joseph, with his tools, stands behind the Virgin. His right hand seems to hover with infinite awe and tenderness over the shoulders of the Divine Boy.

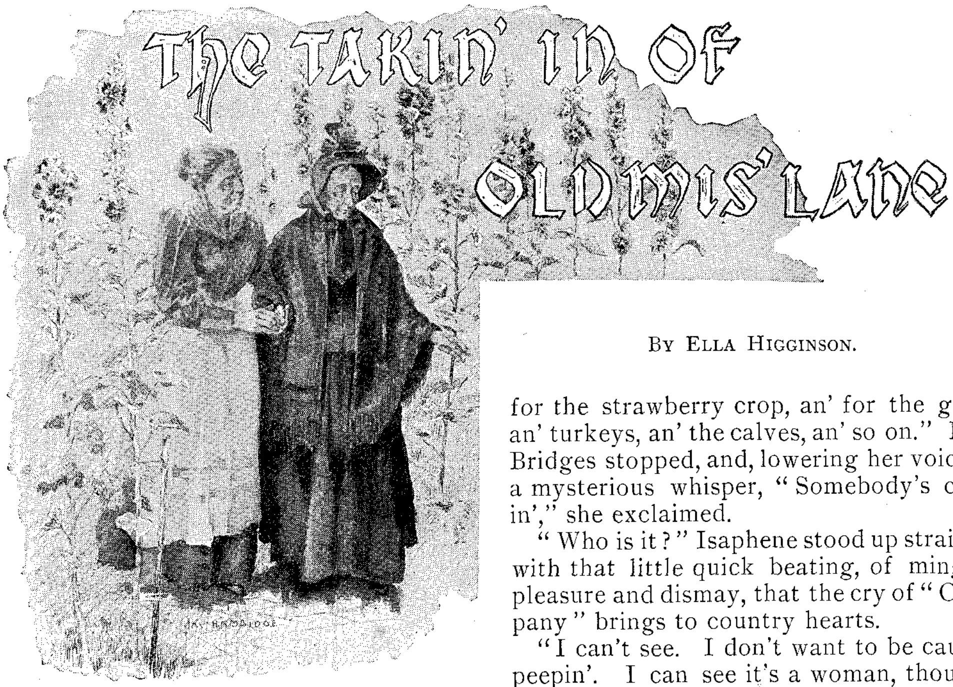
The great aim of the painter in this picture has been to avoid all mere prettiness, all touch of effeminacy, in the figure of the boy Christ. He wished to represent Him as ready, gentle, manly; full of the most heavenly thoughts, yet meek and lowly, and desiring to be reverent to His earthly parents. He has been eminently successful. No mediæval painter—not even L. da Vinci, or Luini, or Raphael—ever painted so pure an ideal of the boy Christ, or produced any rendering of this favorite subject so thorough or so perfect. As we look at it, we can say:

"This, this is *Thou!* No idle painter's dream
Of aureoled, imaginary Christ,
Laden with attributes that make not God,
But Jesus, Son of Mary, lowly, wise,
Obedient, subject unto parents, mild,
Meek—as the meek that shall inherit earth;
Pure—as the pure in heart that shall see God."

—MISS MULOCK.



The Takin' in of Old Mis' Lane



By Ella Higginson.

"WELL, I guess I might 's well string them beans for dinner before I clean up," said Mrs. Bridges.

She took a large milkpan full of beans from the table, and sat down by the window.

"Isaphene," she said, presently, "what do you say to an organ an' a horse an' buggy—a horse with some style about him, that you could ride or drive, an' that 'u'd always be up when you wanted to go to town?"

"What do I say?" Isaphene was making a cake, and beating the mixture with a long-handled tin spoon. She had reddish-brown hair, that swept away from her brow and temples in waves so deep you could have lost your finger in any one of them; and good, honest, gray eyes, and a mouth that was worth kissing. She wore a blue cotton gown that looked as if it had just left the ironing table. Her sleeves were rolled to her elbows. She turned and looked at her mother as if she feared one of them had lost her senses; then she returned to the cake-beating with an air of good-natured disdain.

"Oh, you can smile an' turn your head on one side, but you'll whistle another tune before long, or I'll miss my guess. Isaphene, I've been savin' up chicken and butter money ever since we come to Puget Sound; then I've always got the money for the strawberry crop, an' for the geese an' turkeys, an' the calves, an' so on." Mrs. Bridges stopped, and, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, "Somebody's comin'," she exclaimed.

"Who is it?" Isaphene stood up straight, with that little quick beating, of mingled pleasure and dismay, that the cry of "Company" brings to country hearts.

"I can't see. I don't want to be caught peepin'. I can see it's a woman, though; she's just passin' the row of chrysyanthums. Can't you stoop down an' peep? She won't see you 'way over there by the table."

Isaphene stooped, and peered cautiously through the wild cucumber vines that climbed over the kitchen window.

"Oh, it's Mis' Hanna!"

"My goodness! An' the way this house looks! You'll have to bring her out here in the kitchen, too. I s'pose she's come to spen' the day—she's got her bag, ain't she?"

"Yes. What'll we have for dinner? I ain't goin' to cut this cake for her. I want this for Sunday."

"Why, we've got corn' beef to boil, an' a head o' cabbage, an' these here beans; an' there's potatoes; an' watermelon perserves. An' you can make a custard pie. I guess that's a good enough dinner for her. There! She's knockin'! Open the door, can't you! Well, 'f I ever! Look at that grease spot on the floor!"

"Well, I didn't spill it."

"Who did, then, missy?"

"Well, *I* never."

Isaphene went to the front door, returning presently, followed by a tall, thin lady.

"Here's Mis' Hanna, maw," she said, with the air of having made a pleasant discovery. Mrs. Bridges got up, very much surprised to find who her visitor was,

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NOTE.—This story, in the McClure prize story contest, closed some months ago, was awarded the prize of $500, the highest of the five prizes offered. The author lives at New Whatcom, in the State of Washington.—EDITOR.

and shook hands with exaggerated delight.

"Well, I'll declare! It's really you, is it? At last? Well, set right down an' take off your things. Isaphene, take Mis' Hanna's things. My! ain't it warm, walkin'?"

"It is so." The visitor gave her bonnet to Isaphene, dropping her black mitts into it after rolling them carefully together. "But it's always nice an' cool in your kitchen." Her eyes wandered about with a look of unabashed curiosity that took in everything. "I brought my crochet with me."

"I'm glad you did. You'll have to excuse the looks o' things. Any news?"

"None perticular." Mrs. Hanna began to crochet, holding the work close to her face. "Ain't it too bad about poor old Mis' Lane?"

"What about her?" Mrs. Bridges snapped a bean into three pieces, and looked at her visitor with a kind of pleased expectancy, as if almost any news, however dreadful, would be welcome as a relief to the monotony of existence. "Is she dead?"

"No, she ain't dead; but the poor old creature 'd better be. She's got to go to the poor-farm, after all."

There was silence in the kitchen, save for the click of the crochet-needle and the snapping of the beans. A soft wind came in the window and drummed with the lightest of touches on Mrs. Bridges's temple. It brought all the sweets of the old-fashioned flower-garden with it—the mingled breaths of mignonette, stock, sweet lavender, sweet peas, and clove pinks. The whole kitchen was filled with the fragrance. And what a big, cheerful kitchen it was! Mrs. Bridges contrasted it unconsciously with the poor-farm kitchen, and almost shivered, warm though the day was.

"What's her children about?" she asked, sharply.

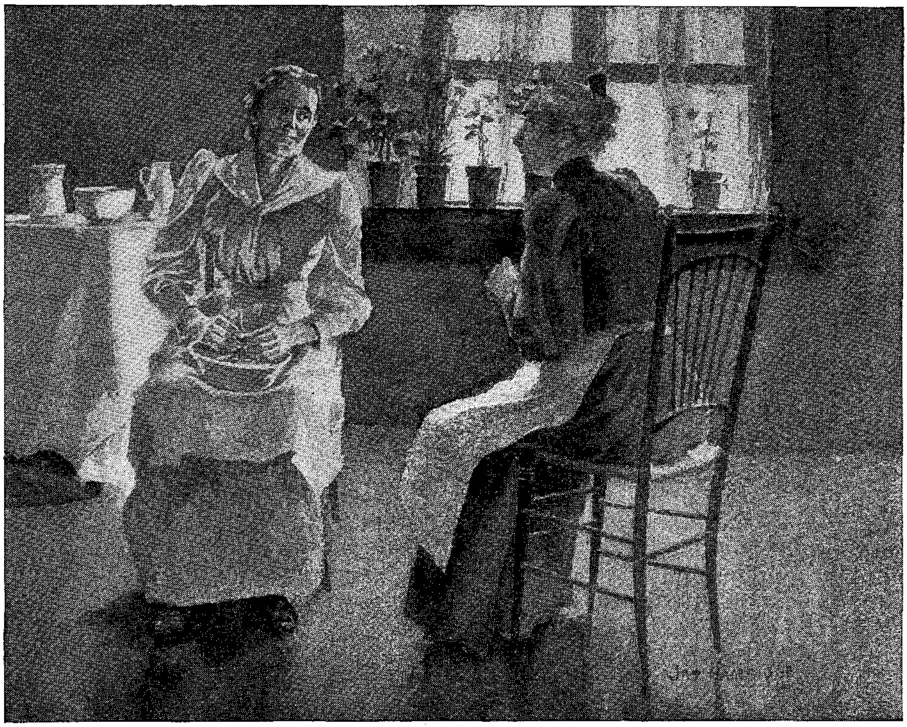
"Oh, her children!" said Mrs. Hanna, with a contemptuous air. "What does her children amount to, I'd like to know!"

"Her son's got a good comf'terble house an' farm."

"Well, what if he has? He got it with his wife, didn't he? An' M'lissy wont let his poor old mother set foot inside the house. I don't say as she is a pleasant body to have about—she's cross an' sick most all the time, an' childish. But that ain't sayin' her children oughtn't to put up with her disagreeableness."

"She's got a married daughter, ain't she?"

"Yes, she's got a married daughter." Mrs. Hanna closed her lips tightly together and looked as if she might say something, if she chose, that would create a sensation.



"AIN'T IT TOO BAD ABOUT POOR OLD MIS' LANE?"

"Well, ain't she got a good enough home to keep her mother in?"

"Yes, she has. But she got *her* home along with her husband, an' he won't have the old soul any more 'n M'lissy would."

There was another silence. Isaphene had put the cake in the oven. She knelt on the floor and opened the door very softly now and then, to see that it was not browning too fast. The heat from the oven had crimsoned her face and arms.

"Guess you'd best put a piece o' paper on top o' that cake," said her mother. "It smells kind o' burny like."

"It's all right, maw."

Mrs. Bridges looked out the window.

"Ain't my flowers doin' well, though, Mis' Hanna?

"They are that. When I come up the walk I couldn't help thinkin' of poor old Mis' Lane."

"What's that got to do with her?" There was resentment bristling in Mrs. Bridges's tone and glance.

Mrs. Hanna stopped crocheting, but held her hands stationary in the air, and looked over them in surprise at her questioner.

"Why, she ust to live here, you know."

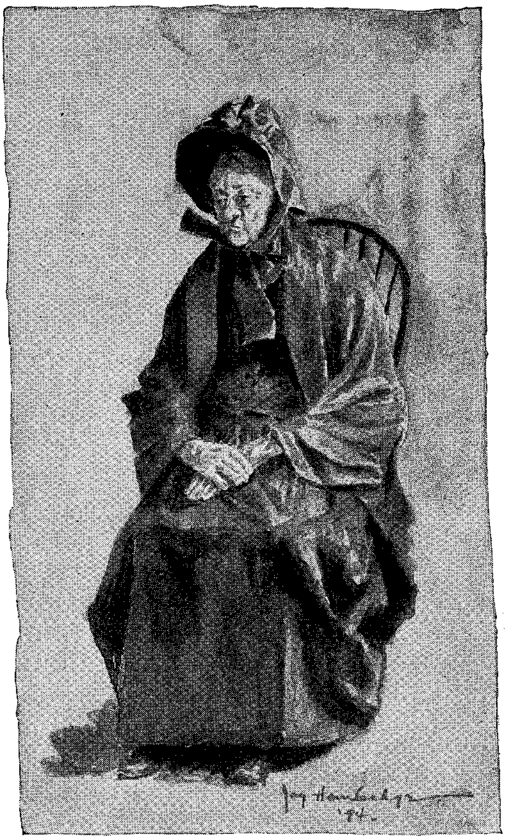
"She did! In this house?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you know that? Oh, they ust to be right well off 'n her husband's time. I visited here consid'rable. My! the good things she always had to eat! It makes my mouth water to think of them."

"Hunh! I'm sorry I can't give you as good as she did," said Mrs. Bridges, stiffly.

"Well, as if you didn't! You set a beautiful table, Mis' Bridges, an', what's more, that's your reputation all over. Everybody says that about you."

Mrs. Bridges smiled deprecatingly, with a faint blush of pleasure.



POOR OLD MIS' LANE.

"They do, Mis' Bridges. I just told you about Mis' Lane because you'd never think it now of the poor old creature. An' such flowers 's she ust to have on both sides that walk! Larkspurs an' sweet-williams an' bachelor's-buttons an' pumgranates an' mournin' widows, an' all kinds. Guess you didn't know she set out that pink cabbage-rose at the north end o' the front porch, did you? An' that hop-vine that you've got trained over your parlor window—set that out, too. An' that row of young alders between here an' the barn—she set them all out with her own hands; dug the holes herself. It's funny she never told you she lived here."

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Bridges, slowly and thoughtfully.

"It's a wonder she never broke down an' cried when she was visitin' here. She can't mention the place without cryin'."

A dull red came into Mrs. Bridges's face.

"She never visited here."

"Never visited here!" Mrs. Hanna laid her crochet and her hands in her lap, and stared. "Why, she visited everywhere. That's the way she managed to keep out o' the poor-house so long. Everybody was real consid'rate about invitin' her. But I expect she didn't like to come here, because she thought so much of the place."

Isaphene looked over her shoulder at her mother, but the look was not returned. The beans were sputtering nervously into the pan.

"Ain't you got about enough, maw?" she said. "That pan seems to be gettin' hefty."

"Yes, I guess." She got up, brushing the strings off her apron, and set the pan on the table. "I'll watch the cake now, Isaphene. You put the beans on in the pot to boil. Put a piece o' that salt pork in with 'em. Better get 'em on right away. It's pret' near eleven. Ain't this oven too hot with the door shet?"

Then the pleasant preparations for dinner went on. The beans soon began to boil, and an appetizing odor floated through the kitchen. Then the potatoes were pared—big, white fellows, smooth and long—with a sharp, thin knife, round and round and round, each without a break until the whole paring had curled itself about Isaphene's pretty arm to the elbow. The cabbage was chopped finely for the cold-slaw, and the vinegar and butter set on the stove in a saucepan to heat. Then Mrs. Bridges began to set the table, covering it first with a red cloth having a white border and fringe. In the middle of the table she placed an uncommonly large, six-bottled caster.

"I guess you'll excuse a red tablecloth, Mis' Hanna. The men-folks get their shirt-sleeves so dirty out 'n the fields that you can't keep a white one clean no time."

"I use red ones myself most the time," replied Mrs. Hanna, crocheting industriously. "It saves washin'. I guess poor old Mis' Lane 'll have to see the old place after all these years; they'll take her right past here to the poor-farm."

Mrs. Bridges set on the table a white plate holding a big square of yellow butter, and stood looking through the open door, down the path, with its tall hollyhocks and scarlet poppies on either side. Between the house and the barn some wild mustard had grown, thick and tall, and was now drifting, like a golden cloud, against the pale blue sky. Butterflies were throbbing through the air, and grasshoppers were crackling everywhere. It was all very pleasant and peaceful; while the comfortable house and barns, the wide fields stretching away to the forest, and the cattle feeding on the hillside gave a look of prosperity. Mrs. Bridges wondered how she would feel—after having loved the place—riding by to the poor-farm. Then she pulled herself together and said, sharply:

"I'm afraid you feel a draught, Mis' Hanna, settin' so clost to the door."

"Oh, my, no; I like it. I like lots o' fresh air. If I didn't have six childern an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself."

"Take who?" Mrs. Bridges's voice rasped as she asked the question. Isaphene paused on her way to the pantry, and looked at Mrs. Hanna with deeply thoughtful eyes.

"Why, Mis' Lane—who else?—before I'd let her go to the poor-farm."

"Well, I think her children ought to be made to take care of her!" Mrs. Bridges went on setting the table with brisk, angry movements. "That's what I think about it. The law ought to take holt of it."

"Well, you see the law *has* took holt of it," said Mrs. Hanna, with a grim smile. "It seems a shame that there ain't somebody 'n the neighborhood that 'u'd take her in. She ain't much expense, but a good deal o' trouble. She's sick, in an' out o' bed, nigh onto all the time. My opinion is she's been soured by all her troubles; an' that if somebody 'u'd only take her an' be kind to her, her temper'ment 'u'd emprove wonderful. She's always mighty grateful for every little chore you do her. It just makes my heart ache to think o' her goin' to the poor-farm!"

Mrs. Bridges shut her lips tightly together; all the softness and irresolution went out of her face.

"Well, I'm sorry for her," she said, with an air of dismissing a disagreeable subject; "but the world's full o' troubles, an' if you cried over all o' them you'd be cryin' all the time. Isaphene, you go out an' blow that dinner-horn. I see the men folks ev got the horses about foddered."

"I'm thinkin' about buyin' a horse an' buggy," she announced, with sternly repressed triumph, when the girl had gone out. "An' an organ. Isaphene's been wantin' one, an' I don't believe her paw'll ever get worked up to the pitch o' gettin' it for her. But I've got some money laid by. I'd like to see his eyes when he comes home an' finds a bran new buggy with a top an' all, an' a horse that he can't hetch to a plough, no matter how bad he wants to! I ain't sure but I'll get a phaeton."

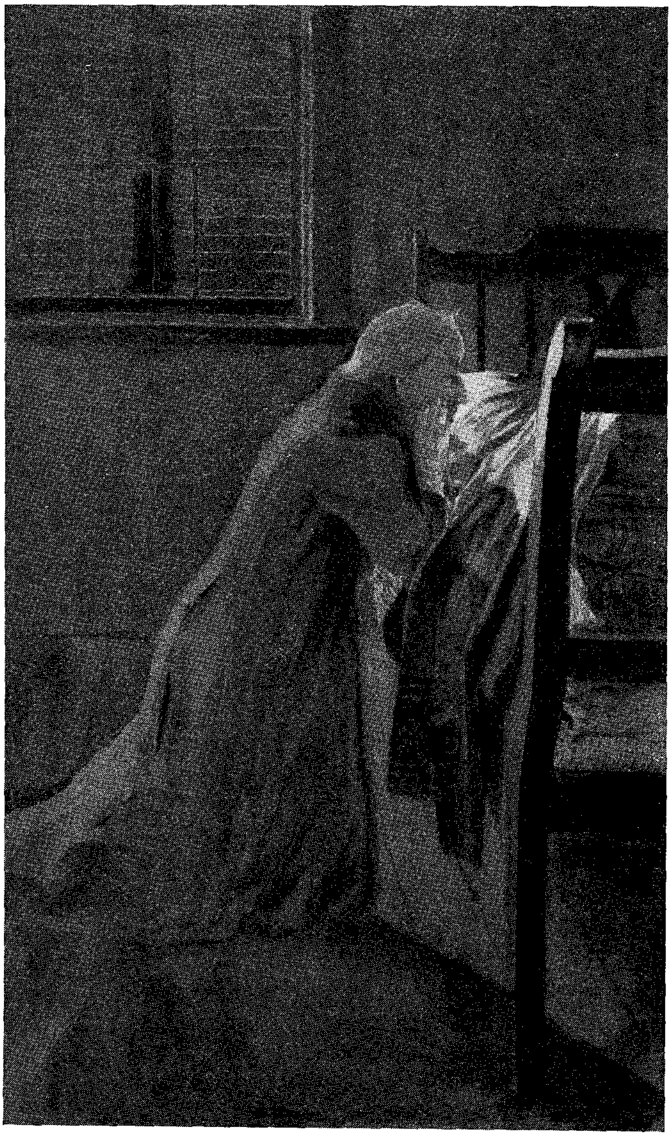
"They ain't as strong, but they're handy to get in an' out of—'specially for old, trembly knees."

"I ain't so old that I'm trembly."

"Oh, my—no," said Mrs. Hanna, with a little start. "I was just thinkin' mebbe sometimes you'd go out to the poor-farm an' take poor old Mis' Lane for a little ride. It ain't more'n five miles, is it? She ust to have a horse an' buggy o' her own. Somehow, I can't get her off o' my mind at all to-day. I just heard about her 's I was startin' for your house."

The men came to the house, pausing on the back porch to clean their boots on the scraper, and wash their hands and faces with water dipped from the rain-barrel. Their faces shone like brown marble when they came in.

It was five o'clock when Mrs. Hanna, with a sigh, began rolling the lace she had crocheted around the spool, preparatory to taking her departure.



—"BLESS THESE KIND PEOPLE—BLESS 'EM, OH, LORD GOD!"

"Well," she said, "I must go. I had no idy it was so late. How the time does go, talkin'. Just see how well I've done—crocheted full a yard since dinner-time! My! how pretty that hop-vine looks. 'T makes awful nice shade, too. I guess when Mis' Lane planted 't she thought she'd be settin' under it herself to-day—she took such pleasure in it."

The ladies were sitting on the front porch. It was cool and fragrant out there. The shadow of the house reached almost to the gate now. The bees had been drinking too many sweets—greedy fellows! and were lying in the red poppies, droning stupidly. A soft wind was blowing from Puget Sound and turning over the clover leaves, making here a billow of dark green and there one of light green; it was setting loose the perfume of the blossoms, too, and sifting silken thistle-needles through the air. Along the fence was a hedge, eight feet high, of the beautiful ferns that grow luxuriantly in western Washington. The pasture across the lane was a tangle of royal color, being massed in with golden-rod, pink-weed, yarrow, purple thistles, and field daisies; the cottonwoods that lined the creek at the side of the house were snowing. There was a wild syringa near the gate, throwing out spray upon spray of white, delicately scented, gold-hearted flowers.

Mrs. Bridges arose and followed her guest into the spare bedroom.

"When they goin' to take her to the poor-farm?" she asked, abruptly.

"Day after to-morrow. Ain't it awful? It just makes me sick to think about it. I couldn't 'a' eat a bite o' dinner 'f I'd stayed at home, just for thinkin' about it. They say the poor old creature ain't done nothin' but cry an' moan sence she know'd she'd got to go."

"Here's your bag," said Mrs. Bridges. "Do you want I should tie your veil?"

"No, thanks; I guess I won't put it on. If I didn't have such a big fam'ly, an' my own mother to keep, I'd take her myself b'fore I'd see her go to the poor-house. If I had a small fam'ly an' plenty o' room, I declare my conscience wouldn't let me rest, no way."

A dull red glow spread slowly over Mrs. Bridges's face.

"Well, I guess you needn't keep hintin' for me to take her," she said, sharply.

"*You!*" Mrs. Hanna uttered the word in a tone that was an unintentional insult; in fact, Mrs. Bridges affirmed afterward that her look of astonishment, and, for that matter, her whole air of dazed incredulity, were insulting. "I never once thought o' *you*," she said, with an earnestness that could not be doubted.

"Why not o' me?" demanded Mrs. Bridges, showing something of her resentment. "What you been talkin' about her all day for, 'f you wasn't hintin' for me to take her in?"

"I never thought o' such a thing," repeated her visitor, still looking rather helplessly dazed. "I talked about it because it was on my mind, heavy, too; an', I guess, because I wanted to talk my conscience down."

Mrs. Bridges cooled off a little, and began to drum on the bedpost with her rough fingers.

"Well, if you wasn't hintin'," she said, in a conciliatory tone, "it's all right. You kep' harpin' on the same string till I thought you was; an' it riles me awful to be hinted at. I'll take anything right out to my face, so 's I can answer it, but I won't be hinted at. But why"—having rid herself of the grievance she at once swung around to the insult—"why *didn't* you think o' me?"

Mrs. Hanna cleared her throat and began to unroll her mitts.

"Well, I don't know just why," she said, helplessly. She drew the mitts on, smoothing them well up over her thin wrists. "I don't know why. I'd thought o' most everybody 'n town—but you never come into my head *onct*. I was 's innocent o' hintin' 's a baby unborn."

Mrs. Bridges drew a long breath noiselessly.

"Well," she said absent-mindedly, "come again, Mis' Hanna. An' be sure you always fetch your work an' stay the afternoon."

"Well, I will. But it's your turn to come now. Where's Is'phene?"

"I guess she's makin' a fire 'n the cookstove to get supper."

"Well, tell her to come over an' stay all night with Julia some night."

Mrs. Bridges went into the kitchen and sat down, rather heavily, in a chair. Her face wore a puzzled expression.

"Isaphene, did you hear what we was a-sayin' in the bedroom?"

"Yes—most of it, I guess."

"Well, what do you s'pose was the reason she never thought o' me takin' Mis' Lane in?"

"Why, you never thought o' takin' her in yourself, did you?" said Isaphene, turning down the damper of the stove with a clatter. "I don't see how anybody else 'u'd think of it when you didn't yourself."

"Well, don't you think it was awful impudent in her to say that, anyhow?"

"No, I don't. She told the truth."

"Why ought they to think o' everybody takin' her exceptin' me, I'd like to know?"

"Because everybody else, I s'pose, have thought of it theirselves. The neighbors have all been chippin' in to help her for years. You never done nothin' for her, did you? You never invited her to visit here, did you?"

"No, I never. But that ain't no sayin' I wouldn't take her 's quick 's the rest of 'em. They ain't none of 'em takin' her very fast, be they?"

"No, they ain't," said Isaphene, facing her mother and looking at her steadily; "they ain't one of 'em but's got their hands full—no spare room, an' lots o' childern or their own folks to take care of."

"Hunh!" said Mrs. Bridges. She began chopping some cold boiled beef for hash.

"I don't believe I'll sleep to-night for thinkin' about it," she said, after a while.

"I won't neither, maw. I wish she wasn't goin' right by here."

"So do I."

After a long silence Mrs. Bridges said, "I don't s'pose your paw 'd hear to our takin' her in."

"I guess he'd hear to 't if we would," said Isaphene, dryly.

"Well, we can't do 't, that's all there is about it," announced Mrs. Bridges, with a great air of having made up her mind. Isaphene did not reply. She was slicing potatoes to fry, and she seemed to agree silently with her mother's decision. Presently, however, Mrs. Bridges said, in a less determined tone, "There's no place to put her exceptin' the spare room, an we can't get along without that, no ways."

"No," said Isaphene, in a non-committal tone.

Mrs. Bridges stopped chopping and looked thoughtfully out the door.

"There's this room openin' out o' the kitchen," she said, slowly. "It's nice an' big an' sunny. It 'u'd be handy 'n winter, too, bein' right off the kitchen. But it ain't furnished."

"No," said Isaphene, "it ain't."

"An' I know your paw wouldn't furnish it."

Isaphene laughed. "No, I guess not," she said.

"Well, there's no use a-thinkin' about it, Isaphene; we just can't take her. Better get them potatoes on; I see the men-folks comin' up to the barn."

The next morning after breakfast Isaphene said suddenly, as she stood washing dishes, "Maw, I guess you better take the organ money an' furnish up that room."

Mrs. Bridges turned so sharply she dropped the turkey-wing with which she was polishing off the stove.

"You don't never mean it," she gasped.

"Yes, I do. I know we'd both feel better to take her in than to take in an organ"— they both laughed rather foolishly at the poor joke. "You can furnish the room real comfter'ble with what it 'u'd take to buy an organ; an' we can get the horse an' buggy, too."

"Oh, Isaphene, I've never meant but what you should have an organ! No, I won't never spen' that money for nothin' but an organ—so you can just shet up about it."

"I want a horse an' buggy worse, maw. We can get a horse that I can ride too. An' we'll get a phaeton, so's we can take Mis' Lane to church an 'round." Then she added, with a regular masterpiece of diplomacy, "We'll show the neighbors that when we do take people in, we take 'em in all over."

"Oh, Isaphene," said her mother, weakly, "wouldn't it just astonish 'em!"

It was ten o'clock of the following morning when Isaphene ran in and announced that she heard wheels coming up the lane. Mrs. Bridges paled a little and breathed quickly as she got her bonnet and went out to the gate. A red spring wagon was coming slowly toward her, drawn by a single horse. The driver was half asleep on the front seat. Behind, in a low chair, sat old Mrs. Lane; she was stooping over, her elbows on her knees, her gray head bowed.

Mrs. Bridges held up her hand, and the driver pulled in the not reluctant horse.

"How d'you do, Mis' Lane? I want you should come in an' visit me a while."

The old creature lifted her trembling head and looked at Mrs. Bridges; then she saw the old house, half hidden by vines and flowers, and her dim eyes filled with bitter tears.

"We ain't got time to stop, ma'am," said the driver, politely. "I'm a-takin' her to the county," he added, in a lower tone, but not so low that the old woman did not hear.

"You'll have to make time," said Mrs. Bridges, bluntly. "You get down an' help her out. You don't have to wait. When I'm ready for her to go to the county, I'll take her myself."

Not understanding in the least, but realizing, as he said afterwards, that she "meant business" and wasn't the kind to be fooled with, the man obeyed with alacrity.

"Now you lean all your heft on me," said Mrs. Bridges, kindly. She put her arm around the old woman and led her up the hollyhock path, and through the house into the pleasant kitchen.

"Isaphene, you pull that big chair over here where it's cool. Now, Mis' Lane, you set right down an' rest."

Mrs. Lane wiped the tears from her face with an old cotton handkerchief. She tried to speak, but the sobs had to be swallowed down too fast. At last she said, in a choked voice: "It's awful good in you—to let me see the old place—once more. The Lord bless you—for it! But I'm most sorry I stopped—seems now 's if I—just *couldn't* go on now."

"Well, you ain't goin' on," said Mrs. Bridges, while Isaphene went to the door and stood looking toward the hill with drowned eyes. "This is our little joke—Isaphene's an' mine. This'll be your home 's long 's its our'n. An' you're goin' to have this nice big room right off the kitchen, 's soon 's we can furnish it up. We'll have to put you in the spare room for a week or two, though. An' we're goin' to get a horse an' buggy—a *low* buggy, so 's you can get in an' out easy like—an' take you to church an' all 'round."

That night, after Mrs. Bridges had put Mrs. Lane to bed and told her good-night, she went out on the front porch and sat down; but presently, remembering that she had not put a candle in the room, she went back, opening the door noiselessly, not to disturb her. Then she stood perfectly still. The old creature had got out of the bed and was kneeling beside it, her face buried in her hands.

"Oh, Lord God," she was saying aloud, "bless these kind people—bless 'em, oh, Lord God! Hear a poor old mis'rable soul's prayer, an' bless 'em! An' if they've ever done a sinful thing, oh, Lord God, forgive 'em for it, because they've kep' me out o' the poor-house——"

Mrs. Bridges shut the door, and stood sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What's the matter, maw?" said Isaphene, coming up suddenly.

"Never you mind what's the matter," said her mother, sharply, to conceal her emotion. "You go to bed, missy, an' don't bother your head about what's the matter with me."

Then she went down the hall and entered her own room, and Isaphene heard the key turned in the lock.

THE OVERTHROW OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

STORIES FROM THE ARCHIVES OF THE PINKERTON DETECTIVE AGENCY.

By Cleveland Moffett.

SOME twenty years ago five counties in eastern Pennsylvania were dominated, terrorized, by a secret organization, thousands strong, whose special purpose was to rob, burn, pillage, and kill. Find on the map that marvellous mineral country, as large as Delaware, which lies between the Blue Mountains on the south and the arm of the Susquehanna on the north, and there you will see what was the home of these banded outlaws, the merciless Molly Maguires. Look in Carbon County for Mauch Chunk, with its towering hills and picturesque ravines, and from there draw a line westward through Schuylkill County and into Northumberland County as far as Shamokin. This line might well be called the red axis of violence, for it cuts through Mount Carmel, Centralia, Raven Run, Mahanoy Plane, Girardville, Shenandoah, Tamaqua, Tuscarora, and Summit Hill, towns all abounding in hateful memories of the Molly Maguires. Now, on this line as a long diameter, construct an egg-shaped figure, to include in its upper boundary Wilkesbarre in Luzerne County and Bloomsburg in Columbia County, and on its lower to pass somewhat to the south of Pottsville. Your egg will be about fifty miles long and forty miles across, and will cover scores of thriving communities that once were the haunts of the murderers and ruffians who polluted with their crimes this fair treasure garden of a great State.

Such was the situation when the Centennial Exhibition was opening its gates to enthusiastic millions. A scant hundred miles separated the City of Brotherly Love from these tormented centres of violence. But what a contrast! Here a proud metropolis was gay with flags and illuminations; there the mountains mourned in the ashes of poor men's homes. Here sounded rejoicing bells and cannons; there were heard the groans of victims butchered. Here were grand parades, and hurrahing multitudes; there lurked bands of armed assassins, defying alike the laws of man and God, and leaving behind them everywhere curses, and tears, and blood. The condition of things in Schuylkill, Carbon, Luzerne, Columbia, and Northumberland Counties, in this glorious year of grace 1876, was horrible to contemplate. And meantime the nation's orators at Philadelphia were blowing themselves red in the face at the trumpets of self-praise!

The origin and development of the Molly Maguires will always present a hard problem to the social philosopher, who will, perhaps, find some subtle relation between crime and coal. One understands the act of an ordinary murderer who kills from greed, or fear, or hatred; but the Molly Maguires killed men and women with whom they had had no dealings, against whom they had no personal grievances, and from whose death they had nothing to gain, except, perhaps, the price of a few rounds of whiskey. They committed murders by the score, stupidly, brutally, as a driven ox turns to left or right at the word of command, without knowing why, and without caring. The men who decreed these monstrous crimes did so for the most trivial reasons—a reduction in wages, a personal dislike, some imagined grievance of a friend. These were sufficient to call forth an order to burn a house where women and children were sleeping, to shoot down in cold blood an employer or fellow workman, to lie in wait for an officer of the law and club him to death. In the trial of one of them, Mr. Franklin B. Gowen described the reign of these ready murderers as a time "when men retired to their homes at eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and no one ventured beyond the precincts of his own door; when every man engaged in any enterprise of magnitude, or connected with industrial pursuits, left his home in the morning with his hand upon his pistol, unknowing whether he would again return alive; when the very foundations of society were being overturned."

In vain the officials of the Philadelphia and Reading and Lehigh Valley Railroads, whose lines spread over this region like huge arteries, offered thousands of dollars in rewards for the apprehension of the criminals. In vain Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, fought the Molly Maguires with the whole power of the Catholic Church, issuing an edict excommunicating all members of the organization, depriving them of all spiritual benefits, and refusing them burial in Catholic cemeteries. In vain the Catholic priests throughout the five counties, under Father Bridgeman, of Girardville, seeing that not even the Church's curse could check the course of crime, formed an organization popularly called the "Sheet Irons," which was to oppose the Molly Maguires politically and in every possible way. In vain reputable citizens in almost every town, formed and armed committees of vigilantes, who were to take the law into their own hands, inasmuch as the forces of the law were paralyzed. All was of no avail; public offices remained in the hands of ruffians; the same fierce crimes persisted; people were assaulted, robbed, and murdered with increasing frequency.

JAMES McPARLAND.

DETECTIVE McPARLAND DETAILED.

In 1873 Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, then president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, took counsel with Allan Pinkerton in regard to the matter. "It was owing to Mr. Gowen," says Mr. Robert A. Pinkerton in a recent letter, "that the Molly Maguire organization was broken up. Mr. Gowen, when a young man, had been District Attorney of Schuylkill County, and, while occupying this office, had found great difficulty in convicting men accused of crimes, as the Mollys would swear to alibis for any of their members arrested. When he afterwards became the president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, in order to protect its interests, and its employees, and the managers and superintendents of the mines which it owned, he found it necessary to break up this organization, and it was then he consulted Mr. Allan Pinkerton."

"I have the very man for you," said Allan Pinkerton, the man to whom he referred being James McParland. Like his employer, James McParland had become a detective by accident. For a number of years he had been occupied with irregular work, sailing the Great Lakes in the summer, and acting as coachman during the winter, when he could get employment. Early in the sixties, while he was employed in Chicago as a night watchman, Mrs. Allan Pinkerton came to know him, and interested herself in him. Through her recommendation and that of Capt. R. J. Linden, one of Allan Pinkerton's ablest lieutenants, he was given a chance to show what he could do on the Pinkerton detective force, and he was soon recognized as a young man of rare aptitude for detective work and advanced rapidly.

A few weeks after the interview between Mr. Gowen and Mr. Pinkerton, James McParland was announced to have sailed for Europe on an important mission. Only two men in the country knew that he had really set out for the terrorized region, with instructions to run down these Molly Maguire bandits, whether it took six months or six years, six hundred or six hundred thousand dollars. His orders from Allan Pinkerton were explicit:

"You are to remain in the field until every cut-throat has paid with his life for the lives so cruelly taken."

After some weeks of reconnoitring on foot through the coal regions, the young detective arrived in Pottsville, where he established himself in a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. O'Regan. There he met a man named Jennings, who volunteered to show him the sights of the city that same night. Passing a noisy drinking-place called the Sheridan House, McKenna, for that was McParland's assumed name, proposed going in. Jennings warned him as he valued his life never to cross the threshold of that place.

"It's kept by Pat Dormer," he said, "the big body-master of the Molly Maguires. He stands six feet four, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, and is a bad man."

McPARLAND BECOMES A HERO AMONG THE MOLLY MAGUIRES.

McKenna noted his companion's frightened tone, but, far from being disturbed by these words, rejoiced to find himself so soon on the right scent. Later in the evening, having given Jennings the slip, he went back to the dangerous saloon and entered without ceremony, finding himself in the midst of a noisy company, most of them drinking, while some danced to a screaming fiddle. Things moved on rapidly enough during the next two hours. McKenna, having invited all hands to the bar, paid for a second round of drinks; and then, springing into the middle of the floor, danced a flying hornpipe, to the full approval of the assembled Irishmen, who were all Mollys. He completed the favorable impression thus made by singing a roaring song, and was then invited to a game of cards, Pat Dormer himself being his partner, against Jack Hurley and another big ruffian, named Frazer, who used to boast that he thrashed every stranger who came into camp.

"You've got six cards in your hand," said McKenna to Frazer, after a few minutes' playing; "that's too many in a game of euchre."

"You're a li——"

"Am I?" said McKenna, seizing Frazer's big hand in his sailor's grip, and making him show half a dozen cards.

The result was a fight in the hand-ball alley, which Pat Dormer lighted up especially for the purpose, the company of Mollys ranging themselves in an appreciative circle to see Frazer demolish the plucky little fellow, who, though strong and agile, was far out-classed in height and weight. In the first round Frazer caught the detective a swinging right-hander under the ear and knocked him down, while the spectators applauded. But the battle was not over yet; for McKenna's blood was up, and he was a hard hitter, his arm being nerved by the consciousness that much depended upon his victory. Six times in succession he floored the bully of Pottsville, and the seventh time Frazer fell heavily on his face and failed to get up again.

McKenna immediately became a hero. All hands insisted on treating him, and even Mrs. Dormer and her eldest daughter came forward with congratulations. In such a company friendships are made easily and quickly, and a week later the detective was on such intimate terms with the formidable Pat Dormer that he was invited to his sister's wedding, and pretended to get gloriously drunk with everybody else there. As a matter of fact, while apparently asleep on a bench, he managed to overhear some of the passwords and catch some of the signs and signals adopted by the Mollys, which he carefully practised the next day, and subsequently used with profit.

McPARLAND JOINS THE ORDER.

A little later, in December, 1873, McKenna told Dormer he was going to move on in search of a better job, and the admiring body-master gave him a letter to the desperate "Muff" Lawler, body-master of the Molly Maguire lodge at Shenandoah, a great coal centre twelve miles north of Pottsville, with a population of nearly ten thousand. This letter insured him a cordial reception, and he made such good use of his opportunities that within a few weeks he was installed as a boarder in Lawler's house, and was regarded by the Mollys who frequented Lawler's saloon as a roaring, reckless fellow, quite good enough—that is, bad enough—to be initiated into the Molly Maguires. The ceremony took place in due time over Lawler's saloon, and, after having paid for unlimited whiskey and been instructed in the signs and pass-words, McKenna was pronounced a member in full standing. And he rose in time to be secretary of a division, the Shenandoah.

An incident occurred about this time that greatly increased McKenna's prestige among the Mollys. He had accompanied "Muff" Lawler to Big Mine Run, to visit an aged Molly who was very ill. While in the sick-room, an enemy of Lawler's, Dick Flynn, the terror of the Colorado colliery, burst through the door, armed with a carving-knife and a six-shooter, and showing every intention of using them. Lawler jumped down-stairs and escaped, whereupon Flynn turned upon McKenna, and remarked with an oath that he had missed "Muff," but would kill his "Butty."

"We'll see about that," said McKenna, flashing a revolver in the man's face before he could make a move. Pale and trembling, Flynn dropped his weapon, and at a word from McKenna backed down the stairs.

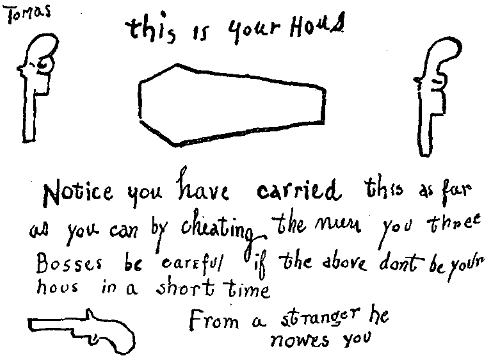
"I don't like to kill you in the presence of a sick man and these ladies," said the detective. At the bottom of the stairs there was a beer-cellar, and in this the prisoner was securely locked, waiting the arrival of an officer, who took him to jail.

This display of nerve, taken with the thrashing of Frazer, gave McKenna a great reputation throughout that section; and he was soon regarded as one of the worst Mollys in the State, not only by members of the order who admired him, but by respectable citizens, who looked upon him with fear and abhorrence as a man capable of the most desperate acts. Wishing to leave no means untried that might ingratiate him still deeper in the confidence of the order, he created the impression that he had to his credit nearly all the crimes on the statute book, not excepting murder, and that the abundant supply of money he always seemed to have was the product of counterfeiting.

Having thus laid the foundation for his future work, McKenna, with a letter of recommendation from "Muff" Lawler, now began a period of wandering through the distracted counties, getting work in various mines, but never keeping one position very long. In the course of his travels, which extended over many weeks, he made the acquaintance of most of the prominent Mollys, including Jack Kehoe, of Girardville, and "Yellow Jack" Donahue, both of whom were afterwards hanged on his testimony. Everywhere he found that his reputation had preceded him, and he was received by all the Mollys with the respect which ruffians never fail to pay men whom they regard as greater ruffians than themselves. At each new stopping place he came into possession of new secrets touching crimes of the order already committed, and others that were planning, all of which he reported day by day to Allan Pinkerton.

HOW THE MOLLY MAGUIRES OPERATED.

He learned that the number of Molly Maguires in the five counties had been much exaggerated in the popular mind, through fear, and that there were not really more than three or four thousand active members of the organization, whereas it had been reported through the State that there were ten times that many. McKenna saw, however, that it was impossible to exaggerate the desperate character of these men. He found that each county was governed by a "county delegate," his territory being divided into districts, or "patches," each under a "body-master" or chief officer, who gave out the signs and pass-words to trusted members, and ordered the execution of crimes that had been decided upon. In nearly every case the body-master was the keeper of a saloon near one of the shafts, slopes, or drifts, and no autocrat ever wielded a power more



Tomas

this is your Hous

Notice you have carried this as far as you can by cheating the men you three Bosses be careful if the above dont be your hous in a short time

From a stranger he
nowes you

A "COFFIN-NOTICE."

irresponsible than his over all who came within his jurisdiction. In order to force the miners and workmen to buy liberally at his bar, which was usually run without a license, it was necessary for him to control their relations with the mines, and to do this he must have the superintendent absolutely in his power. If any superintendent dared to refuse the request of a body-master to hire or discharge any man, with or without reason, that superintendent's life was as good as forfeited. "Bosses" were in the same way constrained to give Mollys the best jobs—that is, the easiest—and in case of their failure to do so they were promptly made an example of with clubs or revolvers. Before killing a superintendent or a colliery "boss," the body-master would usually serve him with a "coffin-notice," a roughly written warning, bearing crudely drawn knives and revolvers, and a large coffin in the centre. Woe to the man who allowed such a notice to go unheeded! In nearly every instance he was shot or clubbed to death within a few days by unknown assailants.

A peculiar reciprocity system was in operation between the various "patches," in accordance with which, if the body-master of District No. 1 wanted a certain man killed, he would call upon the body-master of District No. 2 for men to do it; and in return for this favor, he was bound to furnish assassins for the body-master of District No. 2, whenever the latter found himself in a murderous mood. As a measure of safety, it was always arranged, if possible, to have the murders committed by men not acquainted with their victims, these being pointed out by the resident body-master. The commission of these murders was regarded as a title to distinction, and by way of pecuniary reward, it was customary, after each "accommodation" of this sort, to organize a dance and drunken revel for the benefit of the assassins. To illustrate the system: Whenever "Muff" Lawler of Shenandoah wanted a man put out of the way, he applied to Jack Kehoe of Girardville, thirteen miles to the south, for two, three, or four Mollys to do a "clean job." Kehoe would select the men, give them a special sign chosen by the two body-masters, tell them to provide themselves with firearms, and report to Lawler, whom he described accurately. Upon entering Lawler's saloon, they would throw him the sign agreed upon, whereupon he would answer and lead them to a place of concealment, usually in some lonely part of a road over which the victim would pass. There Lawler would leave them with a Molly whose duty it was to point out the "boss" or superintendent to be killed; and when he passed, the men from Girardville would shoot him down like a dog, leave his body at the roadside, and start off for home as if nothing had happened. This was a matter of weekly occurrence.

CAPTAIN J. R. LINDEN AT THE TIME OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRE TROUBLES.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

One of the most important discoveries made by McKenna at this period was in regard to the murder of Alexander Rae, a mine superintendent, who was brutally beaten to death in October, 1868. From various hints dropped, he became convinced that a man named Manus Coll, familiarly known as "Kelly the Bum," had been in some way concerned in this crime. Coll had been a Molly for a number of years, but had been expelled from the order as being too bad even for that desperate organization. McKenna observed that Coll was constantly hanging about the saloon of Pat Hester, the Molly above mentioned, who, although a ruffian himself, had a wife who was a woman of refinement, and three intelligent and highly educated daughters, who were school teachers. McKenna remarked also that, although the women evidently loathed the presence of this drunken fellow Coll, they nevertheless treated him with a certain deference, plainly born of fear. There was no reasonable explanation of their manner, except that Coll knew of some crime committed by Hester, and so held him and his family in his power. So confident was McKenna of the justness of this conclusion that he went on a walking tour through Schuylkill and Northumberland Counties in Coll's company, hoping to draw valuable information from him. He was disappointed, however; for, although he got Coll drunk again and again, he could never draw from him any admission. Still his efforts were not in vain, for some months later, when Coll had been imprisoned at Pottsville for burglary, McKenna suggested to Captain Linden, who had been detailed by Allan Pinkerton to serve as captain of the coal and iron police, an adroit ruse, which the captain at once proceeded to put into execution. Going to Coll's cell one day, Captain Linden said to him:

"Do you know what you told McKenna, in your drunken frolics together, about the murder of Alexander Rae?"

Coll was so completely deceived by this "bluff," that the next day he made a full confession. He said that Rae was driving along a lonely part of the road between Mount Carmel and the village of Centralia, when he was attacked by four Mollys—Pat Hester, Dooley, McHugh, and himself. Hester had suggested to them the plan, at his saloon, saying that Rae would have nineteen thousand dollars with him, which it was his custom to carry in a buggy, to pay off the men. By the merest accident Rae did not carry the money in his buggy on this particular night, having been ill and sent the money on ahead by his clerk, whom the outlaws allowed to drive by undisturbed. After drinking freely most of the night, the Mollys chosen for the murder set out at dawn on their deadly mission, and hid in the woods, where they drank more whiskey until Rae's buggy came in sight. At a signal from the picket, the assassins rushed upon their victim with drawn pistols, "Kelly the Bum" firing the first shot. Rae pleaded for his life, and handed the men his watch and sixty dollars in money, which was all he had with him. He offered to sign a check for any amount if they would spare him. The men hesitated a moment.

"What are we going to do with this man?" said one of the Mollys. McHugh answered:

"I'm not going to have a living man tagging me around," and then he fired, and some of the others fired also. Rae was only wounded, but with clubs and the butts of their revolvers, they beat him to death; his bleeding body being left beside a spring.

As the result of Coll's confession, Pat Hester, Dooley, and McHugh were subsequently tried, convicted, and hanged.

CAPTAIN J. R. LINDEN AT THE PRESENT DAY.

McPARLAND CALLED ON TO ASSIST IN THE MOLLY MAGUIRE CRIMES.

Early in 1875, Frank McAndrew, the body-master of the Shenandoah division, having been forced to go into another township to secure work, McParland, or "McKenna," was chosen as his successor, and as such was expected to furnish murderers when called upon, and in general to wield the terrible power of the organization. One of the first calls made on him was for men to destroy the Catawissa bridge on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, but by diplomacy he managed to have this project abandoned. He next learned of and frustrated a plan of the

Mollys to assassinate a "boss" named Forsythe; and about the same time (July, 1875), he saved the life of a young Welshman named Gomer James, whom the Mollys had planned to shoot at a night picnic near Shenandoah. Whenever McKenna learned of an outrage being planned, he immediately notified Mr. Franklin, superintendent of the Pinkerton Agency at Philadelphia, who then took measures to protect the lives or property threatened, by sending to the rescue a force of the coal and iron police, under Captain J. R. Linden. It was impossible, however, for the detective, work as he might, to prevent the continued commission of murders and assaults, for the territory actively covered by the organization was fifty or sixty miles square.

Early in July, 1875, while McKenna was still in Shenandoah, acting as a body-master, a shocking murder was committed by Molly Maguires at the town of Tamaqua, situated on the Little Schuylkill, some twenty miles to the east. The victim was Franklin B. Yost, a policeman, and a man who had served honorably in the civil war, and a most peaceful and worthy citizen. Hurrying to the scene of the crime, McKenna addressed himself to "Powder Keg" Carrigan, the body-master of that patch. The way in which Carrigan earned his sobriquet of "Powder Keg" well illustrates his character. Some years before, while working in a mine at Beckville, he had come into the slope one cold morning when the men were crowding around a huge salamander heaped with burning coals. He carried on his shoulder a keg of powder, and, seeing that there was no place for him at the fire, he leaned over the circle formed by his comfortable comrades, and, placing the keg of powder on the red-hot coals, remarked coolly:

"As long as you boys won't move, I'll have to make a place for myself."

The men scattered in terror right and left, whereupon Carrigan coolly lifted the keg of powder off the salamander, sat down upon it, lit his pipe, and began smoking.

McKenna was not long in learning that "Powder Keg" himself was the man at whose instigation the murder had been committed. Carrigan explained to him that they had killed the wrong man, his grievance having been not against Yost, but against another policeman, Bernard McCarron, who had aroused "Powder Keg's" enmity years before by frequently arresting him for disorderly conduct. Carrigan nursed the memory of this treatment, and when he had became a body-master at once proceeded to arrange for the killing of McCarron. Having applied to Alexander Campbell, the body-master of Landsford, Carbon County, as was customary, for two men to do a "clean job," he brought the men to a retired spot on McCarron's beat. Later in the night, when a policeman passed by, the two men shot him, according to orders, and then started for their homes. But on that night McCarron had exchanged beats with Yost, who accordingly came to a violent death, although neither the Mollys nor anyone else in the region had any but kind feelings toward him. Carrigan showed McKenna the revolver, a weapon of thirty-two caliber, with which the policeman had been killed, and explained that it had been borrowed from a Molly named Roarity by the two men, Hugh McGehan and James Doyle, who with others had done the murder. McGehan was the man who fired the fatal shot. McKenna secured the names of every man concerned in the crime, and ultimately, on his evidence, it was punished by the hanging, in Pottsville, of Hugh McGehan, Thomas Duffy, James Roarity, James Carl, and James Doyle.

TWO CLAIMANTS OF A REWARD FOR MURDER.

Following closely upon the murder of Yost, there came in August, 1875, a "Bloody Saturday," as it was called by the Mollys, when they killed on that one day, Thomas Guyther, a justice of the peace, at Gerardville, and, at Shenandoah, Gomer James, the same whose life had been saved a few weeks before by McKenna's intervention. James was a desperado himself, having some time before, while drunk, shot down an Irishman named Cosgrove, and this offence the Mollys had sworn to avenge. Angered by several failures, for which McKenna was responsible, the Mollys resolved that on this particular Saturday their plans should not miscarry. The Shenandoah firemen were giving a banquet in a public hall, and Gomer James was serving as bartender. A little before midnight, when the gayety was at its height, Thomas Hurley left his mother, who was sitting on a bench near the bar, and going up to James ordered a glass of beer. James served him promptly, whereupon Hurley threw down a nickel, and lifting the glass in his left hand, pretended to drain it. But he held a pistol, ready cocked, in the right-hand pocket of his sack coat, and, while the glass was at his lips, he pulled the trigger. Then, quite unconcerned, he finished his beer, and affected to join in a search for the murderer. At the time he himself was not suspected, there being no evidence of his guilt, except an unobserved hole in his coat.

So fierce had been the desire for James's death that Jack Kehoe, the county delegate, had stated that the order would pay five hundred dollars to the man who should accomplish it. After the murder, at a meeting of the officers of the different Molly Maguire lodges of Schuylkill County, the payment of this reward came under discussion, and it then appeared that there were two claimants for the reward, Thomas Hurley and John McClaine. In order to decide between them, a committee of two was appointed; Pat Butler, a friend of McClaine's, being one, and McKenna himself, who, in his capacity of acting body-master, had taken a prominent part in the deliberations, being the other.

The following Sunday, Butler and McKenna met in a secret resort of the Mollys near Loso Creek, and there listened to the testimony of the two sides. Hurley made out an overwhelming case in his own favor, showing the pistol he had used, the hole in his coat through which the bullet had passed, and, as a culminating argument, bringing forward, triumphantly, his own mother, who was a willing witness that with her own eyes she had seen her son commit the murder. In final support of his claim Hurley declared that if the money was paid to McClaine, he would prove his pretensions by killing McClaine on the spot. The money, therefore, was paid to Hurley.

A year later, when McParland, or McKenna, related this history in the courts, it appeared that Hurley had gone to Colorado, where he was working as a miner under the name of McCabe. He had left Pennsylvania hurriedly, after an attempt to kill a saloon-keeper named James Ryle, and burn his house. Some years later Sheriff Shores of Gunnison County, Colorado, arrested him for having stabbed a young man named Clines in a fight. He was arrested as "McCabe," but on information from the East, the sheriff was able to identify him as Hurley. Taking him aside, the sheriff said, "Your time has come, Tom Hurley! McParland is on his way here to take you back to Pennsylvania."

"Who is McParland?" demanded Hurley.

"You used to know him as James McKenna."

No sooner had he heard the name than he slipped his hand under a mattress, and pulling out a razor, cut his throat from ear to ear. As he dropped dying to the floor, he said, "Mac will never get me alive."

A DEMAND MADE ON McPARLAND TO PROVIDE MEN TO KILL A SUPERINTENDENT.

Shortly after the murder of Policeman Yost, McKenna, as acting body-master of the Shenandoah lodge, found himself in a most delicate and dangerous position. Yost had been murdered by men furnished from Lansford by the body-master there, Alexander Campbell. It was, therefore, Campbell's right to demand a return of the courtesy, which he did without delay, calling upon McKenna to furnish men to kill John P. Jones, superintendent of the Lonsdale Mine, who had refused to obey Campbell's orders, and paid no attention to several "coffin notices."

In order to gain time McKenna promised to comply with this request, but kept delaying on one pretext or another, until Campbell, grown impatient, went to Jack Kehoe, the county delegate, and got him to send a positive order to McKenna to do a "clean job" on Jones without delay. McKenna notified Captain Linden and Mr. Franklin, and at the risk of being killed himself, refused to carry out Kehoe's orders, feigning a serious illness. Then the order came again, and, to allay suspicion, he actually started for Tamaqua with several men and several bottles of whiskey, under the avowed intention of doing the appointed murder. He contrived, however, to get the men very drunk, and thus the night passed, and early next morning, leaving his companions in a drunken stupor, he set out for home, congratulating himself on having again averted a horrible crime. He had gone but a short distance through the streets of Tamaqua, when a young man, hatless and greatly excited, came riding into town on a mule at full gallop. He stopped in front of the City Marshal's office just as McKenna was passing, and called out:

"A man named John P. Jones was murdered a few minutes ago, in the presence of three hundred people,—shot down by two men."

The young man then described the murderers, and McKenna easily recognized them as a man named Doyle and a man named Kelly.

An angry crowd quickly gathered, and some of them recognizing in McKenna a

Molly Maguire leader, a movement was started forthwith to lynch him. He showed, however, his usual nerve, and, drawing two revolvers, walked through the crowd with an air that kept off attack. Although his best efforts had failed to save Jones's life, he resolved that he would, at least, secure the capture of the murderers. Going into the Columbia House he wrote a few words on slips of paper, and then came out and secretly dropped these slips in conspicious places. One of them, he observed, was picked up by a prominent jeweller of the town, who showed it to several people near him. The words on the slip were :

"Get a spyglass ; go to the monument in the Devil's Cemetery and cover the Bloomingdale Mountain."

The purpose was to give people familiar with the neighboring country a hint that would put them on the trail which McKenna knew the guilty men would take on their way from the scene of the crime. Continuing to watch the jeweller and his neighbors, McKenna saw them provide themselves with field glasses and a number of rifles, and start for the Devil's Cemetery. Then he knew that they had understood the hint, as was really the case, the result being that later in the day Kelly, Doyle, and a third man, Carrigan, were captured in the mountains while they were eating their lunch and drinking whiskey beside a spring. Kelly and Doyle were subsequently hanged, and Carrigan turned State's evidence.

THE MURDER OF THOMAS SANGER AND WILLIAM UREN.

A few days after the murder of Jones, McKenna woke up one morning at his home in Shenandoah, and discovered a notorious Molly Maguire, named Mike Doyle, lying on the bed beside him. After the free and easy manner of the fraternity, Doyle had come in quietly during the night, and thrown himself on the bed without undressing. McKenna discovered, also, a thirty-two caliber Smith and Wesson revolver lying on the table, and asked what it was for. Doyle told him that he had borrowed it from the constable of Shenandoah, Ed Monagan, and that he was going to Raven Run to "do a job" with Tom Munley, Jim McAllister, and Charlie and Jim O'Donnell.

"Who are you going to kill?" asked McKenna.

"I don't know yet," answered Doyle.

Going down into the street, they met O'Donnell, and McKenna repeated the question to him. But O'Donnell also said he did not know yet. A few hours later McKenna heard from boasting Mollys that Thomas Sanger and William Uren, two prominent citizens of Raven Run, had been murdered.

In a trial that followed ultimately, Mr. Gowen, who was one of the attorneys for the prosecution, gave the following description of the murder of Sanger :

> "What is this case? On the 1st of September, 1875, Thomas Sanger, a young English 'boss' miner, a man between thirty and forty years of age, left his house in the morning to go to his daily work. Going forward in the performance of his duty, this man was confronted by an armed band of five assassins. He was shot in the arm. He turned, stumbled, and fell; then the foremost of this band came up to him as he lay upon the ground and discharged his revolver into him. Then another turned him, as he lay upon his face, over upon his back, so that he could expose a deadly part for his aim, and with calm deliberation selected a vital spot, and shot him as he lay prostrate upon the ground. His wife from whom he had just parted, hearing his cries, rushed out and reached her husband only in time to hear his last faltering accents: 'Kiss me, Sarah, for I am dying.'"

Under the indignation aroused by this double murder, a vigilance committee attacked Charles O'Donnell in his house, shot him, and hanged his dead body to a tree. By accident they also killed O'Donnell's sister, who was near her confinement. Later, under the disclosures made by the detective, Munley and James O'Donnell were arrested, tried, convicted, and hanged.

McPARLAND SUSPECTED AND THREATENED BY BOTH SIDES.

Toward the end of 1875, the strain under which McParland had been working for eighteen months began to tell upon him, and he appealed to Allan Pinkerton to be allowed to strike the final blow. "I am sick and tired of this work," he said in one of his reports. "I hear of murder and bloodshed in all directions. The very sun to me looks crimson ; the air is polluted, and the rivers seem running red with human blood. Something must be done to stop it."

Allan Pinkerton and his assistants, Mr. Franklin and Captain Linden, had already concluded that the evidence McParland had secured was sufficient, and steps were forthwith taken to close in on the murderers. McParland had still, however, many dangers to face ; first from fellow-members of the order who were beginning to believe he had played them false ; and then from outraged citizens, who regarded him as a monster of crime whose unceremonious killing would be a service to the State. One night, in Tamaqua, bands of armed men searched for him from house to house until morning, and would certainly have discovered and lynched him, had he not, by pretending to fall into a drunken sleep, succeeded in remaining all night in the house of a respectable citizen who was not suspected of harboring him. All the next day he remained in concealment. But at night he was about to board a coal train bound for Pottsville, when the pangs of hunger drove him into a little restaurant near the station to get a cup of coffee. There, as fate would have it, he came face to face with the man of all others in Tamaqua most eager for his life, a brother-in-law of the John P. Jones who had been assassinated shortly before. This man had spent the whole of the previous night with the party that was searching for him. He recognized McKenna at once.

"Have a drink," he said gruffly.

"I'm not drinking anything now," said McKenna, "but I'll have a cup of coffee and a sandwich."

"I'm feeling badly," said the man, looking hard into the detective's face, "and I've made up my mind to kill the first Irish scoundrel I meet."

"I'm not an Irish scoundrel," said McKenna, "but I think, to prevent trouble, I'd better kill you right here;" and into the face of the man who was not feeling well he pushed a revolver. The invalid dashed into the street, McKenna following. But McKenna soon returned and finished his coffee, and then by the next coal train went to Pottsville.

Jack Kehoe, the county delegate whose influence in the order was very great, was now busily reporting his suspicion that "James McKenna" was a detective. To meet this danger McParland boldly went straight to Kehoe, accused him of treachery, and demanded an immediate investigation. As county delegate, Kehoe instructed McKenna, who was at that time county secretary, to write notices to all the body-masters in the county to meet at Shenandoah at a given date, to conduct the investigation. He was writing the notices in a room over Kehoe's saloon, where Mrs. Kehoe was sewing, when Kehoe came in suddenly with a glass of soda for his wife, and a hot whiskey for McKenna. Having placed the two glasses on the table, he left the room, his manner showing an unusual constraint. As soon as he had gone, Mrs. Kehoe, who was a good woman at heart, and devoted to McKenna, took up the hot whiskey, threw it into the stove, and then burst into tears.

"What's the matter?" asked McKenna.

"Don't ask me," said the trembling woman.

It is certain that the whiskey was poisoned. A second attempt to poison McKenna was made the day before his trial at Shenandoah. He was lifting the drugged glass to his lips when an instinctive suspicion moved him to set it down.

On the day of the trial Jack Kehoe did not appear. He was expecting that there would be no trial; for he had engaged sixteen men to murder McKenna, and had even advanced several of them twenty-five dollars each for the service. McKenna's life was probably saved by the personal devotion of a Molly Maguire named Frank McAndrew, who told him of the plot to kill him, and swore to stand true to him, which he did. By McAndrew's aid he stole away and returned to Philadelphia, where he was warmly welcomed by Allan Pinkerton and the president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, Mr. Gowen, who had entertained grave fears for his life. And there the services of McParland (*alias* McKenna) as a detective in the Molly Maguire cases ended; but he had still a most important service to render as a witness. At the beginning of his employment it had been agreed that he was not to be called on to testify in court; not his own safety only, but the continuation of his work, clearly requiring that he should not. And for a time the impossibility of getting other testimony to the crimes which to him were known perfectly, prevented prosecutions. But now that his real character had been discovered by the desperadoes, and he could hope no longer to hold their confidence, there remained no reason why he should not testify.

ARRESTS AND CONVICTIONS.

All being in readiness, on May 6, 1876, a number of arrests were made. The trials that followed were highly dramatic. Held as they were at the very centre of the lawless district, there was more or less danger that persons engaged in them would themselves suffer the fraternity's vengeance. Under a sense of this danger Mr. Gowen, who himself conducted the prosecutions, said in one of his speeches to the jury:

> "Is there a man in this audience, looking at me now, and hearing me denounce this association, who longs to point his pistol at me? I tell him that he has as good a chance here as he will ever have again. . . . I

tell him that if there is another murder in this county, committed by this organization, every one of the five hundred members of the order in this county or out of it, who connives at it, will be guilty of murder in the first degree, and can be hanged by the neck until he is dead. . . . I tell him that if there is another murder in this county by this society, there will be an inquisition for blood with which nothing that has been known in the annals of criminal jurisprudence can compare."

And here he added a cordial tribute to the faithfulness and skill of Detective McParland and his employer the Pinkerton Agency:

"And to whom are we indebted for this security, of which I now boast? To whom do we owe all this? Under the divine providence of God, to whom be all the honor and all the glory, we owe this safety to James McParland; and if there ever was a man to whom the people of this county should erect a monument, it is James McParland the detective. . . . It is simply a question between the Molly Maguires on the one side, and Pinkerton's Detective Agency on the other; and I know too well that Pinkerton's Detective Agency will win. There is not a place on the habitable globe where these men can find refuge, and in which they will not be tracked down."

The result of the trials—which is to say the result of McParland's dangerous investigations and subsequent testimony—was the complete extermination of the order of Molly Maguires. A score or more of the desperadoes were condemned to longer or shorter terms in the penitentiary. Nineteen were hanged. Among the latter was Jack Kehoe, who had been among the first to suspect McParland of being a detective, and had expended all his power and ingenuity to get him killed and well out of the way.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW JUNGLE STORY BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. Kipling's stories of Indian life, his ballads, and his jungle stories, give him three separate claims to the highest distinction. As a story teller he ranks with Stevenson, while his stories of jungle life have no parallel. They are certainly a contribution to the centuries, and will be as much a part of a youth's library as Robinson Crusoe or Pilgrim's Progress.

We are glad to announce a new jungle story by Mr. Kipling, which tells of the adventures of Mowgli after he killed Shere Khan. It will be published in our next issue, with an introductory note, so that readers who have not read the other jungle stories, can read this one understandingly. It follows the story entitled "Tiger! Tiger!"

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND is preparing an additional article on Mr. Moody which will probably appear in the January number.

NAPOLEON: BIOGRAPHY AND PORTRAITS.

Among many letters received in regard to the first article on Napoleon and its illustrations, we have here room for extracts from only three:

From Colonel John C. Ropes, the most eminent American student of Napoleon's history:

BOSTON, *November* 9, 1894.

I do congratulate you on the success of your Napoleon Biography.

JOHN C. ROPES.

From the Hon. D. C. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University:

BALTIMORE, *October* 30, 1894.

DEAR SIR,—I saw not long ago, in the library of Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, in Washington, the extraordinary, perhaps I should say unique, collection of the portraits of Napoleon, and I then learned that you are to publish copies of the most significant of these portraits in connection with an article upon them, which Miss Tarbell was then preparing. This interested me very much. It is doubtful whether portraits of any other man, of any age or land, have been taken in so many aspects, by such able artists, at such frequent intervals, and through so many years. When the power and fame of Napoleon are considered, you may be sure that the students of history, biography, and portraiture, by whatever motives they are governed, will be much indebted to you and to all your collaborators for making accessible to them this superb collection.

Yours truly,
D. C. GILMAN.

S. S. MCCLURE, ESQ.

From Major J. W. Powell, U. S. A., the well-known scientist, writer, and explorer:

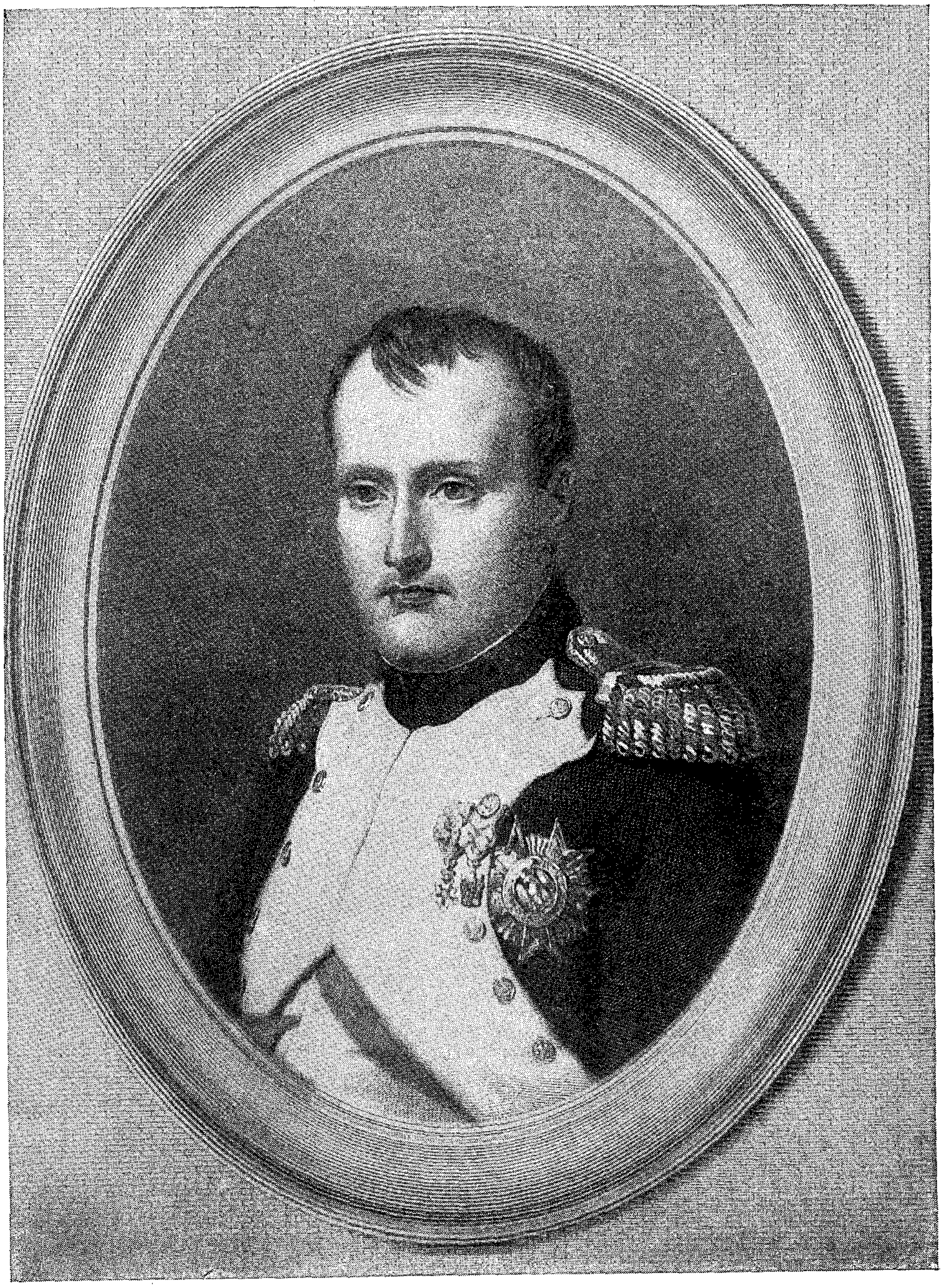
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION,
BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY.

WASHINGTON, *November* 6, 1894.

MY DEAR MCCLURE,—I have just read with care, and with great interest, Miss Tarbell's first article on Napoleon. It is not only graphic, but its simplicity is high art. With the abundant illustration it constitutes a picture to live.

I am yours cordially,
J. W. POWELL.

MR. S. S. MCCLURE,
30 Lafayette Place, New York City.



EMPEROR NAPOLEON. 1813.

Engraved by Lefèvre, after Steuben; published December 26, 1826.